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# THE FIRST BOOK OF THE SCHOOL CONCERT



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# MARCHING.

## A Rousing Song for Boys.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key G.

*mf* : | : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : r | m : - | - : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : m | s : - | - : f . m | r : f | d : f

1. When the sky is dull and dark On a hit - ter win - try day, Or the snow comes whirl - ing

*mf*

t<sub>1</sub> : - | - : m . r | d : m | l<sub>1</sub> : la<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - | - : s . fe | f : r | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | m : - | - r : m . r | t<sub>1</sub> : d | m : l

down, And we can't get out to play— Nev - er mind, we'll spend the time..... Just as hap - pi - ly in -

*f*

fe : - | s : - | m : m | m . s : f . m | r : m | f : m . r | s : d | s : d | s : - | - : s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : m

doors,..... March - ing to a pret - ty tune,..... Whilst it hails, or snows, or pours : One, two ! one, two !

Verse 2.—Heads e - rect and shoul - ders back,

*rall.*

*cres* *cen* *do.* *mf tempo.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

s : - fe | s : - | f : - m | f : - | m : - re | m : - | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : m | s : - fe | s : m | s : d | m | s<sub>1</sub> : d : - | -

Keep the heat— H'm,..... h'm,..... Mark - ing time with spright - ly feet : One, two ! one, two ! one, two !

*(With closed lips, or whistle.)*

*f*

(2)  
When the summer days are long.  
Fidgety in school are we,  
And the lessons seem to drag,  
Though so good we strive to be.

Left, right ! Keep the beat, etc.

(3)  
Let us put aside our books  
For a change, and in a row,  
Heads erect and shoulders back,  
Just like soldiers !—off we go !

### A Dainty Unison Song.

Composed by JOHN Fearnley

$\begin{array}{ccccccc|cccccc} : & : & : & : & : & : & : & m_1 & f_1 & s_1 & -l_1 & t_1 & |d:- & r & n & :- & : & m_1 & f_1 & s_1 & -l_1 & t_1 & |d:- & r & n & :- & : & |d:- & : \end{array}$

— 4 —



# THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A Pretty Action Song for Girls.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY

Key G.

(♩=116.)

1. Now high up on the man - tel - shelf A  
2. My curls are thick and ve - ry long, My

pho - to - graph you may e - spy; And you will hard - ly cre - dit it, But mo - ther tells me it is I! A  
skin is nice, and smooth, and fair— The ba - by in the pho - to - graph Has crea - ses here and ev - 'ry - where! She's

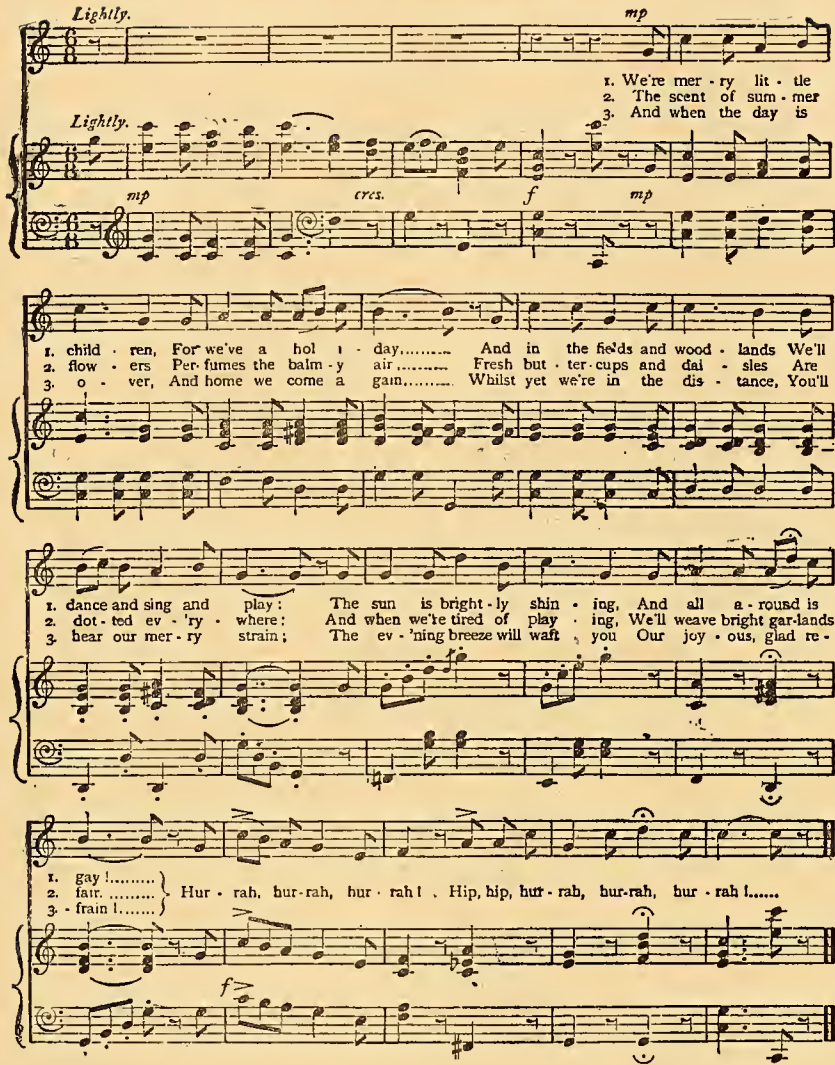
chub - by, round - eyed ba - by bald— Yes, ve - ry hald and ve - ry fat: It real - ly sounds ri - di - cu - lous; Yes,  
cur - ly lit - tle legs and toes, Her mouth is large and o - pen wide; Whilst not one sin - gle lit - tle tooth; No,

re - al - ly ri - di - cu - lous, To think I ev - er look'd like that! } Oh, ba - by in the pho - to - graph, I  
not one sin - gle lit - tle tooth is to be seen from side to side. } *pp* *cres.*

real - ly can - not help but laugh To think you're me, you bun - dle queer! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh dear! Oh dear!  
2. You can't be me! *poco rall.* *f* *f*

OUR HOLIDAY.

### Lively Piece for Breaking-up Day.



**Key C. Lightly.**

Key C. *Lightly.* *mp*

{ : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : s | d' :- : d' | l :- : t }  
 { | d' :- : s :- : s | l :- : l | l : t | t :- : l :- : s | d' :- : d' | s :- : d' | d' :- : t :- : t }  
 { | t : d' : t | l :- : t | s :- : l :- : s | s :- : s | r' :- : t | d' :- : s :- : s | l :- : l | l : r' : d' }  
 { | t :- : l :- : s |  $\overline{d'}$  : t : l | s :- : m | f :- :  $\overline{l}$  : l : d' | s :- : d' | r' :- : d' | d' :- : l :- : ||

## THE KIND OF BOY TO BE.

I always am quite well and strong  
And so must jump and run along  
On trips for Ma, and some for Pa,  
And run up stairs for my Grandma ;  
Or pick up thread, and shut the doors,  
Or bring in wood, and sweep the floors,  
And lots more things, for Ma told me  
That was the kind of boy to be.

Now Rob is always sick in bed ;  
I feel so sorry cause his head  
Does hurt him so ; and then he aches  
And much bad medicine he takes.  
I bring him flowers, take him books,  
And make him laugh with funny looks ;  
I show him every kind of toy  
And try to bring him quiet joy,  
For Rob is always good to me,—  
And that's the kind of boy to be.

## WINTER.

(For Music see page 7).

Any number of boys may take part in this effective item. They should wear their out-door clothing, and present as "buttoned-up" an appearance as possible (wearing gaiters, mufflers &c.)

In the right hand they should each grasp a good-sized "snowball," made of cotton wool, and their clothes should be well sprinkled with flakes of "snow" made by pulling the cotton wool lightly apart with the finger and thumb.

The effect is very realistic if the clothing worn is dark. Where the material is smooth a stitch will secure the snow-flakes in position; on rough garments they need no sewing.

As much movement as possible will (of course) be introduced—the words will suggest the action. During the singing of the chorus the boys turn sideways, and peer out at the wings, where the "enemy" are apparently hidden.

As the last line of the *final* chorus is sung, they gather into a compact body, and at the words "let go," fling their snowballs in the direction of the enemy, rushing off the stage with a wild hurrah.

Don't talk to us of spring-time  
And hedges white with may,  
This merry winter season  
Is better every way !  
To gather little bluebells  
Is but a pleasure tame,  
But boys of *our* complexion  
We like a rougher game !

CHORUS :

So come along, Oh, hurry up! I know they're down the lane;  
There's Jimmy Jones, and Billy Briggs, and Ebenezer Caine,  
They're hiding 'neath the bushes, can't you see them on your right?  
Oh, won't there be a battle on this jolly winter night!

(2)

We've stalked them half the evening  
(Observe our noses blue),  
But father isn't home yet,  
And very lucky, too !  
He might have some objection  
If here, but you'll agree  
The heart can't grieve o'er matters  
As long as eyes don't see.

CHORUS: So come along, &c.

(3)

We'll rush them, and we'll pelt them,  
Oh won't we just let fly !  
Unless old Sergeant Wilkins  
Should chance to cast his eye  
Across in our direction  
(It's hardly likely that).  
Besides, he'll never catch us,  
He's much too old and fat.

CHORUS:

So come along, Oh, hurry up! I know they're down the lane;  
There's Jimmy Jones, and Billy Briggs, and Ebenezer Caine,  
They're hiding 'neath the bushes, but we've got them now all right,  
When I say three! now one, two, three! Let go with all your might!



# WINTER.

## A Snowballing Song for Boys.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key G. *mf*

*cres.*

*mf*

*cres.*

1. Don't talk to us of spring - time, And hedg - es white with may— This mer - ry win - ter sea - son Is

*dim.* *D.t.* *f.G.* *cres.*

*dim.* *cres.*

bet - ter ev - 'ry way! To ga - ther lit - tle blue - bells Is but a plea - sure tame; But boys of our com -

*f With vigour.*

*f*

- plex - ion We like a rough - er game! So come a - long— oh, hur - ry up! I know they're down the

*f*

lane: There's Jimmy Jones, and Bil - ly Briggs, And Eb - e - ne - zer Caine— They're hid - ing 'neath the

*f* *ff*

bush - es: Can't you see them on your right? Oh, won't there be a hat - tle On this jol - ly win - ter night!

For Words and Actions see page 6.



# THE CHINAMAN.

Words by ETHEL ALLARD.

A LAUGHING SONG.

Composed by WINIFRED E. ALLARD, L.R.A.M.

Key Eb. *Allegro scherzando.*

1. There was a Chi-na-man, With  
pigtail spick and span: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Who never would go out When there was rain a-bout: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
ha! The rain, he used to say, Wash'd pig-tails all a-way: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! So indoors he would stay On  
ev'-ry rain-y day: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*After last verse only.*

(2)

Until one rainy day,  
As I have heard him say,  
His friends all bought for him  
A new umbrella prim.  
Now walk along the street,  
And him you're bound to meet.  
I'm sure you'll find him there;  
He walks without a care.

(3)

Now when the sun is bright,  
Or wind is at its height,  
Or if there fall a day,  
When rain doth come to stay,  
This little Chinaman,  
With pig-tail spick and span,  
Can laugh at weather bold,  
And fears nor rain nor cold.

Arrange the class in six lines, each line of boys facing a line of girls.  
Choose three boys for Chinamen, so:—

Boys.	.	Girls.	Boys.	.	Girls.	Boys.	.	Girls.
-------	---	--------	-------	---	--------	-------	---	--------

Thus, we have three streets with a Chinaman walking up and down in each. The Chinaman should be dressed in costume as far as possible.

Verse 1.—During the singing of the first two lines, all point to the Chinaman walking up their street. When "ha! ha!" etc., is sung, all hold their sides and laugh heartily as they sing.

At the words "who never would . . . about," the boys look at the girls and all hold up their hands in astonishment, and then repeat the same action as before for "ha! ha!" etc.

All shake heads on "the rain . . . away," laugh merrily as before during "ha! ha!" etc., and fold arms and stand composed during the singing of "so indoors . . . day." Same actions as before for "ha! ha!" etc.

# THE WOODEN PAIL.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

An Amusing Unison Song.

Composed by JOHN FARNLEY.

Key G. Joyously, gaily (♩=132).

1. As I came strol-ling through the field, Where dais-ies strewed the  
 2. I bowed, and most po-lite-ly said: "Ex-cuse me if I'm  
 3. "Ah, that a-gain is where you're wrong," The sau-cy dam-sel

grass, A-car-ry-ing a wood-en pail, I met a lad and lass,.....  
 wrong! I feel quite sure we've met be-fore—Now was it in a song?.....  
 said; "I'm just his cou-sin Kath-er-ine—What-ev-er's in your head?.....

And oh, she had a mer-ry eye, And strange-ly ro-guish  
 What are your names, my pret-ty pair? "Why this is Jack," said  
 Why should you think that ev-'ry pair You meet up-on a

smile:..... I had not seen so sweet a maid For ma-ny a wea-ry while.  
 she..... "Of course, and you're his sis-ter Jill," I said tri-umph-ant-ly.  
 bill..... Be-cause they've got a wood-en pail Were chris-tened Jack and Jill?"

(Concluded from page 8.)

Verse 2.—All should enter into the spirit of this nonsensical song, and laugh well whenever "ha! ha!" etc., occurs; otherwise the song will be nothing.

When "his friends all . . . prim" is being sung, all boys and girls should surround their particular Chinaman, and one boy should present him with an umbrella. Then all go back to their places again.

The Chinaman firsts puts up his umbrella, then puts it down again, as if playing with a new toy: and all watch him intently, laughing at him throughout.

Verse 3.—During first line, all point to the sun in the sky. Move hands to imitate the wind during the second line. When "or . . . stay" is sung the Chinaman puts up his umbrella and keeps it up till the end of the verse.

[For additional Songs and Action Songs see "The Second Book of the School Concert."]



# GOOD-NIGHT!

An Effective Closing Item.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Key B $\flat$ .

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY.

*cres.*

*(♩=100.)*

*r.* Oh, have you ev-er noticed, when you're hap-py as a king, And full of fun and fro-lic and quite

*cres.*

*3rd ver.*

fit for a - ny-thing, With eyes that shine their hard-est in your bu - sy lit - tle head, Your mo - ther al-ways men-tions that it's

*dim.*

*(♩=66.)*

*p*

just the time for bed? And you've got to say "Good - night!"..... Tho' you're feel - ing strange - ly bright;..... It

*f*

does - n't mat - ter what you say, You may talk (if you dare) but she'll have her way! It's the ni - cest part of a ve - ry nice day, But you've

*Verses 1 & 2 only.*

*Verse 3.*

*f*

*pp rall.*

got to say "Good - night!" got to say "Good - night! Good - night! Good - - night!"

(For Actions see page 11)



## "GOOD-NIGHT!"

A CLOSING ITEM FOR CONCERTS AND  
"BREAKING-UP" DAY. (See page 10).

Any number of children may take part in this pleasing little item, but, of course, good singers are to be preferred. They may either be all boys or all girls, and should graduate in size from the tallest child in school down to one of the tiny tots from the babies' room. This "step" effect is very much prettier than if the singers are of equal size; the tallest child will naturally enter first, and the smallest bring up the rear.

All wear long white nightgowns and felt slippers, and carry an unlighted candle in the hand. If they are boys, they should wear long, pointed nightcaps; if girls, close-fitting bonnetlike affairs of calico. (The elder girls will make them up in a few minutes at practically no cost, and they add considerably to the effect).

They enter very slowly, in step to the music, with heads inclined to the right. As it ceases they swing round and face the audience, and give vent to a deep sigh. Then the leader steps forward a pace or two and addresses his solo (the first verse) to the rest of the children, who fix their eyes earnestly on him the whole time he is singing.

SOLOIST: (1)

'Oh have you ever noticed, when you're happy as a king,  
And full of fun and frolic, and quite fit for anything,  
With eyes that shine their hardest in your busy little head,  
Your mother always mentions that it's just the time for bed!'"

CHORUS (also solo):

'And you've got to say 'Good-night!'  
Though you're feeling gay and bright,  
It doesn't matter what you say,  
You may talk (if you dare), but she'll have her way  
It's the nicest part of a very nice day,  
But you've got to say 'Good-night!'"

(2)

ALL (nodding severely at audience):  
"We've noticed it—how could we help?  
And oh! it cuts us deep,  
To think how you enjoy yourselves  
When we are fast asleep.  
For don't think you deceive us  
Though it's 'for our good' you say,  
We know quite well the reason,  
It's because we're in the way."

CHORUS (pretending to sob and wipe eyes):

"So we've got to say 'Good-night!'  
Though we're feeling quite all right.  
It doesn't matter what we say,  
We can talk (if we dare), but she has her way.  
It's the nicest part of a very nice day,  
But we've got to say 'Good-night!'"

(\*All begin here to brighten up and cease sobbing; the last verse is then sung in a very sprightly manner, after the short dialogue).

First Child: "Isn't it mean?"  
Second Child: "Horribly mean, I think!"  
Third Child: "One would think they never had been young themselves!"  
Fourth Child: "Children weren't children when they were young."  
All (in great surprise): "Oh!"  
Fourth Child: "No, they were angels—according to them."

## HOW OUR CLOTHES ARE MADE.

Picturesque Action Song for Boys.

Key G.

Key G.

1. s. : l. | s. : d | d. t. : l. t. | d : s. | d. r. : m. f | s. m. : r. d | r : r | r : -

2. s. : l. | s. : d | d. t. : l. t. | d : s. | s. d : d. r | m. f : s | m : r | d : -

s. : l. : s. f | m. m. : m | s. : l. : s. f | m. m. : m | s. d : d. r | m. f : s | m : r | d : -

Weaving:—

Let us all be merry little weavers,  
To the workshop now we all will go, go, go.  
Each one standing at his own big loom,  
All in rows along the room,  
All in a row.

Under one and over one,  
See the little shuttle run,  
O, how quickly it is done,  
Stop, stop, stop.

Tailoring:—

Now we'll all be merry little tailors,  
Making pretty suits for little boys to wear.  
Some are "plain" and some of them are "Sailors,"  
With your scissors take great care—  
Snip, snip, snip.

Then the pieces we must join,  
Sew the buttons strongly on,  
Pretty suits for Tom and John—  
Stitch, stitch, stitch.

Shoemaking:—

Let us all be jolly little cobblers,  
Mend your shoes? Oh, yes, sir. Please to step  
this way.  
Buy a new pair whilst they're being mended.  
Not to stay away from school,  
Not one day.  
Sew them strongly up again,  
Then they won't let in the rain,  
Stitch with all your might and main.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch.

Care of and Thanks for Clothes:—

Let us all be thankful little children,  
With nice clothes we now to school may go, go, go  
Thank you, good kind father and mother,  
Now we need not fear the rain,  
Wind or snow.  
Mind we take the greatest care  
Of these pretty clothes we wear.  
Must we ever spoil or tear?  
No! No! No!

(3) (Sing):

"Then now, just for a little change, that you may  
get to know  
How nice it feels to be dismissed when you don't  
want to go,  
We're going to turn the tables, and you must  
admit it's fair,  
Though you're looking very happy and con-  
tented, too, down there."

Chorus (with great gusto and satisfaction):

"Well, you've got to say 'Good-night!'  
For we've finished, oh yes, quite!  
It doesn't matter what you say,  
Our chance has come at last, and we'll have  
our way.  
It's the nicest part of a very nice day,  
But you've got to say 'Good-night!'  
'Good-night!'"

(Bow and exeunt):

LAND OF CHRISTMAS.

### Unison Song.

Music by EDITH M. STANHOPE.

A PROLOGUE.

Words by MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL Music by EDITH M. STANHOPE.

VOICE.

1. In the Land of Christ - mas There is a wealth of toys, Glad - ness with - out mea - sure,

PIANO.

For the girls and boys ; .... There are 'fir trees grow - ing, Frost - ed o'er with white,

Glean - ing in the sun - shine. Beau - ti - ful and bright On the air is mu - sic,

Joy - bells gal - ly ring. In the Land of Christ - mas San - ta Claus is King

(3)

In the Land of Christmas  
You and I may go ;  
Wintry is our pathway,  
Covered deep in snow.  
Santa Claus invites us,  
Bids us all draw near ;  
Wide his portals open,  
Though but once a year.  
In the Land of Christmas,  
Brief must be our stay,  
Ye! its joy finds echo  
In our hearts alway.

From us our first sweet song (elder hoys or girls)



# A FLAG DRILL AS A GRAND FINALE.

## A GRACEFUL NUMBER WHICH WILL FORM AN EFFECTIVE FINISH TO THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

This exercise calls for one tall girl, known as the Flower Bearer, and twelve little ones. Flower Bearer, dressed in white and bearing an armful of flowers, enters at centre-back of stage and passes down to centre, as the twelve flag-bearers, dressed in white, and each carrying an 18-in. flag in the right hand, enter at the back from right and left wings, six from either side.

Carry flags! (Flags at side, held perpendicularly).  
March down sides to front of stage,—  
Halt! Face Flower Bearer.

Salute! (Place left hand at base of staff, 2 counts, and bring flag perpendicularly before the face, 2 counts; hold at "salute," 4 counts, return to side, 2 counts, and left hand at side, 2 counts).

Shoulder flags! (count 4).

Salute opposite lines.

Shoulder flags! (count 4).

to centre-back of stage. Flag-bearers separate at centre front of stage, march right and left across the front, up sides and in a full line across back, Flower Bearer one pace in front of line. Led by Flower Bearer, march 12 abreast toward the front, and halt when middle of stage is reached. (Figure 4.)

Flower Bearer marches to centre-front. Flag bearers separate at centre of line and swing in circular lines toward right and left corners, forming a V, with Flower Bearer as the point. Flags raised with point of staff resting on shoulder. (Figure 5.)

About face! (Swing about, using the right heel as a pivot.)

Salute opposite lines. Carry flags!

About face! March to front of stage. Each alternate child steps backward two paces as in Figure 2. All face left. Flower Bearer marches across the left front of stage to lead line in next figure.

step backward to eleven and twelve where flag-bearers place their flags. All three now march forward to centre of stage, where the others swing forward to meet them. (Figure 9.) Each alternate child and Flower Bearer step two paces forward to break the stiffness of the lines and all recite—

Off with your hats as the flag goes by,

The flag that all men know,

For which our brothers live and die,

Where'er the breezes blow.

From shore to shore, from pole to pole,

On every land and sea,

There flies, the pride of every soul,

The flag of liberty.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,

And show him the faded shred;

Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky

If death could have dyed them red.

And those that strove, and fought, and bled,

And counted not their pains

For Britain's sake—themselves are dead.

The flag they served remains.

And those who strive and fight to-day

To keep it from the dust,

They too in turn will pass away

And yield to us their trust.

It flings its message through the air

To every honest heart;

If e'er it calls for you, be there

And nobly play your part.

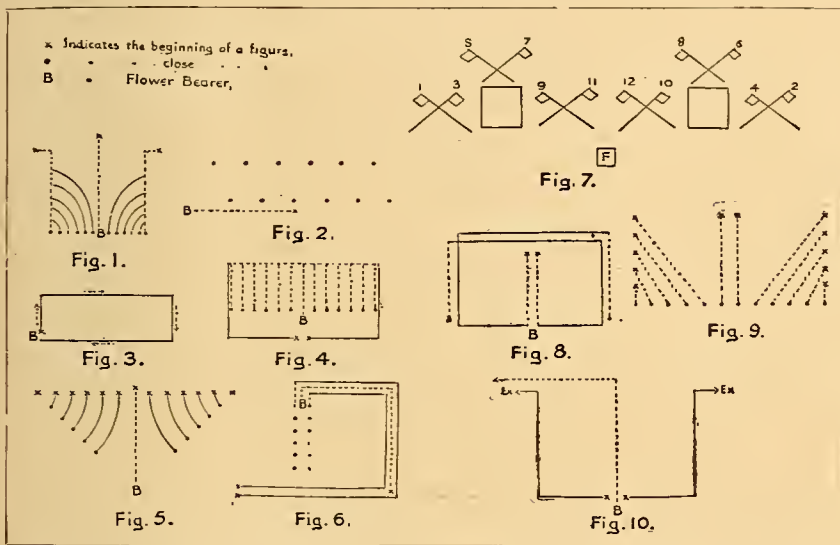
Off with your hat as the flag goes by!

Uncover the youngster's head!

Teach him to keep it holy and high,

For the sake of its mighty dead!

Marching forward, separate at centre and march across front and up sides of stage, and exenat at back to right and left. Flower Bearer steps backward until she is beneath the flag-decorated pictures of the King and Queen (Figure 7), when she places her flowers in the wire-net rack (F) supplied for them, or in a large vase on the floor, and exit to right. (Figure 10.)



Flower Bearer advances to centre-front of the stage as the flag-bearers sweep in circular lines to position in a line across the front of stage. (Figure 1).

Flower Bearer drops to one knee, while flag bearers salute audience.

Flower Bearer rises; flag bearers shoulder flags (count 4).

Flower Bearer crosses in front to right of stage. Each alternate child in line steps back two paces. (Figure 2).

Front line face right. Rear line face left. Raise flags to position, with flag staff resting on right shoulder. Led by Flower Bearer march twice across the stage. Halt at former places. (Figure 3.)

Reverse lines and march in opposite direction twice across the stage, reversing Figure 3.

Carry flags!

Flower Bearer steps to centre-front of stage while rear line steps forward, forming a line entirely across the front of stage. Flower Bearer marches backward

March by twos across front, up left side, across back to centre, and down centre to front, flags held high and crossed to form an arch. Flower Bearer halting at centre-back of stage, the flag-formed arch passes over her head. (Figure 6.)

The two last in line, with Flower Bearer as leader, take down flags, shoulder them, pass down through arch to front, separate, march to right and left, across front, up sides and across rear until points one and two are reached in Figure 7. Flower Bearer halts at centre-front. Other flag-bearers swiftly follow first couple, who slip flags between nails previously driven or rings secured in proper position. (Or wire netting with large mesh may be used.)

After placing flags, march to opposite sides of stage, moving toward front to make place for others in turn. (Figure 8.)

Second couple follow, placing flags at three and four (Figure 7); third couple at five and six; fourth at seven and eight; fifth at nine and ten; remaining couple, flags still crossed, and the Flower Bearer,

## CLOSING ITEMS.

1. A very good closing item may be arranged in the form of a tableau, the chief characters in the concert items forming the centre figures, with the minor ones arranged round them, and the choir at the back. Arrange for petal shower to fall as curtain is raised, and, before it is lowered (if Christmas is near), let the choir sing some simple Christmas wish (such as may be found in many carols), followed by "God Save the King."

2. Assemble all who have taken part in the programme to form a pretty tableau on platform, and all sing the "Good-bye" song:—

"Here's good advice

From each little maid and man,

If you'd be happy,

Be children as long as you can:

So you may laugh

Before you have learnt to cry.

God bless the children,

God bless you all, good-bye!"

The words are slightly altered and taken from "Kiddies" Songs, by Daisy McGeoch (Is. net. Leonard and Co.).

## AN EPILOGUE.

FOR A GIRL AND A BOY.

(Girl enters and bows.)

GIRL :

Dear friends, all things must have a close,  
However fair and bright,  
But just before our audience goes—

(Boy enters hurriedly.)

BOY :

I say! that isn't right!  
I'd like to know what right you've got  
The closing speech to make.  
That task is mine—so off you trot!

(Points off stage.)

My place you cannot take.

GIRL (to Audience) :

Ob dear! I beg you'll take no heed  
Of what this boy may say:  
I think it's very wrong indeed  
To talk in that rude way.

(Resumes her speech.)

Our evening's entertainment now  
Is drawing to a close;  
I think that you will all allow—

BOY (interrupting) :

Oh, here! you don't suppose  
That I intend to yield the floor!

GIRL :

Ob, don't create confusion!

BOY :

Indeed! I never knew a more  
Unwarranted intrusion.  
The closing speech is mine by right—  
Of that you're well aware;  
I'll speak it, if it takes all night—  
I mean to, miss—so there!

GIRL (putting her hand on Boy's shoulder) :

Don't get excited! there's no need.  
If what you say is true,  
There must be some mistake; indeed,  
That fact I never knew.  
And so, I think for you and me  
'Twill be the better way  
To do our best alternately  
A parting word to say.

BOY :

Agreed! I only ask what's right,  
That's all I want to do;  
I'm willing, too, to be polite,  
And so, miss (bows), after you!

GIRL :

I hope, kind friends, you'll all excuse  
This passing altercation;  
I feel quite sure you'll not refuse  
Your hearty approbation—

BOY :

In all that has been said and done  
By all of us to-night;  
We've done the best we could, each one,  
To fill our parts aright.

GIRL :

We thank you for your presence here;  
We've tried to give you cause—

BOY :

For what we need, our hearts to cheer—  
Approval and applause.

## LULLABY LOW.

Pretty Song for Girls.

Moderato.

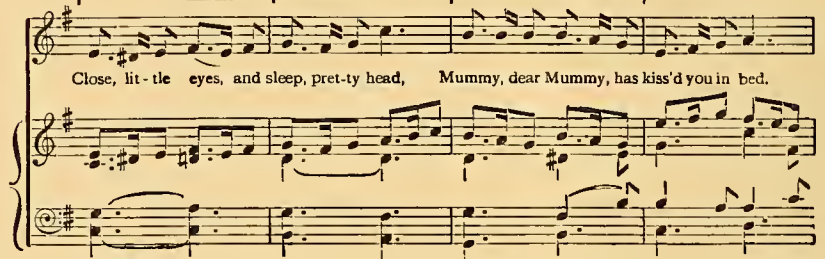


Key G.

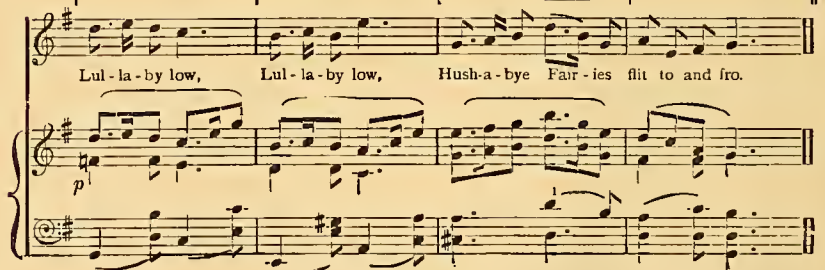
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| s : - l : s | f : - : | m : - f : m | l : - : | d : - r : m | s : - m : d | r : l : t | d : - : |



(2)

Hush-a-bye Fairies gently croon  
Songs beneath the silver moon.  
Up in the skies the little stars shine,  
Dream away, dream away, darling of mine.  
Lullaby low, Lullaby low,  
Hush-a-bye Fairies flit to and fro.

(3)

Hush-a-bye Fairies creep away  
On the dancing homeward way.  
In the glittering dawn of light,  
Borne on rainbow circle bright,  
Lullaby low, Lullaby low,  
Hush-a-bye Fairies flit to and fro.

## MERRY CARPENTERS.

ACTIONS—(For Music see page 15).

Form the children into two lines—one line boys and the other line girls, the boys facing the girls; so:—

—BOYS—

—GIRLS—

FIRST VERSE :

The boys only sing this verse. On first line "Merry Carpenters are We" the boys point to themselves; on second line, they close their right hands, and make imaginary bammers with their

fists; on third line, they stand up alert and ready, and on last line, they make a bow to the girls opposite.

During the chorus, the boys kneel down on right knees, and bammer right fist on to left fist, which is placed on left knee.

Both boys and girls sing the chorus.

SECOND VERSE :

Boys stand up again. On first line the girls bring broken chairs to the boys, and on second line the boys turn round and round, pretending to



# THE MERRY CARPENTERS.

A Lively Action Song for Boys and Girls.

Words by ETHEL ALLARD.

Composed by WINIFRED E. ALLARD, L.R.A.M.

Key E. *Allegro con brio.* ♩ = 80.

1. Mer - ry car - pen - ters are we—  
 2. Seat - less chairs to us are brought;  
 3. Bro - ken ta - bles find their way  
 4. Bu - sy car - pen - ters are we!

B.t. f.E. B.t. *rall.* f.E.  
 Ham - mers in our hands, you see, Rea - dy now our tasks to do: Can we do some work for you?  
 Wood, nails, ham - mers, then are sought; Seats are made both firm and strong— Not a nail is put in wrong!  
 To our work - shops day by day; Tops and legs we make quite sound, Nail - ing, ham - m'ring round and round.  
 Bring your goods, and you will see All things mend - ed while you wait— Old or new, or small or great.

CHORDS. *a tempo.*

Strike! strike! strike! strike! See our ham - mers go! We knock the nails in thick and fast,

*a tempo. sf sf sf*

*D.S.*  
 Straight at ev - 'ry blow! *After last verse only.*

*D.S. ff*

Actions—(continued from page 14.)

look for articles mentioned; on third line the boys begin hammering the chairs, and on fourth line the girls go back to the line in which they were standing at first. Both boys and girls sing this verse.

During the chorus the boys assume the same position as after first verse. All sing the chorus.

THIRD VERSE:

Boys stand up. All sing this verse. The girls come again to the boys. This time two or three

girls carry a real or imaginary table between them to one or two boys, who examine it, find out where it needs mending, and set to work to do it.

Girls return to places, while boys sing chorus in same position as before.

FOURTH VERSE:

Boys stand up. All sing this verse. The girls look round the room, and carry to the boys any articles they think need mending. The boys mend them, and give them back to the girls before the

verse is finished. The girls return to their places, and they, too, drop on to their right knees as well as the boys for the chorus, and all sing it heartily together, keeping time with their imaginary hammers.

For concert purposes the real articles should be provided, but for ordinary use the articles mentioned can well be imagined, if necessary, by the children.

[For additional Action Songs see "The Second Book of the School Concert."]



# SWING SONG.

## Picturesque Action Song.

Words by ETHEL ALLARD.

Composed by WINIFRED E. ALLARD, L.R.A.M.

Key G.

*mf*

1. See, this swing be- longs to me.....  
 2. Sometimes as I'm swing - ing high.....  
 3. Once I saw an ae - rn plane.....  
 4. Oft - en as I swing so high.....  
 5. If I came and swing at night.....  
 6. So will you sit up - on my swing?.....

1. Hang-ing from the ap - ple - tree;.....  
 2. I can see the swal - lows fly.....  
 3. Right a - hove my head it came.....  
 4. Far a - way up in the sky.....  
 5. In the slow - ly - fad - ing light.....  
 6. See the hird-ies - hear them sing?.....  
 When there's no one in the way, I can sit and sway.  
 Dart - ing here and dart - ing there, Through the sun - ny air.  
 I won - der if it no - ticed me, Swing - ing in the tree!  
 A ti - ny lark I think I hear, Sing - ing loud and clear.  
 The hats are out up - on the wing, As I sit and swing.  
 See the trees and hnu - ses all, Look - ing ve - ry small?

REFRAIN. *Animato.*

Swing-ing free, swing-ing free, Far a - cross the land I see; And I oft - en think I'm there - Swinging, swinging!

in the air! Swing - ing in the air!

The girls are arranged in pairs, facing each other, and holding hands across. They should be standing in no fixed place, but here and there about the room or hall. The boys to commence with should be standing, some at one end of the hall and some at the other end. For Actions see page 17. (A further collection of original Action Songs will be found in "The Second Book of the School Concert" and "The Third Book of the School Concert," each 3/6 net, 3/10 post free. Evans Bros., Ltd.)

## SWING SONG ACTIONS.

**Verse 1.** All should sing the first verse, the girls keeping still, and the boys pointing to the girls.

During the chorus, the girls swing their arms in time to the music, and the boys prepare themselves for the second verse.

**Verse 2.** The boys spread their arms out to resemble the swallows' long wings and dart in and out among the girls, going first in one direction, then in another to imitate a swallow's flight. The girls follow the boys' movements with their eyes, and prepare for the chorus. By the end of the verse the boys should be back in their original places.

During the chorus, the girls swing their arms to the music as before, and the boys sing, while preparing for verse three.

**Verse 3.** The boys should be in fours, two tanding one behind the other, with the other two, one on each side, so:— $\begin{smallmatrix} + & + \\ - & - \end{smallmatrix}$  All look one way, and the boys at the sides  $\begin{smallmatrix} + & + \\ - & - \end{smallmatrix}$  should have their outside arm stretched out, and their inside arm holding the coats of the middle boys who should be joined together in some way. Thus a number of aeroplanes will be forthcoming. While the girls are singing, the boys should run in and out of the pairs, from one end of the hall to the other, in as straight lines as possible and very quickly.

During the chorus the boys go back to their places, and the girls swing as before.

**Verse 4.** The boys should be grouped in the four corners of the ball or room, while the girls are looking up at the sky and listening intently with their hands up to their ears. The boys should very softly sing "chirp," "chirp" on so, to imitate the lark.

During the chorus, the girls again swing and the boys form into their lines again.

**Verse 5.** The girls move about during this verse in pairs, holding each other's arms and walking and swaying in time to the music. The boys spread their arms out and flit in and out between the girls, imitating the flying of a bat.

During the chorus the girls kneel down where they happen to be and swing with their arms, and the boys go back to their lines.

**Verse 6.** All stand still while singing the last verse, and during the chorus the girls link arms and sway from side to side.

# THE SINGOPHONE.

## An Amusing Entertainment Item.

Have a length of unbleached (cheap) sheeting or other material. On it draw with charcoal (or run on black tape) to represent five black lines. At commencement put treble clef in charcoal. At regular intervals make boles for boys' beads to come through, in place of consecutive notes of the scale. Each boy represents one note, and sings his own note and no other. Each boy must keep his eyes and face set, to represent a mechanical contrivance. If the sheeting is tacked on to laths it will more easily keep taut. (*Warning: Make the holes only just large enough for the boy's head, but if the holes stretch or are cut too large, a flap of material on the same lath fixed to fall behind the boys' heads will obviate the difficulty.*)

PROFESSOR CARUTHERS (*holding a telegram*):

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In reply to this telegram from your respected bead-master, I wish to bring before you this evening my wonderful invention, and I feel sure that when you have seen it you will say that no home is complete without it.

(*The curtain is drawn back. The assistant, Billy, is reclining on his elbow, his head on his hand.*)

PROFESSOR (*hastily pulling Billy to his feet*): Billy, Billy, get up. (*Drags him to the front.*)

PROFESSOR: Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my assistant, Billy. (*Hastily to Billy:* Bow, Billy, bow. *Billy gives a clownish sort of bow, and then retires to side of stage, takes off his coat, and prepares for work.*)

PROFESSOR (*indicating his instrument*): Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the Singophone, the greatest wonder of the age. It is intended to take the place of the gramophone, which I may tell you, Ladies and Gentlemen, will now soon be out of date. The Singophone, Ladies and Gentlemen, consists as you see of strong music paper. Each note is made of wood—as you observe. (*Taps one of the heads. At the same time, someone behind the scenes knocks on wood with a stick.*) All wood, Ladies; all wood. (*Taps again.*) Inside is a spring—a very delicate spring—which controls the works. Now, all you have to do is to keep this spring and each note well oiled, press the button here, turn the handle and—(*waving his hands grandly*)—there you are. Quite easy isn't it? (*To Billy.*) Now, Billy, just oil up these notes, so that they don't squeak.

(*Billy does so, while the Professor follows him up, dusting them, testing each mouth to see if it opens and shuts properly, and giving Billy various cautions and directions. When all is finished, the Professor advances to front of stage.*)

PROFESSOR: Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, what tune would you like? (*Takes an imaginary answer, Billy, meanwhile, staring stupidly at the audience.*) Thank you, thank you. (*To Billy.*) Turn the handle, Billy. Quick now. I don't pay you 2/11½ a week to

stare at the audience. Look alive, now. (*Billy turns imaginary handle. Each face takes its own note, singing "Ah" deliberately, then shutting up the mouth with a mechanical snap at the end.*)

VOICES: m f s | m f s ———  
(*Sustaining as though stuck.*)

PROFESSOR: Billy, Billy, a little more oil, quick. (*Billy rushes to rescue with long oiling can. A little more testing and then the Professor heaves a sigh of relief.*)

VOICES: m f s | m f s l r (*the last three notes quickly.*)

PROFESSOR (*excitedly*): Billy, Billy, you blockhead. You'll break the springs. Don't turn as fast as that. Look here—like this (*shows Billy how.*) Now start.

VOICES: m f s | m f s | m f s l r ———  
(*Ray is held on. Boy behind screen could do this.*)

PROFESSOR: Oil it, Billy, quick. (*Billy tries to shut mouth, oils it, then tries again, making great show of hard work.*)

BILLY: It's no good, master, it won't shut.

PROFESSOR: Get a screwdriver, Billy. (*Great agitation. Billy brings on workman's basket, deliberately selects a screwdriver, and hands it to the Professor, who looks searchingly and agitatedly for screw.*) Ab! I thought so. This screw is too tight. (*Loosens screw with great effort.*) Now then, Billy. (*Billy turns handle. This time tune rendered quite correctly. Professor smiles. beats time, etc Billy imitates him, but stands stiffly at attention as his master suddenly turns.*)

PROFESSOR (*angrily*): Billy, how dare you?

(*To audienc.*) Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to show you where this wonderful machine excels. You see this little spring down here. You just press this button, and two notes will strike together. Billy (*in grand tones*), press the button. (*This time tune is taken in two parts.*)

m f s | m f s | m f s l r | m f s | l t d'  
d r m | d r m | d r m f t | d r m | f s l  
t d' r' m' d'  
s l t s m

(*Professor bows. Then in answer to applause instructs Billy to repeat. Billy starts handle, but the voices sing "We won't go home till morning." The Professor cries out in consternation, and Billy rushes to the spring, oils it, turns screws, etc., all to no purpose. The tune goes gently on.*)

BILLY: It's no good master; the spring has burst. It'll go on till morning, now, right enough. (*Music still goes on.*)

PROFESSOR (*in great distress*): Dear, dear, whatever shall we do? (*Paces excitedly up and down the platform.*)

BILLY: I know; wait till the winter's over, and then another spring will be here. (*Professor gives an impatient gesture. At last he turns to the audience, the music still going on.*)

PROFESSOR: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm extremely sorry, but the spring has gone wrong. It will take a few hours to mend, so with your kind permission I will continue this wonderful performance another time. (*Bows. Curtain.*)

## THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG.

What is the blue on our flag, boys?

The waves of the boundless sea,  
Where our vessels ride in their timeless pride  
And the feet of the winds are free:  
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles  
To the ice of the South and North,  
With dauntless tread through tempests dread  
The guard- ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?

The honour of our land,  
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light  
And stands while the bills shall stand;  
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,  
And we fight wherever we be,  
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives  
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?

The blood of our heroes slain  
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands  
And the froth of the purple main,  
And it cries to God from the crimson sod  
And the crest of the waves outrolled  
That He send us men to fight again  
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,

Whatever be said or done,  
Though the shots come fast, as we face the foe,  
And the foe be ten to one;—  
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword  
And a bullet in heart or brain,  
What matters one gone; if the flag float on  
And Britain be lord of the main?



# WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

A Song for Small Boys.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY

Key G. *Quickly.*

## "HOLLY AND MISTLETOE."

A CHRISTMAS TABLEAU FOR FOUR OR SIX CHILDREN.

*Holly.*—Two or three dark-haired, rosy-cheeked children should be selected. Dress, white with holly wreath on hair, and spray of holly—well berried—across dress from shoulder to hem. Wand with bunch of holly tied by red ribbons.

*Mistletoe.*—Two or three fair golden-haired children should be selected. Dress, white with wreath of mistletoe on hair, and spray of mistletoe from shoulder to hem. Wand with bunch of mistletoe tied by pale green ribbon.

The children enter from opposite sides in couples, stand in a row and recite together:

Christmas always brings us,  
Decked in colours bright,  
Making earth seem joyful,  
Gladdening your sight;

Berries red and glowing,  
Others white as snow,  
Here the crimson holly,  
There the mistletoe

(Christmas music very softly played.)

*Mistletoe* steps forward and recites:

Hear our Christmas music  
Echoing from above,  
It brings a joyful message  
Of peace, goodwill, and love.

We are small peace-makers,  
Love is our true guide,  
May it heal all quarrels  
At this Christmas-tide.

*Holly* steps forward and says:

We, too, bring a message,  
Goodwill with you stay,  
Smiles and joy and gladness  
Bless your Christmas day.

All together will recite while they twine in and out in a slow dance (figure of eight will be suitable).

Twine the scarlet holly  
With the mistletoe,  
In a wreath for Christmas,  
Frosted o'er with snow,

While we all together  
Sing the magic rhyme:  
May all joy and gladness  
Bless your Christmas time.

Recitation for Christmas.

## A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Darling, hang your stocking up,  
Be sure you don't forget;  
Father Christmas soon will bring  
Presents for my pet.

Santa Claus, who always comes,  
Will spy that stocking small;  
I'm sure it won't hold all his gifts  
Of toffee, toys and ball.

So borrow one from grandmamma  
(You know the sort she wears),  
And hang it up alongside yours  
On top of these two chairs.

Then put a little note beside:  
"Oh! sir, before you go,  
Please fill the stockings full of toys  
From top right down to toe."

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Quickly'. The score includes lyrics for the song, with some parts in parentheses indicating optional or alternative lyrics. The music features various dynamics such as 'pp' (pianissimo), 'A.t.m.' (allegretto tempo moderato), 'd.f.G.' (diminuendo forte), and 'cres.' (crescendo). The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Oh, where is Wil-lie Win-kie, In his bed-gown snow-y white? I nev-er hear him call-ing As they say he does each night. Oh, Wil-lie, Wil-lie Win-kie, Pray, wher-ev-er do you get? I've tried to glimpse you oft-en, But I've nev-er man-aged yet; I've tried to glimpse you oft-en, But I've nev-er man-aged yet.'

Directly eight is striking  
(And it never seems to me  
Above an hour to that time  
From the time when I have tea)  
I hear my mother calling,  
"Come, my darling," she will say.  
"Tis time you were undressing,  
Willie Winkie's on the way."

I've heard he peeps at windows,  
But I think it can't be true.  
I've waited there for ages  
(This, of course, 'twixt me and you).  
Oh, Willie, Willie Winkie,  
But you really are a tease,  
Pray do pop in some evening  
Just to set my mind at ease.



# SCENE FROM OLIVER TWIST.

For "Little Plays from Dickens," in the Kingsway Series.  
see page 32 of this volume.

Adapted by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Time—20 Minutes.

CHARACTERS—NINE BOYS.

MR. BUMBLE—The Parish Beadle.  
MR. LIMBKINS—Chairman of Workhouse Board.  
FIRST MEMBER OF BOARD.  
SECOND MEMBER OF BOARD.  
THIRD MEMBER OF BOARD.  
FOURTH MEMBER OF BOARD.  
MR. GAMFIELD—A Chimney Sweep.  
A MAGISTRATE.  
OLIVER TWIST.

## ANALYSIS OF CHARACTERS.

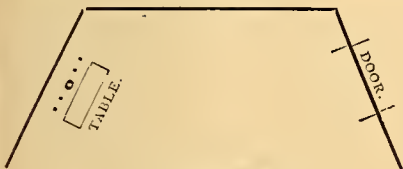
Mr. Limbkins and the Board are elderly men all of their sense of power and totally devoid of sympathy. They are in fact typical of the cruel workhouse system of their time.

Mr. Gamfield is a brutal fellow with a repulsive face and the reputation of having beaten several apprentices to death.

Mr. Bumble is the personification of pomposity and self-importance; a fat man and choleric, and of his cane as a means of keeping discipline among the workhouse children.

The Magistrate is a kindly old man, exceedingly short-sighted, and lacking in powers of observation.

## STAGE.



## OLIVER TWIST.

SCENE: (The Board Room of the Workhouse. On left, facing entrance on right, is a table behind which sit the members of the Board, the Chairman being in the middle on a chair higher than the others. They are engaged in close conversation when the curtain rises.)

(Enter Bumble in great haste.)

MR. BUMBLE: Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more! (General astonishment.)

MR. LIMBKINS:—For more! Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?

MR. BUMBLE: He did, sir.

FIRST MEMBER: That boy will be hung! I know that boy will be hung.

MR. LIMBKINS: (after a moment of consultation with his neighbours) Bumble, fetch the boy, and let us see him. And bring his basin. (Exit Bumble.)

SECOND MEMBER: Asked for more! Well, well, well!

THIRD MEMBER: Shocking! Shocking!

FOURTH MEMBER: We can soon set that to rights: we'll stop it in no time. (Enter Bumble dragging Oliver Twist by the ear. Oliver is wiping away recent tears.)

MR. BUMBLE: There he is, gentlemen. (To Oliver) Bow to the Board. (Oliver bows in wrong direction: Bumble taps him on the head with his cane.) Not that way! Bow to the Board! Now, pull that cap off your eyes, and hold up your head, sir. (Oliver does so, and then wipes away fresh tears.) Well, of all the ungratefulest and worst-disposed boys as ever I see, you are the—— (Raises cane to beat him.)

OLIVER: No, no, sir! No, no, sir! I will be good: indeed I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir, and so—so—

SECOND MEMBER: So what, boy?

OLIVER: So lonely, sir! So very lonely! Everybody hates me. Oh sir, pray don't be cross with me. (Bumble places small basin on table.)

THIRD MEMBER: What's your name, hoy? (Oliver mumbles inaudibly through tears, Bumble taps him on the head again with cane.)

FOURTH MEMBER: The boy's a fool.

MR. LIMBKINS: Boy, listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?

OLIVER: What's that, sir?

FOURTH MEMBER: The boy is a fool—I thought he was.

MR. LIMBKINS: Hush! You know you've got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don't you?

OLIVER: (weeping) Yes sir.

SECOND MEMBER: What are you crying for? (to the other members) What can the hoy be crying for?

FIRST MEMBER: I hope you say your prayers every night and pray for the people who feed you and take care of you.

OLIVER: Yes, sir.

MR. LIMBKINS: And yet you dare to ask for more! After eating all that great hasinful of gruel you dare to ask for more!

FOURTH MEMBER: What is to be done with him? (Short consultation, during which Oliver snivels and is jerked and tapped by the Beadle at intervals.)

MR. LIMBKINS: Bumble, paste a notice up at once on the outside of the gate offering the usual five pounds to anybody who will take this boy off the hands of the parish as an apprentice.

MR. BUMBLE: Yes, sir. (Suddenly recollecting) There was a man outside, sir, just as I came in, as was asking if we had a hoy to let him have.

THIRD MEMBER: Go and fetch the man in, Bumble. (Exit Bumble.)

SECOND MEMBER: You came here to be educated and taught a useful trade, but a boy who asks for more doesn't deserve it.

OLIVER: We are always hungry, sir, and one boy said to-day that he wasn't used to that sort of thing 'cause his father used to keep a cook-shop before he died, and he said that if he didn't have another basin of gruel a day he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the hoy who slept next to him—which is ME, sir! So I tried to get the gruel for him, sir. (Enter Bumble with Gamfield.)

MR. BUMBLE: Walk in; this way! (Gamfield takes off hat.)

GAMFIELD: This here boy, gentlemen, wot the parish wants for 'prentis.

MR. LIMBKINS: Ay, my man, what of him?

GAMFIELD: If the parish would like 'im to learn a right pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweeping business, I wants a 'prentis and I am ready to take him.

MR. LIMBKINS: It's a nasty trade

FIRST MEMBER: Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now.

GAMFIELD: That's 'acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again. That's all smoke and no blaze; vereas

smoke ain't of no use at all in making a boy come down, for it only sends him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is very obstinist, and wery lazy, gen'lmen, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane

too, gen'lmen, 'acause even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate themselves. (Committee giggle, but resume solemnity at indignant glance of Mr. Limbkins.) (Short consultation.)

MR. LIMBKINS: Er—we have considered your proposition, and we don't approve of it.

FOURTH MEMBER: Not at all. (Members all shake heads and mutter remarks of disapproval.)

GAMFIELD: So you won't let me have him, gen'lmen?

MR. LIMBKINS: No, . . . at least, as it's a nasty business, we think you ought to take something less than the premium we offered.

GAMFIELD: (eagerly, and stepping forward) What'll you give me, gen'lmen? Come, don't be too hard on a poor man. What'll you give?

MR. LIMBKINS: I should say three pound ten was plenty.

THIRD MEMBER: Ten shillings too much.

GAMFIELD: Come! say four pound, gen'lmen. Say four pound, and you've got rid of him once and for all. There!

MR. LIMBKINS: Three pound ten!

GAMFIELD: Come! I'll split the difference, gen'lmen. Three pound fifteen.

MR. LIMBKINS: Three pound ten; not a farthing more.

GAMFIELD: You're desperate hard on me, gen'lmen.

SECOND MEMBER: Pooh! Poo! Nonsense. He'd be cheap with nothing at all as a premium. Take him you silly fellow! He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick now and then: it'll do him good; and his board needn't come very expensive, for he hasn't been overfed since he was born.

GAMFIELD: (Looking all round the table and considering) Very well, gen'lmen, I'll take him.

MR. LIMBKINS: Just so. Now I will see if there happens to be a magistrate visiting this morning, and if there is we can get the indentures signed and approved straight away, and you can take the boy with you. (Exit; other members rise, shake hands, and disperse after words of leave-taking.)

MR. BUMBLE: (to Oliver who has begun to cry again) Now don't make your eyes red, Oliver, but in future learn to eat your food and be thankful. You're a-going to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver.

OLIVER: A 'prentice, sir?

MR. BUMBLE: Yes, Oliver. The kind and blessed gentlemen which is so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own, are a-going to 'prentice you, and to set you up for life, and make a man of you; although the expense to the parish is three pound ten!—three pound ten, Oliver!—seventy shillings!—one hundred and forty shillings! and all for a naughty orphan which nobody can't love! (Enter Mr. Limbkins with magistrate: the latter takes his place at the raised chair behind table, with Mr. Limbkins by his side. Papers are produced and made ready.)

MR. BUMBLE: Now Oliver, my dear, come to the gentleman. (Aside, in a threatening tone.) And mind what you're doing, you young rascal. (Pause while magistrate short-sightedly reads the papers.)

MR. BUMBLE: This is the boy, your worship.

MAGISTRATE: Oh, this is the boy?

MR. BUMBLE: This is him, sir. Bow to the magistrate, my dear.

MAGISTRATE: Well, I suppose he's fond of chimney-sweeping?

MR. BUMBLE: He dotes on it, your worship (pinches Oliver and threatens him with cane.)

MAGISTRATE: And he will be a sweep, will he?

MR. BUMBLE: If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneous, your worship.

MAGISTRATE: And this man that's to be his master—you sir—you'll treat him well, and feed him, and do all that sort of thing, will you?

GAMFIELD: When I says I will, I means I will.

MAGISTRATE: You're a rough speaker, my friend, but you look an honest, open-hearted man.

GAMFIELD: (grinning evilly) I hopes I am sir.

MAGISTRATE: I have no doubt you are, my friend. (He searches blindly all over the table for the ink-pot, and in so doing catches sight of Oliver gazing in horror at Gamfield, in spite of the admonitory taps and jerks of Bumble.)

MAGISTRATE: My boy! you look pale and alarmed. What is the matter? Stand a little away from him, headle. Now, hoy, tell me what is the matter. Don't be afraid.

OLIVER: (falling on knees and clasping hands) O sir, starve me—heat me—kill me, if you like, but don't send me away with that dreadful man!

MR. BUMBLE: Well! of all the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are the most bare-facedest!

MAGISTRATE: Hold your tongue, beadle!

MR. BUMBLE: (greatly surprised) I beg your worship's pardon. Did your worship speak to me?

MAGISTRATE: Yes; hold your tongue.

MR. BUMBLE: (astounded) Me! The headle! Ordered to hold my tongue!

MAGISTRATE: I refuse to sanction these indentures.

MR. LIMBKINS: I hope your worship will not form the opinion that the authorities have been guilty of any improper conduct on the unsupported testimony of a mere child.

MAGISTRATE: I am not called upon to pronounce any opinion on the matter. Take the boy back to the workhouse and treat him kindly. He seems to want it. (Gathers up hat and gloves and exit with Mr. Limbkins.)

MR. BUMBLE: (to Oliver) Well, I wish you may come to good, hut—

GAMFIELD: (savagely) I wish he could come to me! (Exit, shaking fist.)

MR. BUMBLE: A gentleman said just now as you would live to be hung, but it seems to me you'll be drawn and quartered into the bargain. Come along!

(Exit with Oliver as curtain falls.)



# THE WISHING WELL.

## CHARACTERS.

MOTHER. FAIRY SNOW WHITE.  
MARJORIE. FAIRY RUBY RED.  
NORAH. FAIRY SAPPHIRE BLUE.

## SCENE I.

*A poorly-furnished living-room.*

MARJ.: Oh, mother, it is so cold! It's beginning to snow. It is a shame for you to have to go out!  
MOTHER. It is of no use complaining. If I don't go out and sell my flowers, there'll be no Christmas dinner for us to-morrow.

NORAH: Christmas! Oh dear, it doesn't seem a bit as if to-morrow is Christmas Day.

MARJ.: If only father were alive! We shouldn't be miserable and starving like this. We should be able to have a real, merry Christmas, just like last year.

MOTHER: It was just a year ago to-day that father's ship sailed away.

NORAH: And we didn't think he'd never come back to us again.

MARJ.: Mother, I wonder why his ship went to the bottom, instead of somebody else's?

MOTHER: I cannot tell you, Marjorie. It wasn't because we didn't want him.

MARJ.: If father could see us now,—Christmas Eve, with only a bit of bread to eat, and no fire, and mother to go out tramping about all day long in the snow selling flowers.

NORAH: If only he could come back again to us.

MOTHER: Good-bye, children. It may be very late to-night before I get back. I cannot come home till I have sold them all. Work hard, children, while I am gone.

NORAH: Good luck, mother.

MARJ.: And try not to cry if anybody wishes you a Merry Christmas! (Exit Mother).

*(Children make paper flowers).*

NORAH: Oh, Marjorie, I'm sick of doing these hateful, horrible things.

MARJ.: So am I. Ever since we broke up at school we've been at the nasty, silly, stupid, idiotic, absurd, old flowers!

NORAH: Let's leave them alone for a bit:

MARJ.: What shall we do?

NORAH: I'll lend you my prize if you like. It's all about the Fairies (brings it out wrapped in a handkerchief).

MARJ.: I wish there were fairies now-a-days.

NORAH: Rather. Still, we can pretend, can't we? I'll pretend I'm a Fairy Godmother, and you can be Cinderella. Lie down among the ashes.

MARJ.: There aren't any, you stupid. You know we haven't got a fire.

NORAH (frowning): You've got to pretend, silly. Lie down and sleep: I'll wave my wand over you.

(Marjorie lies down, shuts her eyes and snores).

NORAH: Be quiet.

MARJ.: You know I can't hear you—I'm asleep!

(Norah waves the wand low down over her.

Marjorie starts up).

MARJ.: You're going to tickle me!

NORAH: Oh, what a story, I wasn't! (Pause). Now you be Cinderella, and I'll be the Prince, and I'll come and try the slipper on.

MARJ. All right. (Sits down and puts out foot).

NORAH (holding out very big shoe): This will do for the little gold slipper.

MARJ. (puts out two feet): Well, you'd better try it on both feet at once, then perhaps it'll fit.

(Balances shoe on two toes).

NORAH (kneeling on knees and stretching out arms): Gentle lady, will you be my bride?

MARJ.: Certainly, Prince (kicks off the shoe), when I can get a pair of shoes to fit. (Pause).

NORAH: Let's play Little Jack Horner. (Recites).

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie—

MARJ. (discontentedly): Its all right talking about Christmas pie when we've got nothing in the house but a bit of stale bread.

NORAH (sighs): Oh dear! oh dear! It's no good pretending. (Pause). Marjorie!

MARJ.: Yes, Norah.

NORAH: Shall I tell you what I read in my prize?

MARJ.: Yes.

NORAH: You won't laugh, will you?

MARJ. No.

NORAH: Well, it says there was a little girl, and her mother was dying, and somebody told her that a Fairy lived up in the woods, and if she went up there on Christmas Eve and found the wishing-well, and looked down into the water just when the clock struck eight, she would see the Fairy's face in the water, and her wish would come true. So the little girl went, and she saw the Fairy, and when she got back her mother was getting better. (Pause).

MARJ.: Norah!

NORAH: Yes.

MARJ.: You know the old tower up in the forest?

NORAH: Yes.

MARJ.: You know there's a wishing-well quite close to it.

NORAH: Yes.

MARJ.: Let's go and try if we can see the Fairy's face there to-night when the clock strikes eight, and let's wish for father to come back.

NORAH: It's all dark and lonely up there.

MARJ.: I'm not afraid.

NORAH: No, more am I. Let's start now. (Curtain).

## SCENE II.

*The Wood in front of the Tower.*

*Enter Three Fairies. They sing.*

SNOW WHITE: What is the hour, my Fairies?

RUBY RED: Beauteous Snow White, the hour of eight draws near.

SNOW WHITE: Gentle work have I for you to do, oh Ruby Red and Sapphire Blue. Even now, two little earth maidens, in sad distress, draw near to seek my aid.

R. R.: And thou wilt not let them seek in vain?

SNOW WHITE: Nay, that I will not, for theirs is a most sad tale. There hefel, not long ago, a stormy night, when the winds were lashing the waves to fury, and the ugly rain beat fast, and thunder rolled and lightnings flashed in the air. On that night their father's ship struck on a cruel rock, and sank, and all seemed to have perished. All save one! This sailor, helped by my power, was borne by a floating raft and cast upon a little isle near by, where no man dwelt. Alone was he, save for the birds that hovered o'er his head, the fishes that swam in the sparkling streams, and the sweet flowers that clustered all about his footsteps. Alone, till a good ship passing by, saw him and bore him home. The poor shipwrecked sailor is the father of these little children. To-day shall ye bear my Christmas gift to them. Ere another dawn breaks upon the world they shall learn that he will soon be with them again. You, my fairy comrades, shall carry the tidings to their home.

RUBY RED: Ah, sweet task!

SAPPHIRE BLUE: Oh, happy errand!

BOTH: And may we, oh fairest Snow White, bear Christmas presents to these dear children!

SNOW WHITE: The choicest of our store. But now let us fly to the shadow of the tower, for the little maids draw near. (They retire).

*Enter Norah and Marjorie.*

NORAH: Marjorie, I am so cold and so tired.

MARJ.: Poor old girl, never mind. I'm sure we must be very near now.

NORAH: I'm shivering all over, Marjorie.

MARJ.: I'll put my arm all round you tight, then you'll be all right.

NORAH: Listen! what was that?

MARJ.: Nothing, dear. I didn't hear a sound.

NORAH: I did. I know I did. It was wings.

MARJ.: Perhaps it was just a little bird going home.

NORAH: No, it wasn't a bird. It was big wings, ever such big wings fluttering.

MARJ.: Hold tight on to me, Norah, I'm the eldest, I'll take care of you.

NORAH: Listen, Marjorie!

MARJ.: What is it, little sister?

NORAH: I heard somebody say our names.

MARJ.: Oh, Norah, it must have been the wind.

NORAH: No, it wasn't a bit like the wind. It was ever so sweet, and soft, and kind. It said—"Marjorie, Norah," "Marjorie, Norah." Didn't you hear it?

MARJ.: No, dear, I didn't hear a sound.

NORAH: Do you know, Marjorie, I don't feel so frightened now. I feel as if somebody was taking care of us, and as if father was close by.

MARJ.: Perhaps he is, Norah. Oh, look, dear, here is the Wishing Well. Let's kneel down, and directly we hear the clock strike eight, we'll ask the fairies ever so hard to let father come back to us (They kneel down).

NORAH: Yes, we'll ask ever so hard.

MARJ.: Now catch hold of my hand, and shut your eyes tight, and let's both say it together.

*(The clock strikes eight).*

Oh, wise and wondrous Fairy, whose home is here, listen to us this night, and please, please, dear Fairy, let father come back to us.

*(Fairy Snow White enters behind and leans over them. She then glides in front of them, and away. They kneel motionless, then rise and look at one another in awe).*

BOTH: Did you see her? Wasn't she lovely?

MARJ.: Will it come true, I wonder. Oh, let's make haste home and see. *(They hasten away).*

*Curtain.*

## SCENE III.

*The Home. As Scene I.*

*Enter Marjorie and Norah. They look round eagerly, then utter cries of disappointment.*

MARJ.: Father hasn't come!

NORAH: The Fairies haven't been, either!

MARJ.: I suppose we were silly to expect it.

NORAH: P'raps they're very busy; it's Christmas to-morrow, you know, and Fairies have a lot to do just before, don't they?

MARJ.: Yes, I s'pose they do. But I do think they might have come to us. Other little girls have got their fathers to take care of them. We haven't got anything.

NORAH: Oh, I hate fairies! I hate fairies! They aren't any good at all. I wish I knew a bad, wicked dwarf, I'd go and ask him, indeed I would.

MARJ.: Mother will be in soon, Norah.

NORAH: Yes, and now we haven't got anything nice at all to tell her.

MARJ.: And we haven't even made the flowers for her. She will think we are selfish.

NORAH: Oh, Marjorie (yawns), I'm tired to death. *(Lays head on table).*

MARJ.: So am I, I can't keep my eyes open any longer. *(Lays head on table. They sleep).*

*(Enter Snow White with letter. Then Fairies with presents. Fairies depart. The children awake, rub their eyes, gaze round, amazed and delighted).*

BOTH: Oh {Marjorie} the Fairies have been! {Norah} Oh, how lovely!

NORAH: I wish I hadn't said anything about a bad, wicked dwarf.

MARJ.: I wish mother would come!

NORAH: Listen! Here she comes!

*(Enter Mother. Children dance round her.)*

BOTH: Mother, Mother, the Fairies have been, look at the presents! Look! Look!

MOTHER: The Fairies! Oh, what can it all mean, children? Open the parcels quickly, and let's see what is in them.

*(Children open the parcels and display contents with delight. Lastly, the letter comes to view. They seize it eagerly).*

BOTH: Mother, here's a letter. It's for you. Do open it, quick.

MOTHER (much overcome): It is your father's writing, children.

BOTH: Oh, mother, do tell us what's inside.

*(Short pause, while mother reads letter).*

MOTHER: Marjorie, Norah, this letter is from father. He was not drowned, and he is coming back to us. He will be here by to-morrow morning. He will be our Christmas present.

BOTH: Mother, how lovely! how lovely! how beautiful! Oh, how I love the fairies. Three cheers for the fairies! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

*Curtain.*



# THE LITTLE NEW YEAR AND HIS BRIGHT LITTLE FRIENDS.

## CHARACTERS;

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

THE TWELVE LITTLE MONTHS.

THE SEVEN LITTLE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

*Enter THE LITTLE NEW YEAR dressed up in some appropriate way; as in furs to suggest the cold, or a muslin cloak, with tinsel to represent frost and sunshine.*

*(Speaking):*

Oh, I am the Little New Year, oh, ho!  
Here I come tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking my bells with a merry din,  
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring for you, one and all,  
Old folks, young folks, big and small;  
Each from me a boon may win,  
So open your doors and let me in.

And with me are coming along, oh, ho;  
A jovial company all in a row,  
Twelve Little Months—my kith and kin;  
So open your doors and let me in.

*Enter twelve children, each representing a MONTH, and each with some appropriate symbol—JANUARY with pieces of paper torn into small pieces to look like snowflakes; FEBRUARY with a watering-pot or jug; MARCH with a fan; APRIL with a bunch of flowers; and so on, as suggested in Sara Coleridge's verses which they recite. Each child points to itself as it speaks the couplet. Each MONTH should act the lines as they are spoken; e.g., JANUARY stamps the feet and rubs the hands, and so on.*

FIRST MONTH.—January brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.  
*[Blows on hands, stamps feet.]*

SECOND MONTH.—February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.  
*[Pours a few drops of water.]*

THIRD MONTH.—March brings breezes sharp and chill.  
Shakes the dancing daffodil.  
*[Uses fan to make a breeze.]*

FOURTH MONTH.—April brings the primrose sweet.  
Scatters daisies at our feet.  
*[Acts as if picking daisies and making daisy chain.]*

FIFTH MONTH.—May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Sporting round their fleecy dams.  
*[Little dance or gambol in which all the MONTHS join.]*

SIXTH MONTH.—June brings tulips, lilies, roses.  
Fills the children's hands with posies.  
*[Smelling nose-gays.]*

SEVENTH MONTH.—Hot July brings thunder showers,  
Apricots and gilly flowers.  
*[Noise to imitate thunder.]*

EIGHTH MONTH.—August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.  
*[Imitate reaping.]*

NINTH MONTH.—Warm September brings the fruit;  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.  
*[Uses pointer as if shooting with gun.]*

TENTH MONTH.—Brown October brings the pheasant;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.  
*[Acts gathering and cracking nuts.]*

ELEVENTH MONTH.—Dull November brings the blast,  
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.  
MONTHS rush about helter-skelter, imitating the whistling of wind.

TWELFTH MONTH.—Cold December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.  
*[MONTHS act as if dancing round Christmas Tree, eating plum pudding, etc.]*

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.—Seven Little Week-days now,  
Will come in and make their bow;  
Let them enter, hand in hand—  
Such a bright and joyous band.  
Time, who makes the moments fly,  
Dropped them as he hurried by.  
So around the year they'll go,  
Not too fast, and not too slow:  
Each with sure and steady pace,  
In her own appointed place.

*Enter THE SEVEN LITTLE DAYS OF THE WEEK.*

SUNDAY *(speaking)*—Straight and prim, of none afraid,  
First I come, a tiny maid;  
White hands folded on my breast,  
Trying hard to do my best,  
Eyes uplifted off in prayer,  
Sunday is the name I bear.  
And for symbol, it is right  
I should bear a lily white.

*[Holds up flower or paper representation.]*

MONDAY.—Rush and hurry, noise and clatter—  
What on earth can be the matter?  
Lowering skies and winds perverse—  
These the tales that I rehearse.  
These sad sights come in my way,  
For I'm Monday—washing-day;  
Day to wash, and rinse, and rub,  
And for emblem, I've a tub.  
*[Holds up toy wash-tub.]*

TUESDAY.—Now the clothes I iron and press,  
Apron, collar, blouse and dress;  
Every wrinkle smooth with care,  
Let them hang awhile and air.  
Fold them then and put away,  
Tuesday brings our ironing-day,  
And my badge, you understand,  
Is this iron in my hand.  
*[Holds up toy iron.]*

WEDNESDAY.—Each day brings its work, 'tis said;  
So, with thimble, needle, thread,  
Every rent and every tear,  
I must mend and darn with care.  
Wednesday—thus I come to you,  
Mending is the work I do,  
And these scissors bright of mine  
I will show you as my sign.  
*[Holds up scissors.]*

THURSDAY.—Busy ladies, there's one day  
Of the seven that come your way,  
When with household cares behind,  
Quiet hours you hope to find.  
Thursday brings you rest and peace,  
And from toil a short release;  
In my hand the sign I hold—  
Books will charm those hours of gold.  
*[Holds up book.]*

FRIDAY.—Dirt and dust, and speck and smear,  
All must quickly disappear.  
See, they vanish out of sight,  
And the house is clear and bright.  
I am Friday, which, they say,  
Is the best house-cleaning day.  
Thus I do to every room,  
And for badge I bring a broom.  
*[Holds up broom.]*

SATURDAY.—Last one I of all the seven  
That Old Time to you has given,  
With my bowl and spoon in hand,  
Gently stirring, here I stand.  
So I mix and knead away—  
Saturday brings baking-day,  
Toiling hard with pan and tin,  
And for a sign a rolling-pin.  
*[Holds up rolling-pin.]*

ALL THE LITTLE DAYS OF THE WEEK *(together)*.—  
So with work that's never done,  
We must follow one by one;  
Round the great sun's shining sphere—  
Little Week-days, Months and Year,

ALL THE CHARACTERS *(together)*.—  
Use us wisely, then, and well;  
Let the tale that each must tell,  
When life's race at last is run,  
Be of duties bravely done.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR stands in the centre of the stage, and the LITTLE MONTHS range themselves around him at short distances apart, while the LITTLE DAYS OF THE WEEK, joining hands, dance in and out among the MONTHS, thus circling round the YEAR.

## "WHEN I'M A MAN."

When I'm a man so straight and strong, perhaps  
I'll be a guard,  
To wave the flag for starting, and to blow the whistle hard,  
Maybe I'll drive the engine then, and make her puff and fly,  
And send the sparks so swiftly up towards the sunny sky;  
But whether guard or driver though just now I cannot tell,  
I only know for certain—I'll be sure to do it well.

Sometimes I think I'd like to keep a shop of cakes and sweets;  
At other times I'd like to sell the papers in the streets;  
'Twould be so nice at night-time when the others are in bed  
To be in cheerful gaslight, earning halfpennies instead.  
But whether in the gaslight with my papers all to sell,  
Or serving cakes and sweetstuff—I'll be sure to do it well.

Suppose I am a teacher, then if so I will be kind  
To all the little children that my duty bids me mind;  
And if I am a doctor then most patient I will be  
And help all those that suffer pain and show them sympathy.  
And if I should a gardener be no man on earth shall bring  
Such dainty blooms from seedlings to refresh you in the spring.  
But this shall be my motto—when Life puts me to the test—  
Whatever work is mine to do—I'll always do my best.



## EMPIRE DAY VERSES.

ENGLAND.—A child wearing a white dress and a red, white and blue sash, and carrying a rose:—

*I live in England, the land of the free,  
My home is as happy as happy can be.  
My country is lovely as everyone knows,  
And for England, dear England, I wear this  
sweet rose.*

SCOTLAND.—Child dressed as suggested by the verse and carrying a paper thistle.

*I come from Scotland, the land of the heather,  
With kilt, and with plaid, and with bonnet and  
feather.  
Moor, highland, and loch you may find in my land:  
Its emblem—the thistle—I hold in hand.*

IRELAND.—A child wearing an emerald green dress and scarlet cap and hood, and carrying a bunch of shamrock:—

*I'm a colleen, from "The Land of the Green,"  
My country's the sweetest that ever was seen.  
Its beauty throughout all the world is renowned;  
I love the dear isle where the shamrock is found.*

WALES.—A child wearing a checked shawl and a Welsh hat, and carrying a leek or a paper daffodil.

*I come from the beautiful country of Wales,  
That's famed for its wonderful mountains and  
vales.  
Our musical voices ring sweet through the air,  
Our emblem's a Leek—or a Daffodil fair.*

CANADA.—A child wearing a white fur hat and a white dress decorated with maple leaves:—

*My home is in Canada, land of the West;  
Of all the earth's places I think it the best.  
We've mountains and prairies far-reaching and  
fair:  
For love of my country the maple I wear,*

AUSTRALIA.—A child wearing a "cowboy" hat and carrying a picture of a kangaroo.

*From the land of the South I bring greeting to  
you—  
From the great southern land of the great  
kangaroo.  
Tho' parted from you by a half of the earth  
We're true to the country that gave us our birth.*

NEW ZEALAND.—A child carrying a picture of sheep:—

*I've travelled to you from the New Zealand Isles;  
To get to my home you must go many miles.  
I bring you much wool from far over the sea,  
And we're all proud of Britain, the land of the  
free.*

AFRICA.—A child carrying a picture of an ostrich:—

*I've come a long way from the country of gold,  
Of which wondrous tales in the past have been  
told;  
Where great tracts of land bring the Empire  
renown,  
And our people are true—whether white, black or  
brown.*

INDIA.—A child wearing a white dress with bright coloured sash and carrying a picture of an elephant.

*I am a maiden from India's clime;  
Of many score races and tongues I could rhyme,  
I ride on an elephant, not on a horse,  
And King George is my monarch and ruler, of  
course.*

BRITANNIA'S GREETING.—A girl dressed as Britannia gives a daisy to each child and recites the following:—

*Britannia gives greeting and welcomes you all  
With subjects so loyal no ill can befall.  
A daisy for unity wear while your'e here—  
Now all join with me in a good hearty cheer.*

(All cheer.)

## THE DAISY—

### Or THE EMPIRE'S EMBLEM.

#### AN ORIGINAL RECITATION.

(Recited by a girl holding a daisy and showing its parts).

"This simple daisy that I wear,  
Is emblem of our Empire fair,  
And if with care you think it o'er,  
You'll see the reason more and more.

"Each floret here so small and neat  
Just helps to make the flower complete.  
To take but one from out the ray  
Would be to mar the whole you'd say.

"Just so our nations all unite,  
As do the florets pale and white.  
To make one empire great and true,  
Where waves our flag, 'Red, White and Blue.'

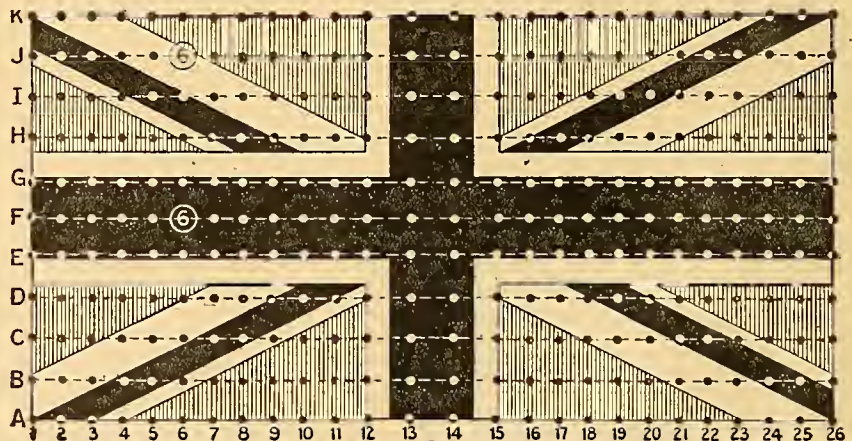
"And thus our Empire, wide and vast,  
Takes courage from its glorious past;  
And loyally unites to sing,  
'For us, One Flag, One Fleet, One King.'"

## A LIVING UNION JACK.

Mark out on the ground a rectangle 32 ft. by 16 ft. with 26 small circles on the front line. On the side lines mark 11 small circles from front to back. This provides places for 11 rows of children, with 26 in each row. Number the children in all the rows similarly, but distinguish the rows by letters. Prepare a large coloured plan, on which each child's place is indicated. Give each child a card, on which is marked his or her row and number in that row; each child should also have a red and a white and a blue piece of material about the size of a handkerchief. When the various flags are called for, the children hold up the coloured pieces of material according to their position on the plan. Every card should have full instructions as to the right colour for each flag, c.g.:—

Row F. No. in Row 6.	Row J. No. in Row 6.
St. George's Flag - R	St. George's Flag - W
St. Andrew's Flag - B	St. Andrew's Flag - W
St. Patrick's Flag - W	St. Patrick's Flag - W
Union Jack - - - R	Union Jack - - - W

The pieces of material should be held by the longer edge, between the tips of the fingers and the palm of the hand, the loose end being thrown over the back of the hand and wrist. This appears to give the greater display of surface, the hand being held so that the lower edge of the piece lies on the child's forehead. At the display of the Union Jack, the children on the fringe of St. George's Cross hold up white to show the fringe of that Cross. While the flags are being displayed an appropriate chorus should be sung.



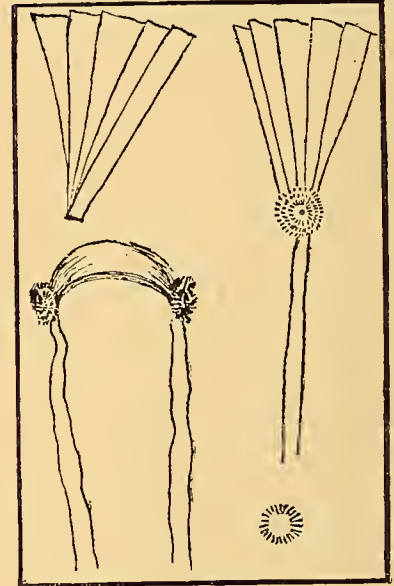
## EFFECTIVE BONNETS FOR EMPIRE DAY.

### MATERIALS REQUIRED.

Rolls of white, blue, and red crêpe paper ("Dancing Girl" brand), and paper fasteners.

For one bonnet:—

- 1 strip of red paper 10 ins. by 6½ ins.
- 1 round piece of blue 2¾ ins. in diameter.
- 1 round piece of white 2½ ins. in diameter.
- 1 round piece of red 1¾ ins. in diameter.
- 2 long blue or white strips for strings.
- 2 paper fasteners.



### MAKING UP.

Make four or five pleats in each end of the red paper. Cut the circular pieces all round to a depth of half-an-inch. Then insert a paper fastener through the different parts in the following order.

Circular red, circular white, circular blue, the four pleats of the bonnet, one long strip for a string.

This bonnet is most effective, and has the advantages of being both economical and simple. One bonnet can be made in five minutes.

# EFFECTIVE ITEMS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE THREE BEARS.

DRAMATIZED FOR THE BABIES.

*SCENE: a living-room. In the middle is a table covered with a white cloth upon which stand three basins of different sizes with spoons lying beside them. Behind the table, and opposite the basins stand three chairs of different heights, corresponding in proportion to the basins. The smallest chair must have a loose leg which can be easily detached. In one corner of the room should be made-up beds on the floor, again differing in size. When the curtain goes up Mother Bear is busy pouring soup into the basins; Father Bear is reading the newspaper, and Baby Bear is playing.*

*Father Bear, looking up from his paper:—*

O do let's take a walk, my dear!

It's such a lovely day.

*Mother Bear, pointing to soup:—*

But dinner is just ready now!

*Father Bear, getting up:—*

'Twill cool while we're away.

*Both:—*

Come, Baby dear, put on your hat,

We know you love to play.

*They go to the corner of the room. Father Bear puts on his hat and takes his stick; Mother Bear puts on her hat and takes her sunshade; Baby Bear puts on his hat and picks up his ball. They all go out. After a short pause Goldenlocks enters. She looks round and then speaks:—*

Dear me, how quaint this cottage is!

No one at home I see.

*Looks at the table, and then goes up to it.*

What's this? Why, soup! It looks quite nice—

*Tastes Father Bear's soup.*

Ugh! too much salt for me.

*Tastes Mother Bear's soup.*

And this has too much pepper in.

*Sneezes, and then tastes Baby Bear's soup.*

Ah! this is very good.

I'm very glad I found this house

While walking in the wood.

*Looks round and sees the chairs.*

I think I may as well sit down.

*Scrambles on to Father Bear's chair.*

Dear me, that's very high!

*Gets down and sits on Mother Bear's chair.*

And this one's very, very hard.

*Moves on to Baby Bear's chair and settles comfortably.*

This tiny one I'll try.

*The chair gives way beneath her.*

There goes the leg, oh, dear! oh, dear!

What funny chairs they keep.

*Gets up and looks round.*

I wonder if they've got a bed

Where I could go to sleep.

*Goes to the beds.*

Yes, here they are; I'll try this one.

*Lies on Father Bear's bed.*

Oh, much too hard for me!

*Gets up and moves to Mother Bear's bed.*

And this is very much too soft!

*Goes to Baby Bear's bed.*

This suits me to a T.

*Turns on her side, facing the audience, and sleeps. Enter the three bears. They approach the table, and Baby Bear speaks:—*

Oh, I'm so hungry, Mother dear!

*Mother Bear:—*

And I am hungry too.

*Father Bear, looking into his basin:—*

Somebody's been and spilt my soup!

*Mother Bear, looking into her basin:—*

And, mine! I wonder who?

*Baby Bear, in a tearful voice:—*

Somebody's eaten mine all up!

Whatever shall I do?

*Father Bear, looking at his chair:—*

Someone's been sitting in my chair!

*Mother Bear, looking at her chair:—*

And mine; come here, I beg.

*Baby Bear, still more dolefully:—*

Somebody's gone and sat in mine

And broken off the leg.

*They look round the room and go towards the beds; seeing Goldenlocks, Father Bear speaks:—*

Somebody's climbed upon my bed;

Just see how it's upset!

*Mother Bear, pointing to her bed:—*

And somebody has been on mine!

*She soothes Baby Bear.*

Don't cry, my little pet.

*Baby Bear with great excitement:—*

O look there's someone in my bed!

She's sleeping in it yet.

*Goldenlocks wakes up, screams, jumps from the bed and runs out of the door. The Bears run a few steps after her and then stop. They turn to the audience and say all together:—*

Next time we go out for a walk

We'll very careful be

To eat our soup before we go,

And take away the key!

(Curtain.)

## THE FAIRIES.

Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,

That lately bloomed in the wood?

Why, the little fairies have each taken one,

And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,

That waved in the summer breeze?

Oh, the faeries have taken them, every one,

To plant in their garden like trees.

And where are the great big blue-bottles gone,

That buzzed in their busy pride?

Oh! the fairies have caught them every one,

And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to light their halls,

'And the crickets to sing them a song;

And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,

And they're feasting the whole night long.

And when spring comes back with its soft mild ray,

And the ripple of gentle rain,

The fairies will bring what they've taken away,

And give it us all again.

## THE DAISY CHAIN.

AN ORIGINAL DANCE.

*Tune.*—Any suitable barn dance tune.

*Dress.*—White, trimmed with daisies and daisy chains.

*Number.*—Any number of couples.

*Arrangement of Children.*—Children join hands and form a ring. Then drop hands when distances are correct, and face partners.

*Steps.*—1, 2, 3 walking steps, 1 hop (commencing with right foot); then 1, 2, 3 steps, hop 1 (commencing with left foot).

*Dance.*—1. Children move round the circle in the direction they are facing. Moving first towards their right hand, the girls weave in and out round the circle (like maypole plaiting without the ribbons) for eight bars (using steps 1, 2, 3, hop).

2. The girls, who face each other at the end of the eight bars, now link right arms and go round each other, 1, 2, 3, hop (commencing with outside feet) for four bars. Reverse arms and direction, and go round 1, 2, 3, hop in that direction four bars.

3. All couples turn to follow round circle in same direction, each couple joining inside hands—then (starting with right foot) place right heel in front (one bar's duration). Place right toe behind (one bar). Commencing with right foot, do 1, 2, 3, hop (one bar), left foot commence 1, 2, 3, hop (one bar, four bars in all). Place right heel in front (one bar), right toe behind (one bar), commencing with left foot 1, 2, 3, hop (one bar). With right foot 1, 2, 3, hop (one bar, four bars in all).

4. Partners face each other and join right hands. Right heel placed in front (one bar), right toe behind (one bar). One girl turns the other under her arm (one bar), and, with hands still joined, they bow to each other. Left heel placed in front (one bar), left toe behind (one bar). The other girl now turns under the arm (one bar), and they bow to each other (one bar, eight bars in all).

(Parts 2, 3, and 4 repeated till end of tune).

## OUR BABY.

We've got a little baby—such

A funny little mite!

It's just a tiny morsel which

Is always wrapped up tight.

I can't think where it came from,

Nor why it came to us,

But mother thinks it lovely

And she makes an awful fuss.

And Daddy says God sent it down

From out the big blue sky.

And tells me that I'm certain sure

To love it by-and-by:

I don't see how I ever can,

Because it's far too small

For games with me and Dolly, or

For anything at all.

It can't stand up, or run about,

Or jump, or dance, or play;

It just lies flat upon its back

And never moves all day.

And when I try to talk of things,

It really is absurd,

It stares at me with great big eyes,

And never says a word.

And mother says not long ago

I too was just like that,

As tiny and as helpless, and

As crinkly and as fat,

I really cannot understand

How that can be—can you?

But anything that mother says

Is bound to be quite true.

And Daddy says that it will grow

And some day it will be

Quite big and strong and fit to play

With Teddy Bear and me.

Perhaps I'll love it then, when it

Is big and nicely dressed.

I don't know why we've got it, but

I 'spect that God knows best!

C. E. HODGES, M.A.



# MAYPOLE DANCES.

## I.—THE SINGLE PLAIT.

**Position.**—The boys holding strands in right hand, placing left hand on hip, and keeping as far from the pole as possible, turn towards the left, that is,



they go in a clockwise direction. The girls step in one pace, holding strands in left hand, placing right hand on hip, and turning towards the right, that is, they go in a contra clockwise direction. Each girl's shoulder ought to touch that of her partner,

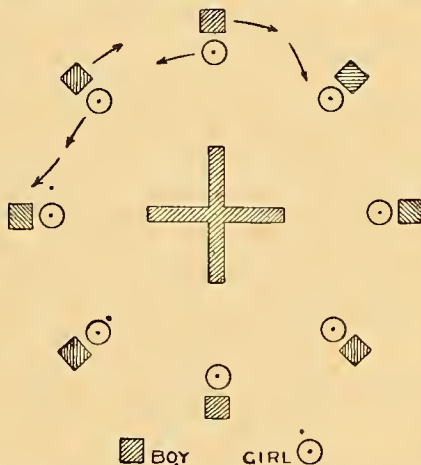


DIAGRAM 1.

and she must hold her strand more loosely than he does. (See Diagram 1 and photograph.)

1. The music commences.

(a) All the children begin to dance with a quick springing step. The boys take four steps forward and inward, while the girls take four steps forward

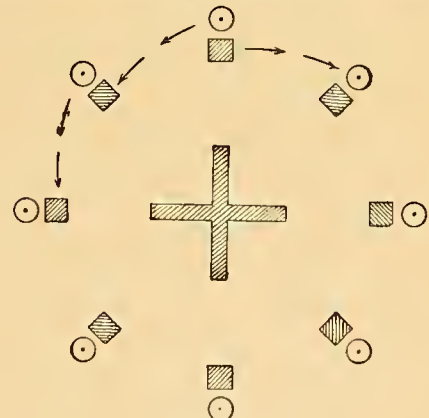


DIAGRAM 2.

and outward. These steps bring all the dancers to the side of new partners, boys now being the inside and girls the outside. (See Diagram 2.)

(b) Keeping beside these new partners, all dance four more steps.

(c) The girls take four steps forward and inward, while the boys take four steps forward and outward.

(d) All the dancers are now by the side of new partners, when they dance four more steps.

A, b, c and d are repeated until the plait is finished, when the music ceases. (See photograph.)

2. A chord is played on the piano for change of direction.

3. The music commences, and all begin to dance as before, the outward children taking four steps forward and inward, and the inner ones taking four steps forward and outward, and so on, until all the strands are unwound, when the music ceases.

This exercise has to be performed smartly and well up to time; the steps forward have always to be fairly short.

**Suitable music.**—Any 2-4 time piece, with a slight emphasis on the first of every eight beats. Wherever music by a good composer is obtainable and suitable, in the best interests of the children it is well to use it.

## II.—THE DOUBLE PLAIT.

**Position.**—The children stand in couples round the pole, facing each other, and taking hold of hands. The loops of the strands should be in the hands nearer the pole, and the children should stand with



arms extended as much as possible. (See photograph.) It is a help in teaching this exercise to number the couples A's and B's alternately. (See Diagram 3.)

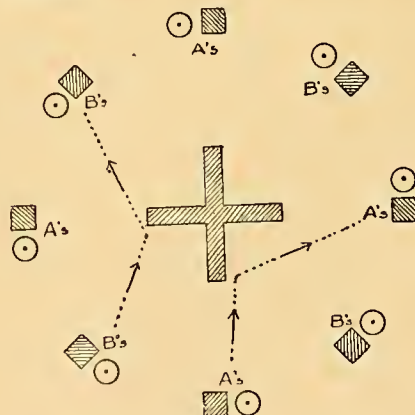


DIAGRAM 3.

1. The music commences.

(a) A's take four short side steps to the maypole, where they turn a little to the right; they then take four short side steps away from the pole to the place formerly occupied by the A's to the right. (See Diagram.) B's during this time stand still.

(b) B's now take four short side steps towards the maypole, where they turn a little to the left; they then take four side steps away from the pole to the place formerly occupied by the B's to the left. (See Diagram.)

(c) a and b are repeated, A's always moving to the right and B's to the left, until there is a sufficient length plaited, when the music ceases.

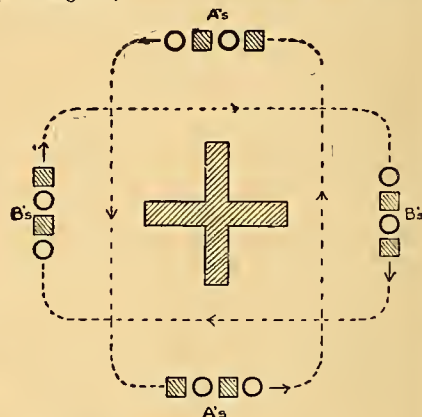
2. After a short interval the music commences, when exactly the same movements are done, with one exception, and that is A's move to the left and B's to the right, until all the strands are unplaited, when the music ceases.

**Slip or Side Step.**—Extend right (left) leg to right (left) side, keeping well on the toes, and quickly bring the other leg alongside.

**Suitable music.**—Any common time piece, with a slight emphasis on the first of every eight beats.

## III.—THE FOURFOLD PLAIT.

**Position.**—The children stand in fours, the groups of fours being numbered A's and B's. A's turn to the right, standing one behind the other, holding strands in left hands, and placing right hands on hips in dance position. B's turn to the left, holding strands in right hands, and placing left hands on hips. (See Diagram.)



1. The music commences.

(a) The A's skip across under B's strands to the other side of the maypole, B's meanwhile stand still.

(b) The B's skip across under A's strands to the other side of the maypole, A's standing still.

(c) a and b are repeated until the plait comes sufficiently far down the pole, when the music ceases. (See photograph.)



FOUR-FOLD PLAIT.

2. A chord is played on the piano for change of direction.

3. The music commences, when the last set of children, which will be B's, return, and a and b in 1 are repeated until all the strands are unplaited, when the music ceases.

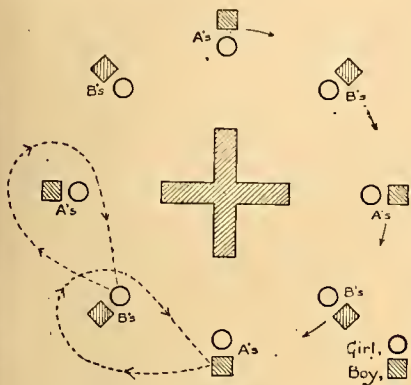
The children need to be alert in this, and to start promptly on the first beat. Eight steps are taken for skipping across.

**Suitable music.**—Any common time piece played in moderate tempo, or a piece in 6-8 time played rather briskly.



#### IV.—THE DIAMOND PLAIT.

**Position.**—The children stand in couples round the maypole, and arm in arm. They all turn to the left, so that the boys are on the outside with left hands on hips, and girls on the inside with right hands on hips. The boys hold both strands. The couples are numbered A's and B's.

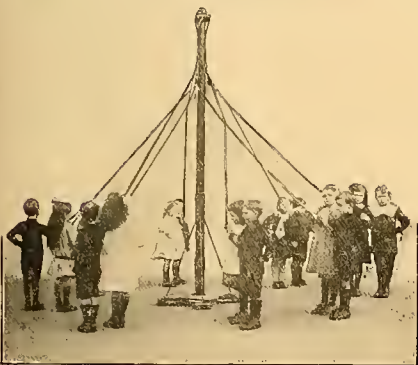


1. The music commences.

(a) All the A's skip round the B's, keeping to the left, and back to places. Eight skipping steps are necessary. B's meanwhile stand still.

(b) All the B's skip round the A's, also keeping to the left, and back to places. A's meanwhile stand still.

(c) a and b are repeated until the plait comes sufficiently far down the pole, when the music ceases.



DIAMOND PLAIT.

2. A chord is played on the piano for change of direction. In returning the boys have the inner position and the girls the outer. The girls hold both strands.

3. The music commences and exactly the same movements are repeated. B's commence and skip eight steps round A's, keeping to the right and back to places. A's repeat the movement, and so on, until all the strands are unplaited, when the music ceases.

In this exercise it will be noticed that the children do not travel round the maypole.

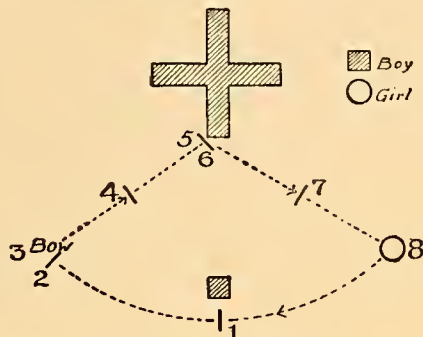
**Suitable music.**—Any common time or 6-8 time piece.

#### V.—THE TENT.

**Position.**—The children stand equidistant round the maypole, all turning to the left, holding strands in right hands, and placing left hands on hips.

1. The music commences.

(a) The girls dance a modified waltz step (see note) to the left of the boy in front, round to the maypole, and back to their places, making two bows on the way. The whole of this movement takes eight bars of  $\frac{3}{4}$  time music (see diagram).



The first bow is made during the third bar of the music; the second bow, during the sixth bar, when the girls have their backs to the maypole, the boys facing them. In the photograph the children are in this position, just ready for the second bow.

(b) All turn to the left, as at first, and the boys go round the girls in front exactly in the way described in (a).

(c)—(a) and (b) are repeated three or four times.

2. A chord is played on the piano for change of direction.

3. The music commences, and (b) and (a) are repeated, the children stepping to the right instead of



THE TENT.

to the left, until the strands are unplaited, when the music ceases.

**Modified Waltz Step.**—On the first beat of the bar the left foot is put forward, on the second beat the right foot is brought on a line with it, and at the same time both heels are raised; on the third beat the heels are lowered. In the exercise above the children start with their left foot when they are making the tent, and with the right foot when undoing it.

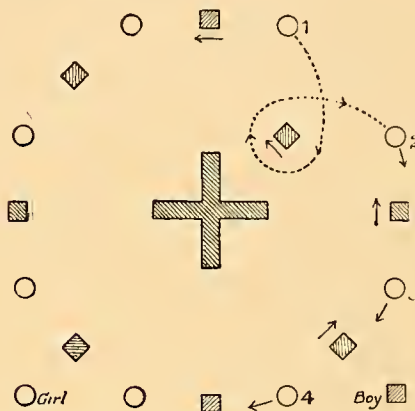
**Suitable music.**—Any  $\frac{3}{4}$  time piece.

#### VI.—THE SPIDER'S WEB.

**Position.**—The boys take a short step towards the maypole, turn to the right, hold strands in left hands, and place right hands on hips. The girls turn to the left, hold strands in right hands, and place left hands on hips.

1. The music commences.

(a) All the girls begin to skip to the left, round the boy in front, then moving on one place to the left (see diagram). No. 1 girl is now in No. 2's place, No. 2 girl in No. 3's place and so on.



This movement takes twelve steps; the next four beats are taken up with a bow (see photograph).

(b) The movement described in (a) is repeated, the girls dancing round the boy to whom they bowed.

This is repeated four or five times, when the music ceases.



THE SPIDER'S WEB.

2. A chord is played on the piano for change of direction.

3. The music commences, and exactly the same movements are done, the girls skipping to the right instead of to the left; this is continued until all the web is untwisted, when the music ceases.

**Suitable music.**—Any common time or 6-8 time piece.

# THE STARS.

## A Pretty Song for Infants.

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Composed by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key G. *Dreamily.*

1. I love to lie a - wake a - while When I've been put to bed, Fa -  
 2. They seem to stare quite bold - ly in, So I stare back a - gain; And  
 3. I of - ten think I'll tire them out, And watch *them* sink to sleep; But

(♩ = 92.)

- ti - cu - lar - ly when its fine, And stars shine o - ver - head,..... And stars shine o - ver -  
 if I smile and wink at one, He winks at me quite plain,..... He winks at me quite  
 though I try my ve - ry best, A - wake I *can - not* keep ..... A - wake I *can - not*

*cres.* *dim.*

head. plain! keep! My cur - tains they are left un - drawn, And  
 A thou - sand lit - tle eyes, they seem Like  
 My drow - sy eyes *will* close at length, But

*See higher.....*

*pp* *mf*

I can plain - ly see The pret - ty twink - ling lit - tle stars All look - ing down at me.  
 ti - ny points of light: But don't they ev - er sleep - y go, And want to say "Good - night"?  
 last of all I see The ro - guish twink - ling lit - tle stars All smil - ing down at me.

*dim.*

\* \* A special collection of concert items for the little ones—Songs, Carols, Recitations, Plays, Dialogues, Ribbon Dance, Opening and Closing Pieces, etc.—appears in "The Second Book of the School Concert" and in "The Third Book of the School Concert."



# "GOD MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT."

Doh is A.

| d : t : l : s : - : m : | f : t : l : s : - : - : | m : r : d | t : d : l : s : - : - : - : |

1. God make my life a lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow;.....

A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Where - er I may go.....

God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower  
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song  
That comforteth the sad;  
That helpeth others to be strong  
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest,  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise;  
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,  
In all His wondrous ways.

(Matilda Betham Edwards.)

## IN DIMPLE LAND.

Brightly.

1. In Dimple-land, in Dimple-land The grass is al-ways green; There May and May go

hand in hand, With not a storm be-tween: There shin-ing riils and daf - fo-dils, And

dan - de - li - ons gay; And trees that dress in pink and white, And hirds that sing all day!

## Recitation for the "Dots."

### I THOUGHT.

1.

I thought last night as I lay in my bed,  
Snug under the clothes when my prayers were said,  
Do my playthings know where I stay so long  
Each night when I finish my prattle and song?

2.

I thought, "There's Dobbin the poor old horse—  
I'd forgiven his pitching me off, of course—  
He's splendidly quiet and good, though he's old,  
I hope he's not lonely down there in the cold.

3.

And then I bethought me of dear Golliwog,  
And nice little Sandy, my sweetest toy dog,  
They hoth had been naughty for most of the day,  
I wished I'd not whipped them and put them away.

4.

I next thought of Brownie, my dear Teddy Bear,  
And remembered the day when I cut off his hair;  
Still, that didn't hurt him so nurse has said,  
But didn't I wish he were with me in bed!

5.

And lastly I heard a most curious sound,  
And saw my tin soldiers all marching around,  
Yes, all round my bedside and right up the clothes,  
I must have been falling asleep, I suppose.

6.

But on they all came, or at least so I thought,  
And with them the funniest things they had brought;  
There were blankets and sheets, and they covered  
my toes!  
I must have been dreaming, just then, I suppose.

7.

And then I just didn't remember at all,  
But rolled myself up like a very big ball;  
And soon came a boat, so I sail'd right away  
To wake up afresh in the Land of To-day.

### CLOSING ITEM.

Nine small girls dressed in their "nighties," and  
each carrying a letter to form "GOOD-NIGHT,"  
walk to the front of the stage and hold the letters out.  
They then recite:—

Good-night, Good-night!  
Far flies the light,  
But still God's love  
Will shine above,  
Making all bright,  
Good-night, good-night!

Victor Hugo.

2.

The lucky folk in Dimple-land  
Do naught from sun to sun,  
Yet everything that's fine and sweet  
Grows there for everyone:  
With little smiles and cunning wiles  
They buy whate'er they miss;  
And naught is there too great or dear  
To purchase with a kiss.

3.

And when at last they do begin  
To tire with so much play,  
The Queen of Dimple-land comes in  
And tucks them all away,  
And shuts their eyes with lullabies—  
I think you'll all agree  
No other country ever had  
So sweet a Queen as she!

## NURSERY RHYME TEA PARTY.

### COSTUMES.

Little Miss Muffet: Green paper cap, basin and spoon.

Little Bopeep: White sun-bonnet, stick with bunch of coloured paper streamers at one end.

Boy Blue: Blue cap, horn or trumpet.

Jack: Brown paper patch on head, tied round with wide tape.

Jill: Red cap, toy pail.

Jack Horner: Yellow cap, pie made of clay, with dark spots for plums.

Doll's tea-set arranged on a table. A girl who speaks clearly should be chosen as hostess, and says the following verses:—

#### 1.

Little Miss Muffet, whose name you know  
Will come to tea to-day;  
But NOT the spider—ugly thing!  
That frightened her away.

#### 2.

I've asked a lot of Nursery folks,  
And look, I've got for tea  
Some nice jam tarts the Queen of Hearts  
Made specially for me.

#### 3.

Little Bopeep will find her sheep,  
And come with wee Boy Blue,  
And Jack and Jill, who had the spill—  
Jack Horner's coming too.

#### 4.

I did not ask that Tommy Thin,  
Who drowned the poor old cat,  
Because she up the plum-tree ran;  
What do you think of that?

#### 5.

Likewise, I did not care to ask  
Young Tom, the piper's son,  
He might run off with those jam-tarts;  
He's far too full of fun.

#### 6.

I've set the tea-things out with care,  
My guests will soon be here,  
And "Polly's put the kettle on";  
Ah! voices sound quite near.

Enter Miss Muffet, who says "Little Miss Muffet," etc., pretending to eat out of basin.

Enter Bopeep, who says, "Little Bopeep," etc.

Enter Boy Blue, who says "Little Boy Blue," etc., and blows horn at the end of rhyme.

Enter Jack and Jill, who say "Jack and Jill," etc., while Jack, with a doleful face, rubs his head, and Jill holds pail upside down.

Enter Jack Horner, who says, "Little Jack Horner," etc., pretending to "pick out a plum."

All say "Oh" admiringly and struggle to get plum. Jack Horner rushes out with it, followed by all the other children.

## THE PEPPER BOX.

Baby found a little box—  
True, it wasn't lost  
(Baby, later, found that out,  
Much to baby's cost).

Full of little holes the top,  
Baby shook it well;  
What it was that sprinkled out  
P'r'aps I needn't tell.

Baby's far too young to talk,  
All the same it's true,  
Plain as plain, a hundred times,  
Baby said "atchew!"

## A NURSERY MEDLEY.

Said Bo-Peep to pert Jack Horner,  
"Don't you think it's nearly time  
That you came from out your corner?  
Let us choose our pantomime.

Leave your pie, I will not touch it;  
There's so much to do, you know:  
For they're looking out for someone,  
And we want to see who'll go."

Then said Jack, "I'm far too busy,  
So they must not think of me;  
And I'm always, always hungry,  
And that would not do, you see.

But your yellow dress is pretty,  
All a-fluttering in the wind:  
Go yourself, my little lady."

Bo: "Oh, I have my sheep to mind."

Bo: "There's a fellow round the corner,  
'Neath the haystack, fast asleep.  
Let us go and try to rouse him  
From his rest so sound and deep,"

JACK: "But he's very, very lazy,  
And his dress of white and blue  
Will be crumpled, torn and dirty;  
I'm afraid he will not do."

Bo: "I've been asking Mother Hubbard,  
But I found her all agog;  
For she's scrubbing out her cupboard,  
And she cannot leave her dog."

JACK: "Well, whatever shall we do, then?  
I am sure I do not know,  
For there's not a single person  
Who's at all inclined to go."

Bo: "I've a plan. There's Pretty Polly  
(She who put the kettle on).  
Come along with me, Jack Horner,  
Hurry up or she'll be gone!

Homely Polly's sure to help us,  
So, Jack, just you come with me;  
And then maybe you'll feel better,  
When you've had some toast and tea."

EVA McDONOUGH.

## MY TEDDY BEAR.

(Recited by a little girl with a Teddy Bear in her arms, the following piece will be found very effective.)

My precious little Teddy!  
I love you, yes, I do.  
There's not a doll in all the world  
That's half so nice as you!  
You're not a bit of trouble,  
Your clothes are never spoiled;  
The very worst that one could say  
Is that you're "slightly soiled."

My mind is always easy,  
For if left in the sun,  
You won't, like Phyllis Mabel,  
Begin to melt and run;  
Whilst if upon the fender  
I leave you all the night,  
You won't have lost your nose, perhaps,  
And look a perfect fright!

'Tis true she once was handsome,  
And you are hardly that;  
Some call you stout and clumsy  
(One rude boy called you fat).  
But what's the use of beauty?  
It will not last, 'tis clear.  
'Tis better to be rather plain  
And last for many a year.

## MOTHER'S SANTA CLAUS.

CONCERTED RECITATION FOR SEVEN CHILDREN  
(Infants).

ALL:

"Christmas is coming very soon:  
In just a few more days  
Old Santa Claus will be along,  
With all his merry ways.  
He down the chimney softly comes,  
Bringing dolls and balls and drums,  
Gifts for all the girls and boys,  
Sweets and oranges and toys.

"Why is it he never brings  
Gifts for grown-up folk as well?  
Why he leaves dear Mother out  
Really we can never tell.  
Father, too, why shouldn't he  
Presents in his stocking see?  
Yet when Christmas Day is here  
They're neglected every year."

FIRST GIRL:

"I've got a lovely plan!  
So listen now to me,  
Let's do the best we can  
Old Santa Claus to be.  
I'm going to make a needle-book,  
And very pretty it will look,  
The cover will be silk, you know,  
Inside it all the needles go."

FIRST BOY:

"It puzzles me to think  
What we can get for Dad.  
We haven't much to spend—  
It really is too bad!"

SECOND GIRL:

"Let's save our pennies, then we'll try  
To buy for him a pretty tie.  
I know he needs one; Mother said,  
Do get a tie, dear, but not red."

SECOND BOY:

"On Saturday each week I get a penny  
For running Granny's errands, as you know.  
You shall have that for Daddy's present,  
Gwenney.  
And p'raps I'll get some more before you go  
To buy it. We'll prepare a big surprise!  
On Christmas Day they'll scarce believe their  
eyes."

THIRD BOY:

"I shall make a pretty card,  
And print 'Merry Christmas' on it.  
And I'll try so very hard,  
Not a smear shall rest upon it."

THIRD GIRL:

"I've thought of something nice to do—  
A handkerchief I'll make.  
I'll get a piece of linen new,  
And then a little white lace, too,  
Not very long 'twill take.  
I'll keep it all so nice and clean;  
Not one big stitch shall there be seen."

FOURTH GIRL:

"A pin-cushion I'm going to make,  
Stuffed tight with sawdust clean,  
And then I'll fit all round about  
A cover coloured green.  
I'll get some pins and stick them in—  
Oh! I am longing to begin."

FIRST GIRL:

"Then, very early Christmas Day  
I'll creep to Mother's door,  
And gently lay our parcel down  
Quite near it on the floor.  
When Father finds and takes it in—  
Why, then the fun will soon begin."

ALL:

"We wonder if they'll ever guess  
Who really put it there.  
We mustn't say a word to show  
That we had any share.  
For they must think that Santa came.  
His Christmas tale to tell  
To dearest Mother in the world,  
And Father, too, as well."



# EFFECTIVE ITEMS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE RAINDROP.

It was years and years ago;  
I was two, not any more;  
I know 'twas years ago,  
'Cos now I'm nearly four.

The day was wet and drizzly,  
All pattering down the panes;  
And I'm always bad and grizzly,  
Always fretful when it rains.

I was sitting by the window,  
Wond'ring what on earth to do;  
Only wishing that the sun shined,  
And the sky was bright and blue.

When suddenly a raindrop  
Became a little man,  
And chased the other raindrops  
That down the window ran.

Oh! I jumped up on the window,  
Put my finger on his head;  
But he turned to me quite sharply  
With, "You ought to be in bed."

"In bed," said I, "'tis morning,  
And I *should* be in the park,  
But for all you ugly raindrops  
That make the day so dark."

"The park is glad 'tis raining;  
The flower lifts up its head;  
But things that cry and whimper  
Should be tucked away in bed."

He said this, looking nasty,  
With a horrid rude grimace,  
As he ran right down the window,  
Then he looked up in my face.

I told them all at dinner,  
For 'twas far too queer to keep;  
But the grown-ups tell such stories;  
They said I'd been to sleep.

So things I see and talk to  
I tell about no more.  
'Twas years and years ago,  
'Cos now I'm nearly four.

EVA McDONOUGH.

## GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found!  
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, round and round!  
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?  
"A Penny for him who will find them to-day."

Then Harry and Nelly and Edward all ran,  
And a most thorough search for the glasses began;  
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,  
Said, "I'll look for them, Grandpapa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care—  
It lies on the table by Grandpapa's chair.  
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,  
They pull out the sofa and shake out the mat.

Then down on the floor, like good-natured bears,  
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,  
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,  
He believes that those glasses are not anywhere.

But Nelly, who, leaning on Grandpapa's knee,  
Was thinking most earnestly, "Where can they be?"  
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,  
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped with her hands, all her dimples came out,  
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout,  
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,  
For there are the glasses on Grandpapa's head."

## A PRETTY OPENING ITEM.

Chorus children march on to platform in single file, and stand in semi-circle towards the back of platform. Let the last seven be very tiny children, each carrying a small banner of a different colour having one of these letters W E L C O M E cut out in white paper and pasted upon the coloured groundwork. These last seven will enter in pairs, thus:—E with W, M with E, O with L, C, advance to front of platform, mark time, moving outwards to left and right, until C reaches the central position, and the word of welcome faces the audience. The little ones then bow, and quickly march off, leaving the chorus ready for the first song. The effect is very pretty if children are dressed in white and wear wreaths of flowers, and always should secure applause. E. M. D.

## SIMPLE OPENING RHYME.

*For an Infants' Entertainment.*

Our entertainment now begins,  
But first we'd like to say  
How very, very pleased we are  
To see you here to-day.  
Please don't expect too much, for we  
Are very tiny, as you see,  
But still we'll do our very best  
At this our happy meeting.  
And now seven little children will  
Present to you our greeting.

(Seven children stand in row, each holding a large letter to form the word WELCOME. The letter is held behind until the words indicate that it should be shown).

1st child: This letter first I'll show to you,  
You all will know it, W.

2nd child: The letter next for you to see,  
I'll hold it up, is letter E.

3rd child: My letter now you all can tell,  
It is the pretty letter L.

4th child: And in the middle, held by me,  
You all will find the letter C.

5th child: And now my letter I will show  
The jolly, big, round letter O.

6th child: Nearly, not quite, the last of them  
Is mine, the pretty letter M.

7th child: I wonder what the last will be,  
You all will guess—the letter E.

All: Welcome! Sit and take your ease;  
We will do our best to please.

## SIMPLE CLOSING RHYME.

And now we've done our little best—  
Big things can't come from small.  
We creep before we walk you know,  
Or we might get a fall.  
We thank you all for coming here—  
So many friends we spy.  
And now it's time for going home,  
We'll give you our good-bye.

(Seven children hold the letters forming GOODBYE, arranged as before).

1st child: Please first of all to look at me,  
The card I hold is letter G.

2nd and 3rd child:

Our letters both at once we show,  
For both of us have big round O.

4th child: The one I hold you all can see,  
It is the big, big letter D.

5th child: Now, if you'll only look and see,  
You'll find I've got the letter B.

6th child: Just like a V on letter I  
You see my letter, it is Y.

7th child: And at the end, of course, will be  
The pretty little letter E.

All: Our happy evening now is o'er,  
Good-bye until we meet once more.

## "GOOD-NIGHT."

1. Eight fittle cherubs with candles bright,  
Two become sleepy and say "Good-night."
2. Six little darlings bowing low,  
Two smile sweetly and off they go.
3. Four little sleepyheads clothed in white,  
Two caper off with their candles alight.
4. Two dainty tots with their drawn eyes,  
One leaves her mate, who deeply sighs.
5. One tiny mate, with curly head,  
Blows out her candle and trots off to bed.

(Tune: "Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat," given in Elliott's  
"Mother Goose Melodies.")

*Directions.*—Eight little girls are required, all dressed in white nightgowns and caps. Each girl carries in her left arm a doll dressed like herself, and a lighted candlestick in her right hand. The girls should be arranged with regard to their height—the taller girls in the centre and graduating smaller from the middle towards the end.

A "March" in 4/4 time is selected for marching on platform or stage. The children march upon the stage four from each of two entrances, the tallest girls first. They turn right and left and march round the stage, uniting and forming couples to pass down the middle. Repeat this marching, and then form one line to front of stage.

The girls now sing slowly Verse 1. When they sing "Two become sleepy," the two in the centre bow and march off. The remaining six close up to fill the space.

Children march round stage as before. Form slanting lines, Bow low when singing "Six little darlings" (Verse 2). Then two centre ones pass off the stage. March round repeated by remaining four children, who then sing Verse 3. Two girls run lightly off.

The two little ones left march about several times, turn to each and bow, then sleepily sing Verse 4. At the end one leaves the stage, and the other looks after her and sighs.

The stage is now left with one wee toddler, who sings Verse 5, allows dolly to slip from her hands while singing, blows out her candle, and toddles off the stage.

The words suggest the actions. All movements should be slow and graceful. Though the actions are simple, yet each movement is significant of the meaning they are intended to convey.

It is possible that an objection may be made to the lighted candles. In this event yellow tinsel paper could be attached to the wick to imitate the flame.

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# SPECIMEN CONCERT PROGRAMMES.

The following Books, etc., mentioned throughout these Programmes may be obtained from Messrs. Evans Bros., Ltd., Montague House, Russell Square, London, W.C.1—"The Kingsway Book of Action Songs," 3/6 net, 3/10 post free; "Poems for Young Patriots," 9d. net, 10d. post free; "The Empire Day Book of Patriotism," 3/- net, 3/4 post free; "The Kingsway Book of School Songs," 3/6 net, 3/10 post free; "Little Plays from Dickens," 1/6 net, 1/8 post free; "A Fairy Comedy," 9d. net, 10d. post free; "The Rally," 4d. net, 5d. post free; "The Children's Hymn," 4d. net, 5d. post free.

## INFANT SCHOOLS.

### 1.—ORDINARY CONCERT.

#### PART I.

1. Prologue ... "A Pretty Opening Item." ... (see p. 29)
2. Song-Dance "The Flowers' Awakening" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 4)
3. Recitation... "My Teddy Bear" ... (see p. 28)
4. Maypole Dance ... "Fourfold Plait" ... (see p. 24)
5. Unison Song ... "In Dimple Land" ... (see p. 27)
6. Recitation... "Our Baby" ... (see p. 25)
7. Action Song ... "Shopping" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 12)
8. Dialogue ... "The Three Bears" ... (see p. 23)

#### PART II.

1. Dance ... "The Daisy Chain" ... (see p. 23)
2. Action Song ... "Birds in Spring" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 8)
3. Recitation ... "I Thought" ... (see p. 27)
4. Maypole Dance ... "The Spider's Web" ... (see p. 25)
5. Unison Song ... "Lullaby Low" ... (see p. 14)
6. Dialogue ... "A Nursery Rhyme Tea Party" ... (see p. 28)
7. Song Dance ... "The Flower's Lullaby" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 30)
8. Epilogue ... "Good Night" ... (see p. 29)

### 2.—CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

#### PART I.

1. Opening Item ... "Simple Rhyme" ... (see p. 29)
2. Action Song ... "The Railway Train" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 6)
3. Recitation... "A Letter to Santa Claus" ... (see p. 18)
4. Maypole Dance ... "The Tent" ... (see p. 25)
5. Unison Song ... "The Stars" ... (see p. 26)
6. Song Dance ... "Fairy Rings" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 20)
7. Dialogue ... "Holly and Mistletoe" ... (see p. 18)
8. Action Song ... "Come again To-morrow" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 3)

#### PART II.

1. Song-Dance ... "The River" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 10)
2. Recitation ... "The Fairies" ... (see p. 23)
3. Maypole Dance ... "The Diamond Plait" ... (see p. 25)
4. Action Song ... "Robin Redbreast" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 16)
5. Dialogue ... "Mother's Santa Claus" ... (see p. 28)
6. Unison Song ... "The Land of Christmas" ... (see p. 12)
7. Song-Dance ... "We've come from Fairyland" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 12)
8. Closing Item ... "Simple Rhyme" ... (see p. 29)

## UPPER SCHOOLS.

### 1.—ORDINARY CONCERT.

#### PART I.

1. Introduction ... "A Prologue" ... (see p. 12)
2. Song and Dance ... "The Village Fair" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 18)
3. Recitation... "England's Dead" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 28)
4. Solo ... "Wee Willie Winkie" ... (see p. 18)
5. Song for Girls "I'd like to be a Soldier or a Sailor" ... (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 6)
6. Dialogue ... "The Singophone" ... (see p. 17)
7. Two-part Song ... "The Coming of Spring" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 8)
8. Flag Drill ... (see p. 13)

#### Interval.

#### PART II.

1. Song ... "Marching" ... (see p. 3)
2. Recitation... "The Armada" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 41)
3. Dramatised Song... "The Farmer" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 22)
4. Drill Display ... (School Work)
5. Solo and Chorus... "A-Hunting we will go" ... (Traditional)
6. Two-part Song ... "Nightfall" ... (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 14)
7. Play ... "David runs away" (*Little Plays from Dickens*)

#### National Anthem.

### 2.—CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

#### PART I.

1. Action Song ... "Winter" ... (see p. 3)
2. Recitation... "Prayers" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 60)
3. Carol ... "Good King Wenceslas" ... (Traditional)
4. Dialogue ... "The New Year, &c" ... (see p. 21)
5. Solo and Chorus... "Dulce Domum (Eng. Trans.)" (Traditional)
6. Song-Dance ... "Butterflies" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 14)
7. Play ... "A Fairy Comedy" ... (*Kingsway Series*)

#### Interval.

## PART II.

1. Carol ... "Good Christian Men, Rejoice" (Traditional)
2. Recitation ... "The Nation Builders" (*Empire Day Book of Patriotism*)
3. Part Song ... "Hail, Smiling Morn" ... (Novello & Co.)
4. Drill Display ... (School Work)
5. Recitation... "The Torch of Life" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 59)
6. Carol ... "Nowell" ... (Traditional)
7. Play ... "The Kenwigs' Wedding Party" (*Little Plays from Dickens*)

N.B.—In the above Programme, Part I, consists of items for juniors, and Part II. of items for seniors in accordance with a plan often followed. For those, however, who prefer the junior and senior pieces to be mixed, an excellent programme can be made by interchanging similar items in Parts I. and II.

## PATRIOTIC CONCERT.

### PART I.

1. Unison Song ... "The Rally" (*Kingsway Songs*, vol. 1)
2. Recitation... "England, my England" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 34)
3. Costume Scene (for 4 Children and Chorus)—  
 (a) "Ye Mariners of England" (England) (Traditional)  
 (b) "Men of Harlech" (Traditional)  
 (c) "Scots Wha Hae" (Scotland) (Traditional)  
 (d) "The Wearing of the Green" (Traditional)  
 (e) "Rule Britannia" (All) (Traditional)
4. Song for Girls "I'd like to be a Soldier or a Sailor" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 6)
5. Dialogue ... "Empire Day Verses" ... (see p. 22)
6. Part Songs—  
 (a) "The Song of the Western Men" (Traditional)  
 (b) "Here's a Health unto His Majesty" (Traditional)
7. Recitation... "The Children's Song" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 45)
8. Flag Drill ... (see p. 13)

#### Interval.

### PART II.

1. Solo and Chorus... "A right little, tight little Island" (Traditional)
2. Recitation... "A Ballad of the Ranks" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 56)
3. Song ... "The Sea Dogs" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 10)
4. Fancy Marching ... "The Rally Round the Flag" ... (*Empire Day Book of Patriotism*)
5. Song for Boys ... "The Hour" ... (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 3)
6. Recitation... "Call of the Empire" (*Poems for Young Patriots*, p. 10)
7. Song ... "The Children's Hymn" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 15)
8. Grand March Past—  
 (Music: National Airs)

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS, &c.

### PART I.

1. Opening Item ... "Welcome" ... (see p. 12)
2. Action Song ... "The Seaside" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 28)
3. Recitation... "The Kind of Boy to Be" ... (see p. 6)
4. Song ... "Nightfall" (*Kingsway Songs*, p. 14)
5. Maypole Dance ... "Single Plait" ... (see p. 24)
6. Dialogue ... "The Wishing Well" ... (see p. 20)
7. Song-Dance ... "May Fairies" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 24)
8. Recitation... "Grandpa's Spectacles" ... (see p. 29)
9. Action Song ... "The Merry Carpenters" ... (see p. 15)

#### Interval.

### PART II.

1. Action Song ... "Swing Song" ... (see p. 16)
2. Recitation... "When I'm a Man" ... (see p. 21)
3. Song ... "The Wooden Pail" ... (see p. 9)
4. Dialogue ... "The Singophone" ... (see p. 17)
5. Song ... "God, Make my Life a Little Light" ... (see p. 27)
6. Recitation... "The Raindrop" ... (see p. 29)
7. Action Song ... "The Farmer" (*Book of Action Songs*, p. 22)
8. Play ... "The Convict" (*Little Plays from Dickens*)

THE TEACHER'S WORLD Special School Concert Number published in October each year, contains many practical suggestions for School Concerts together with attractive musical items. Several numbers may be obtained, post free for 2½d. each, from the TEACHER'S WORLD Office, Montague House, Russell Square, London, W.C.

\*.\* For additional items for School Concerts see "The Second Book of the School Concert" and "The Third Book of the School Concert," each 3/6 net, 3/10 post free. Evans Bros., Ltd.



# CONCERT ORGANISATION.

THE organisation of a school concert is a matter that requires a great deal of skill, much tact, and infinite patience. Success depends on a large number of factors, some of which are not under one's own control. However, granted normal conditions, it is possible to make plans so that the entertainment is almost sure to be a success. The following points are some of the most important, and should be carefully considered by those responsible for the production of school performances.

## THE PROGRAMME.

**QUALITY.**—Your concert must be worth coming to. If you can achieve one thoroughly successful affair you have laid the foundation of a reputation which is in itself a most important contributor towards future successes, and which it must be your business to maintain. You must strive to give the best that is possible, in the best possible way. The audience will then be sympathetic and favourably inclined to your efforts—a condition of things that brings prompt and hearty applause and gives immense confidence to the performers. In selecting your items you must be governed by the character of the audience. They have come for pleasure, and your programme must be such as to arouse their interest and amusement and sympathy. Never try to educate them by something above their heads—they are probably bored: on the other hand never take the line that anything is good enough for them—they resent it. In neither case will they want to come to your concert next time. Do not attempt things that are beyond the powers of the performers: a simple piece well done is infinitely preferable to a more ambitious one badly executed. Let your programme, however simple it may be, contain only items that are of good quality. There is an abundance of first-class material of every kind—witness our national heritage of glees, madrigals and folk songs. The second-rate should be rigorously avoided. Do not be afraid of including a few old favourites. They touch the heart of the audience as quickly as anything you can offer. Such items must, however, be beyond reproach in their rendering, since the audience is naturally more critical of items with which it is quite familiar.

**VARIETY.**—The programme must be skilfully varied, so as to range through the whole gamut of emotions, to cater for the various tastes of the auditors, and to avoid monotony. This variation should, however, be carefully effected. Avoid a sudden change from the intensely serious to the intensely humorous. There should be an item of less pronounced character in between, to form a transition stage. You should include solos, action songs, dramatic sketches, recitations, dialogue, part-songs, dances, and drill, or such of these and other things as are suitable. The order of the programme should also be contrived so as to secure the minimum of stage labour. It is undesirable that the same accessories should be moved on and off the platform several times, or that an item requiring a lot of clearing away should be followed by one that needs a lot of setting-up of properties. This causes long waits, noise and confusion. The interest of the items should increase as the programme progresses, so that the audience is made to think that each item is better than its predecessors. It is advisable to divide the programme into two halves, with a short interval between, in order to allow the audience a brief respite from the effort of concentration. Since it is the exception to find a young child gifted with sufficient voice or skill or boldness to carry out satisfactorily a solo performance, it is best to have a large number of duets, trios and other concerted items, and of these the most important are the first and the last. The opening feature should create a great impression, and the concluding number should leave one. The last item should be a good-night piece, or a patriotic song and chorus, or something that gives an oppor-

tunity for action and display on a large scale. Never give your audience a chance to get satiated. If they begin to go out half-an-hour before the end, you may be sure that the programme is too long. A slow but steady dwindling of the audience towards the finish of a performance inevitably spoils the effect of the whole: the remaining auditors are inconvenienced and distracted, while the performers lose enthusiasm, and consequently confidence. If possible let the final impression be a desire for more: to send people away feeling that they have had enough is bad; to send them away feeling that they have had too much is disastrous. There should always be an attempt to secure originality in some way or other. Let your concert be better than that of anyone else, but let it also be different. If possible secure something "special" to your concert, something which will make the audience willing to come every time, in the comfortable anticipation of items not only good but novel. If you secure quality, suitability, variety, sufficiency, and originality, coupled with an interest that reaches its climax in the concluding item, then your programme is as good as you can make it.

**ORGANISATION.**—To arrange a good programme is a great art; to carry it out successfully is a greater. There is an infinity of details to be attended to, and a mistake in connection with some of the smallest of them may damage the success of the whole effort. Every detail ought to be carefully provided for in advance, and for that purpose the help of the school staff is necessary. You will probably find that every member of it is suited in greater or less degree to some particular portion of the work. Assign as far as possible congenial duties to each one, and impress upon him that the satisfactory carrying-out of those duties is essential to the success of the entertainment. Encourage him to think out and develop that side of the work—under your supervision, of course; let him do the same work next year, and you will shortly have a specialist and an enthusiast. Let the directors of the various sections be entirely responsible for their own work, but devoid of authority over one another, for such delegation of authority often brings out an unexpected element of jealousy. Above all, hammer in the idea of the elimination of self. The entertainment is given by the school for the good of the school, and everybody, from the head to the youngest child, should work loyally and without any thought of praise. In replying to a vote of thanks, no name should be singled out for special mention. The duties should be divided so that everybody understands exactly what he has to do, and so that nobody has more than he can do effectively. The programme should be timed throughout. The rehearsals will tell just how long each item takes, and by timing the items on the programmes given to the staff, you can be sure of having each performer or group of performers and each lot of properties ready at the right moment. You will also know how far you can allow encores, without damaging the rest of the programme. Everything is comfortably fitted in; no item is hurried or cut out—an invariable source of disappointment, and there are no hitches or awkward periods of waiting.

**REHEARSALS.**—By the division of labour advocated above, the work of preparing the various items will be in the charge of two, three or more persons. The preliminary preparation will be done in different places and under different circumstances, but it is an exceedingly useful policy during the fortnight preceding the concert to rehearse each item once daily in the very room in which the performance is to take place, and under conditions more and more nearly like those of the great occasion. If you would achieve success it is essential that every normally-gifted member of the audience should understand without effort the meaning of what is being said or sung. That the words should be clearly uttered is therefore of primary importance. For this purpose it is an excellent plan to conduct these last rehearsals from the back of the hall, and occasionally to ask colleagues unfamiliar with the words to sit there and listen. If the performance satisfies that test, you may have no fear that the audience will not hear easily. The performers themselves gain the greatest confidence from the proceeding, and on the eventful night they are thoroughly familiar with their

entrances and exits, their surroundings, and the necessities of the situation—a condition of things that reduces stage-fright to a minimum. It is also helpful to hold a dress rehearsal on the night preceding the performance. On this occasion the other pupils should be admitted at a nominal fee. If the items have been properly prepared, there is little to be repeated or corrected at the dress rehearsal, and it becomes practically an advance performance. It has an excellent effect in breaking-in the "artists," and putting them at their ease. It also forms a very good advertisement, since the children go home full of information and enthusiasm about the splendid things they have seen and heard. At all the rehearsals the utmost that is possible should be got out of the performers; they should not be spared any effort that they can make to ensure success. It is good discipline for them, and they finish by being grateful for the pains taken with them.

**COSTUMES.**—As a rule it is quite unnecessary to go further than the school itself for the costumes required. The staff, and children working under their direction, are able to make cheaply and adequately all that is needed. The costumes should be as simple and unimpressive as possible, and, if care be exercised in the choosing of material and the making-up, a large school wardrobe can gradually be accumulated. Art muslin is inexpensive and effective, and good results can be secured by using it in tasteful colour schemes. In the course of time the labour of making costumes is considerably diminished, while the range of selection of items is just as considerably increased. Nearly all girls possess white dresses, and much may be done with these by the addition of sashes, bonnets, etc. If more elaborate costumes be required, it is often possible to persuade parents to get them made for their children—especially if they are such as can be worn afterwards. It is excellent policy to secure the interest and help of the parents in the matter of costumes. In fact, the more they help you, the more likely they are to come to the concert. The foregoing remarks apply equally well to properties. In school or out of school you can get made for you nearly everything you want. I know of one school which constructed for itself out of cardboard and lead paint a full-sized suit of armour that would deceive anybody except a connoisseur. Accumulate your properties, and do not be afraid to borrow where possible from the parents. They like to feel that they have had a share in the preparations, and you can safely count on their presence.

**STAGE AND SETTING.**—Always aim at getting a strong, roomy stage of your own. You must, of course, acquire it by degrees, but it is cheaper and better than makeshifts in the end: it is safer, and removes all fear of accidents; the surface is not loose and noisy, and the erection and removal are quick and easy processes. It is best to let it extend the full width of your room from wall to wall, as there is then no danger of children falling off, and it is more rigid and secure. A curtain is most desirable, and if a horizontal pole and rings be used, it is simple to make and to draw. By means of light wooden framework, brown paper and pastels, wonders can be achieved in the way of scenery. One interior (with a couple of doors, a window, and a fireplace), and one exterior (with trees, grass, a stile, and a distant prospect) form a good beginning. Such a setting lends a finish to many items that they must otherwise lack, and a good deal of the construction can often be done in the ordinary course of school work. It is very necessary that the back of the stage should be kept clear during the actual performance. Performers should either remain in one room when not "on," or better still, they should not be allowed behind until wanted to get ready for their item, and should be sent forward again when they have finished it. A good plan is to allocate to their use a few of the side seats—unless there is a shortage of room. In any case the exits and space behind should be kept free, and nobody should be permitted to remain there except the person in charge of the stage, and his assistants. Nothing is more detrimental to a concert than noise from the "green-room," or the inevitable running about of a crowd of excited children.



**TICKETS.**—The tickets should be well printed, of convenient size, and supply full information as to date, time, price, etc. They should be ready for sale some weeks before the concert. The person responsible for them—and the task is no light one—should give to each teacher numbered tickets (booked out to him) in sufficient quantity to admit of distribution on the sale-or-return plan to the children in his class. The ticket secretary should endeavour from time to time to find out how the tickets are selling, stimulating the sale where necessary, and a day or two before the concert the distributed tickets should be called in. He can then make his seating arrangements accordingly. It is important that all who pay for admission should be satisfied; all seats should therefore command a view of the performance and no more tickets should be issued than the accommodation warrants. If there is too great a demand for one night, a repeat performance can be arranged. People should not be called upon to stand without being clearly informed of the fact when paying their money. I know of one school which has never succeeded in drawing a full house since its annual concert seven years ago, when great dissatisfaction was caused by inadequate seating arrangements.

**ADVERTISING.**—The concert should be widely and persistently advertised. Posters can quite well be made in school, and if they are of original design and colouring, they will often attract attention where the ordinary printed bill passes unnoticed. Handbills (either printed, or duplicated at school), should be freely distributed among the parents and friends of the children. It is a useful help to get a paragraph inserted in the news columns of local newspapers two or three times before the performance, indicating the treat that is in store. The programmes should be ready for early sale, and should be well got up, giving full details expressed in a way that will arouse curiosity and interest.

**MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.**—Choose as chairman a man well known, popular, and of good position. His name gives a *catchet* to your performance, and brings people you would not otherwise secure.

Let as many of the children as possible help in the various details of the concert, especially in the actual performance. Each child forms the point of attraction for a group of relatives, and it is your business to get them all into the audience. They come primarily to see "our Willie" play his part, so have

as many "our Willies" as you can. It is here particularly that the value of concerted items is revealed.

The accompaniment of a musical item is of the greatest importance it may make or mar the performance, and its possibilities for good or ill are frequently underrated. It must not be too soft, or what is worse, too loud; it must be sensitive to all the vagaries of the vocalist; it must sustain the nervous or forgetful, and anticipate in its correction the singer who is going wrong. It must be accurate and sympathetic, and is a matter for the most efficient musician you have at command. Proper accompanying is an art entirely distinct from solo playing, and needs constant study and pains. These, however, it amply repays, since it is one of the most material factors of success.

Above all, believe that your concert is going to be a tremendous success, and infect everybody else with your own enthusiasm. Spare no efforts to attain to the best. Keep your patience. Keep your head. Never be put out by the unexpected accidents that will happen despite the most long-sighted provision, but be ready to step into the gap with a promptness that keeps your trouble secret from the audience, and steadies the nerves of those behind the scenes.

CYRIL E. HODGES, M.A.

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# THE COUNTRY OF LET'S PRETEND.

Words by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Music by SHEILA MOORE.

Key A $\flat$ . In moderate time and well-marked rhythm.

*mf*  $\hat{s} : m | f : - m : r | l_1 : t_1 : d |$

1. There's a won - der - ful coun - try that  
2. I am king of that coun - try, and  
3. I can eat what I like in that

*cres.*  $| m : r : d e | m : r : m | r : d : t_1 | d : d : r | l_1 : - : - | s_1 : s_1 : s_1 | s_1 : l_1 : s_1 | s_1 : l_1 : s_1 | t_1 : d : d e | m : r : m |$

no - bo - dy knows, And that no - bo - dy goes to but me; . . . It has for - ests and brooks, and most beau - ti - ful nooks, And it  
sit on a throne In a pa - lace of mar - ble and gold; . . . I've an arm - y and na - vy, and servants in crowds, And they  
king - dom of mine; I can stay up till ten ev - 'ry night; . . . And there's no one to fuss a - bout wa - ter or soap, Or to

*mf*  $| r : d : t_1 | d : d : r | l_1 : - : - | s_1 : s_1 : s_1 | s_1 : l_1 : t_1 | d : r : m | f : l_1 : m | r : r : r | d : r : d | d : r : d |$

lies by the edge of the sea; . . . There is no one to tell me "Do this," or "Do that," And my games I can play with - out  
do just what - ev - er they're told. . . . I would chop off their heads if they did - n't o - bey, Or if ev - er they dared to of -  
scold me if ev - er I fight; . . . There are num - ber - less toys, and they none of them break, And I al - ways have pen - nies to

*cres.*  $| d : - : - | - : d : d | m : r : d | m : r : d | s : f : m | \hat{s} : f : m | f : m : d | s : - : m | d : - : - | - : ||$

end; . . . . For I live at my ease, and I do what I please, In the coun - try of "Let's pre - tend." . . . .  
fend; . . . . I've a cock'd hat and sword, and I'm ab - so - lute lord, In the coun - try of "Let's pre - tend." . . . .  
spend . . . . So . . . is - n't it grand to be king of the land, In the coun - try of "Let's pre - tend." . . . .

# OPENING CHORUS.

An attractive Introductory Number for Concerts.

Words and Music by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Key G.

Briskly and firmly.

*ff*

*ff*

Hail! Hail! Hail! we give you greet - ing!

*senza rall.*

*ff*

*rall.*

Welcome, O good people, one and all!

(Omit voice 2nd time.)

*rall.*

*Allegro.*

1. We wish to give plea sure, By sing - ing in mea - sure, A  
2. Of mel - o - dies pret - ty, And jokes that are wit - ty, We

Key B.

pre - face both strik - ing and gay;..... Our skill may be mea - gre, But still we are ea - ger, To do just as well as we  
hope we shall give you your fill;..... In ma - zes en - tranc - ing Of in - tri cate danc - ing, We'll short - ly ex - hi - bit our



# OPENING CHORUS—continued.

Key G.

may..... And if we are luck-y and all goes right, We sure-ly shall man-age to give to-night, A skill..... With things that are nov-el and daint-y too, We wish to en-liv-en an hour for you, So

*poco* *a* *poco* *cres* *cen* *do.*

programme ex-ci-ting, Of songs and re-ci-ting, Your sen-ses de-lighting, Our la-bour re-qui-ting, Ap-prov-al in-vit-ing, And laugh and grow fat-ter, As we with our pat-ter, And mu-si-cal mat-ter, And in-no-cent chat-ter, Your trou-bles will shat-ter, Till

*giocoso.*

such that you Will give us ap-please if due. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, life shall seem A beau-ti-ful ra-diant dream. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

*giocoso.*

1st time. 2nd time.

la la. la la. la. la. Tempo Primo.

*ff* *molto rall.*

Hail! Hail! Hail! We give you greet-ing! Welcome, O good peo-ple, one and all!

*ff* *molto rall.* *pesante.*

N.B.—For the preliminary and final "Welcome" passage and for the prelude, cymbals and drum would form an effective addition.

# KNITTING.

## A Topical Song for Girls.

Key F. *Moderato.*

Words and Music by MARY S. JACOB.

1. I've put my dol - ly  
2. I'd like to nurse a  
3. So in my play - time

off to bed This af - ter - noon at three; I've done her hair in cork - screw curls— (She  
sol - dier-man That's won the King's V. C., Or else a jol - ly sail - or lad That  
I will knit, For he - roes brave and bold, Who yon - der in the tren - ches wait When

loves to look like me); And now I've got my knit - ting out, Till mo - ther calls for tea, To  
sails the deep blue sea; But girls are use - less, mo - ther says, When they are young and small, And  
win - ter nights are cold; 'Twill keep them from the frost and snow, And more than that, you see, 'Twill

make a scarf for a sol - dier bold, Or a sail - or on the sea, Or a sail - or on the sea.  
ma - ny use - ful... things like that They can - not do at all, They can - not do at all.  
warm their hearts to... think it's done By a lit - tle girl like me. By a lit - tle girl like me.



# THE CLOUDS.

Words by FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Music by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

*Smoothly, making well the melody.*

*mf* *rall. e dim.*

Key E $\flat$ .

The sky is full of clouds to-day, And i - dly to and fro, Like  
The clouds move fas - ter now, and see, The west is red and gold, Each  
Then in the sky the trem - bling stars Like lit - tle flow'rs shine out, White

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

sheep a - cross the pas - ture, they A - cross the hea - vens go. I hear the wind with  
sheep seems hast - en - ing to be The first with - in the fold. I watch them hur - ry  
night puts up the sha - dow bars, And dark - ness falls a - bout. I hear the shep - herd -

*cres. e poco accel.* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

mer - ry noise A - round the house - tops sweep,..... And dream it.... is the shep - herd boys - They're  
on un - til The blue is clear and deep,..... And dream that far be - yond the hill The  
wind's good-night, Good-night, and hap - py sleep!..... And dream that in the east, all white,.....

*a tempo.* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *ritard.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

driv - ing home their sheep.  
shep - herds fold their sheep.  
Slum - ber the clouds—the sheep.

*a tempo.* *dim. al fine.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

# ROSEBUDS.

A Dainty Piece for Infants.

Words and Music by CONSTANCE M. ALLEN.

Key E $\flat$ .

s :- :m | s :- :m | f :- :s:f:m | r :- : - | d :- :m | l :- :t:d' | s :- : - | m :- : - |

1. Rose - buds, Rose - buds, pure..... and fair, By the way - side grow - - ing,  
2. Shy - ly lift - ing to..... the sky, Dain - ty blush - ing fac - - es;  
3. Danc - ing to the fair - y songs O'er the mead - ows flow - - ing;

| s :- :d' | t :- :l | f :- :s:l | l :- :s | d :- :s:f | m :- :d | r :- : - | d :- : - ||

Gent - ly on the sum - mer air ..... Fra - grance sweet be - stow - - ing.  
Thorn - y branch - es reach - ing high ..... Guard your fra - gile fac - - es.  
Sum - mer's heart to you be - longs ..... Rose - buds sweet - ly blow - - ing.

# THE BUTTERFLY.

A Pretty Song for Little Children.

Words and Music by CONSTANCE M. ALLEN.

Key C.

| d' :r' :m' | d' :r' :m' | r' :d' :- :r' | d' :- :d' | l :d' :l :s :d' :s | f :m :f :s | f :m :s |

1. But-ter-fly, But-ter-fly, whither a-way? To dance with the sun - beams at break - ing of day?..... To  
2. But-ter-fly, But-ter-fly, stay here a-while The flow'rs bloom so sweet - ly your heart to be - guile..... O  
3. But-ter-fly, But-ter-fly, fold your bright wings, And drowse in the shad - dows that soft.... evening brings ;.... The

| s :d' :r' :m' :r' :d' | l :r' :m' | f' :- :f' | m' :r' :d' | d' :t :l | s :l :s | d' :- : - ||

paint your frail wings in their glad gold - en light, With gay sto - len hues of the flow - rets so bright?  
stay but a mo - ment in noon's glow - ing heat, Then speed through the sun - shine, new play - mates to greet.  
day - light is end - ed so rest from your flight, And whis - per the blos - soms a tend - er good-night.



# BABYLAND.

An Effective Song for Small Children.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.  
Key E<sup>b</sup>. *Bene marcato*.

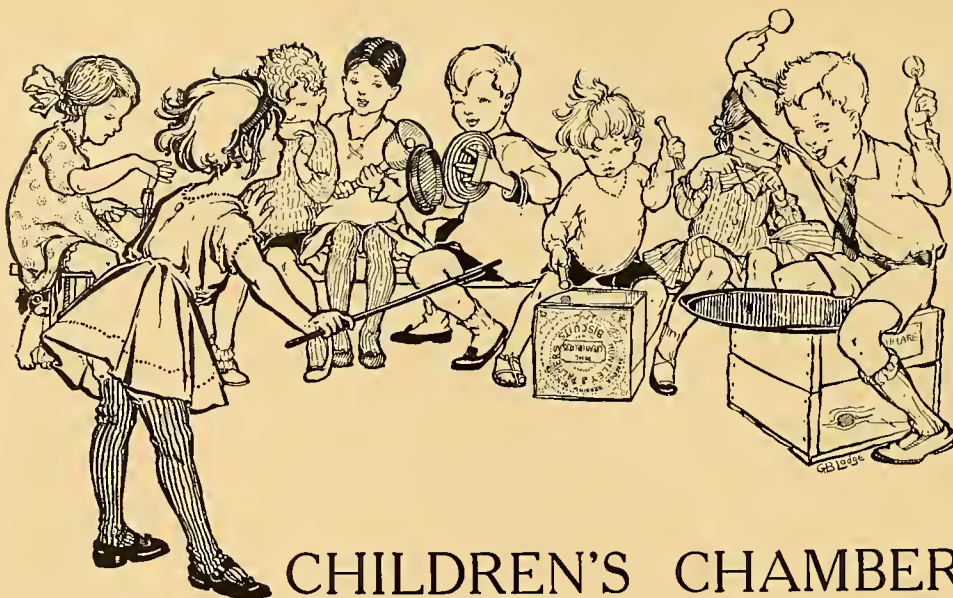
Music adapted from JOS. CHALLINOR.

1. How man-y miles to  
2. What do they say in

Ba - by-land? An - y one can tell: . . . . . Up one flight, To your right,—  
Ba - by-land? Why, the odd - est things, . . . . . Might as well Try to tell

Please to . . ring the bell! What can you see in Ba - by-land? Lit - tle . . folks in  
What the . bir - die sings! Who is the Queen of Ba - by-land? Mo - ther kind and

white— . . . . . Down - y heads, Cra - dled beds, Fa - ces . . pure and bright.  
sweet; . . . . . And her love, Born a - bove, Guides the . . lit - tle feet.



# CHILDREN'S CHAMBER MUSIC BAND.

By E. M. G. REED.

## THE MEN OF HARLECH.

1st Comb  
2nd Comb

Sugar Tong

Mugs

Saucepan Lids

Biscuit Tin

Tea Tray

1st Comb  
2nd Comb

Sugar Tongs

Mugs

Saucepan Lids

Biscuit Tin

Tea Tray

1st Comb  
2nd Comb

Sugar Tongs

Mugs

Saucepan Lids

Biscuit Tin

Tea Tray

### Instructions.

This is one of the most effective concert items possible, and is always sure of a warm reception. The instruments used are of a humble and unusual type, but none the less successful from the entertaining point of view. The following are excellent for the purpose:—

Combs covered with thin tissue paper through which the performers sing. There should be several of them, as they take the tune and whatever harmony is attempted, and must sound quite clearly above the other instruments.

Two cardboard cylinders, each covered at one end with a piece of tissue paper stretched tight and tied round, like a jampot. This is played upon at the covered end with the mouth, in the same way as a comb. One of these cylinders should play the same part as the first combs, and the other should go with the second combs.

An empty biscuit tin, which is struck with a drumstick or a piece of firewood.

An old tea-tray, which may be most effectively struck with a gong-stick. [A gong-stick can easily be made with a small hard ball stuck on the end of a skewer.]

Two saucepan lids. These, when clanged together, give a sound not unlike cymbals, and will brighten the tone of the band.

Two enamel mugs, the effect of which, clinked together, is something like that of a xylophone.

Two pairs of sugar-tongs, each to be struck with a spoon. These give a note very like that of a triangle. They must be hung from a string, as, if they are held in the fingers, all the tone is lost.

The foregoing are sufficient to produce a highly satisfactory result, and the music here given is arranged for these instruments. Others will quite easily suggest themselves, according to the resources of the performers, and may be incorporated in the band at will. A few others are here mentioned as having been repeatedly used and found to add to the quality and effectiveness of the Chamber Band;—



Glass funnels out of the School Laboratory. These are most useful, and wonderful effects can be produced by choosing those of different sizes and notes.

Hand-bells, which can either be rung in the ordinary way, or, the clapper being tied, struck on the rim with a piece of metal.

A dinner-gong, which, when hit with a gong-stick, gives out a splendid muffled tone.

A long poker, to be struck with a smaller one.

Drinking-glasses, or better still bottles, which, tuned by means of water poured into them, form a most melodious instrument, especially if sufficient can be got together to admit of the tune being played on them.

An impressive feature of the band is the preliminary tuning, which, starting from A given on the piano, should be solemnly carried out by all the performers, though the burden of it falls, of course, on the combs and cylinders, and any other implements capable of a variation of note. A considerable amount of laughter is invariably evoked by the whole band pretending to tune up in the orthodox fashion.

As a sample of music suited to an "orchestra" of this type, a setting of "Men of Harlech" is given; other pieces may be arranged without difficulty. Care should be taken, however, to make the most effective use of all the various instruments by using them to some extent in groups and reserving the full band for special effects and climaxes.

1st Comb  
2nd Comb  
Sugar Tong  
Mugs  
Saucepan Lids  
Biscuit Tin  
Tea Tray

1st Comb  
2nd Comb  
Sugar Tong  
Mugs  
Saucepan Lids  
Biscuit Tin  
Tea Tray

Words ANON.  
Key D.

## JOHNNY'S CALF.

Music by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

1. You've heard of Ma-ry, boys and girls; she had a lamb you know, And  
2. It does-n't try, like Ma-ry's lamb, With him to school to go; But  
3. He calls it and it runs to him, So well his voice it knows; Like

ev-'ry-where that Ma-ry went, The lamb was sure to go. Now, Johnny thinks he is like her, For John-ny has a calf, That  
when he has his break-fast it Will stand out-side and low. And Johnny brings it nice green leaves, And feeds it ev-ry day; He  
Ma-ry's lamb, it fol-lows him As round the farm he goes. You see, as yet it's but a calf. But I am wond'ring now, What

fol-lows him the whole day long, And makes the people laugh— It fol-lows him the whole day long, And makes the peo-ple laugh.  
loves his pet and does-n't care A bit what peo-ple say! Oh no, he real-ly does-n't care A bit what peo-ple say!  
lit-tle John-ny means to do When it grows up a cow! I'm wond'ring what on earth he'll do When it grows up a cow!

# GRAND NAVAL MARCH.

HORACE F. WATLING.

INTRODUCTION. *With vigour.*

PIANO.

*Briskly.*

*Loudly.*

*Gives ad lib.*

*Grandly.*

*with breadth.*

*Gives ad lib.*

*Gives ad lib.*

*Gives ad lib.*

*Bring out the tune.*

*moderately loud.*



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The system concludes with a *vall.* (ritardando) marking.

*gradually louder*

*vall.*

Second system of musical notation. The tempo and dynamics change. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand continues with eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic is indicated.

*A little slower, with emphasis.*

*In strict time again.*

*f*

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues with a melodic line, and the left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a triplet. The left hand continues with eighth notes. A *Grandly.* marking is present.

*Grandly.*

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line, and the left hand continues with eighth notes. A *gradually slower.* marking is present.

*gradually slower.*

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line, and the left hand continues with eighth notes. A *with animation.* and *ff* (fortissimo) marking is present.

*with animation.*

*ff*

Seventh system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line, and the left hand continues with eighth notes. The system concludes with a final chord. A *gradually slower.* and *In strict time; very loud.* marking is present.

*gradually slower.*

*In strict time; very loud.*

# THE HAT SHOP.

An Original Item for Older Girls.

Words and Music by MARY S. JACOB.

Key G. *Moderato.*

Key G. *Moderato.*

We've

hats to suit a pret-ty face, And hats to fit the plain, And ev-'ry one who buys from us Comes back to shop a-

gain. We on-ly ask a lit-tle call To see our fash-ions new, You'll find that we can meet your taste, With

*Lightly.*

hats that just suit you. This is the Hat Shop of

*rall.*

Miss Lou-ise, Just walk in, dear Ma-dame, now, if you please, All our con-fec-tions are



# THE HAT SHOP—continued.

(SPOKEN).

“chic” and new, The lat - est from Lon - don and Par - is too, We greet you with smiles and give

no one a frown, For Lou - ise is the Hat Shop best known in Town. Town.

do.

1ST THREE VERSES. LAST VERSE.

## THE HAT SHOP.

This is a song of a highly original type, and should win a generous measure of applause from the audience. The setting and properties may be simple or elaborate, according to the wishes and the resources of the performers. As many children as desired can take part in it, figuring as milliners or mannequins or customers. A pretty and realistic scene may be made by means of draped desks, a table or two, a few chairs, and a dozen upright sticks fastened on stands. The buyers should be dressed in outdoor costumes, and should not enter the shop until the second line of the first chorus. Throughout the song both buyers and milliners must be as natural as possible in their movements. Many chances will be found of introducing the proper atmosphere by means of “business” in connection with the words.

### VERSE I.

We’ve hats to suit a pretty face,  
And hats to fit the plain;  
And every one who buys from us  
Comes back to buy again.  
We only ask a little call,  
To see our fashions new,  
You’ll find that we can please your taste  
With hats that just suit you.

### Chorus:—

This is the Hat Shop of Miss Louise,  
Just walk in, dear Madame, now if you please;  
All our confections are chic and new—  
The latest from London and Paris too.

(Spoken) We greet you with smiles, and give no one a frown—

For Louise is the Hat Shop best known in Town.

### VERSE II.

#### 1ST CUSTOMER:

I want a hat to fit my child,  
Trimmed with a pretty blue,  
With roses round a dainty brim,  
And daisies just a few.

#### 2ND CUSTOMER:

And one of style to suit Miss Anne,  
Bedecked with feathers brown,  
That’s smart for walking in the Park,  
And modish for the Town.

Chorus (as before).

### VERSE III.

#### 1ST MILLINER TO 1ST C.:

Look, Madame, here’s the very thing,  
A hat both smart and neat;  
It’s quite the latest style in Town—  
Now don’t you think it sweet?

#### 2ND MILLINER TO 2ND C.:

How nice upon your child this looks,  
Worn at the side, just so,  
It’s all the rage in Bond Street now,  
And quite the thing, you know.

Chorus (as before).

### VERSE IV.

#### 1ST CUSTOMER:

Yes, thank you, I will take this hat—  
It suits dear Isobel.

#### 2ND CUSTOMER:

Please send this up to my address—  
Enclose the bill as well.

#### LOUISE:

Good morning, ladies, many thanks,  
I’m sure you won’t complain,  
I’ll send them round this afternoon,  
And hope you’ll come again.

Chorus (as before).

In verse 1 the milliners should be occupied in dusting the hats with small feather brushes, taking them down, changing their positions, etc. When the customers enter, the assistants should address the rest of the chorus to them, and prepare in the interlude to attend to their wants. In verse 2 the customers address respectively two assistants, who in the chorus and the prelude to the third verse try various hats on the two children.

During the prelude to the fourth verse the customers take out their purses and pay for the hats, and during the verse itself they pick up sunshades, etc. (put down during the choosing of hats), and prepare to go out. The two daughters resume their old hats, and all the customers are bowed out by Louise and her staff during the last four lines of the verse. During the last chorus the milliners straighten up the shop and rearrange the stock.

## A NEW YEAR GREETING. A Pretty Preliminary Item.

### CHARACTERS.

*Father Time*, arrayed in a long dark robe, with loose, flowing sleeves and a girdle, a grey wig and beard, and carrying a large hour-glass.

*Little New Year*, a small, dainty girl in white, with the year marked on the front of her dress, in figures gleaming with frost, and carrying a basket containing real or artificial roses.

### STAGE.

Arranged with table, chairs, plants, etc., to present a living-room. A grandfather clock at the back of the stage (with hands set at 12 o’clock), and a screen at the side of it, behind which the *Little Year* can be concealed.

*FATHER TIME* (soliloquising): How quickly the time has sped! Why, it’s a year since we all met here at our last happy concert. (Holds up hour-glass and regards it, speaking sadly.) The sand has

almost run out. Shadow and sun for every one, as the years roll on; but for these happy children (indicates them with a wave of the hand) there are only sunny hours, bless their pretty faces. Hush! (Listening.)

Clock strikes 12—with handbell or piano. *FATHER TIME* (sadly): Alas! the year is dying, dying. (Covers his face with his hand.)

(The chimes ring out—hand-bells, or piano used—and as they commence, the *little New Year* runs out in a bright, happy way.)

*NEW YEAR*: Happy New Year to you, *Father Time*.

*FATHER TIME* (turning quickly): Ah! here you are again, little *New Year*. Welcome, thrice welcome!

*NEW YEAR*: Yes, *Father Time*, the shadows of the old year have all passed away. I come bringing fresh hopes and happiness to all.

(*Father Time* takes her by the hand and leads her to front of stage.)

*NEW YEAR* (to audience): Ladies and gentlemen, —May your evening here be a happy one, and may your pathway through the new year be strewn with roses (holds up basket) as fair as these.

(Throws out roses among the audience, remarking, as she does so: “One for you, one for you, and you, and you,” etc.).

This can easily be made the introduction to a dance if desired, with very pretty effect. The following additional dialogue should in this case be used, after the roses have all been given out:—

*FATHER TIME*: Very pretty, my dear; very pretty! And now, what are you going to do to celebrate your arrival?

*NEW YEAR*: I will summon the months, and they shall dance. (Strikes a gong at the side. Music. Enter the 12 months, appropriately dressed. The *New Year* joins them in a dance, while *Father Time* watches in the background.)

# THE SANDMAN.

A Dainty Closing Item for Little Children.

Words and Music by MARY S. JACOB.

Key F.

*Moderato.*  
*mf*

It's al-ways just the ve-ry time We're  
hav-ing lots of fun, That Nur-sie comes and says to me "The Sandman now has come; I've heard his Dust Cart down the street, He's  
knocking at the door. I'll help you now to clear away your playthings from the floor." Sand-man, please to go a-way sir,  
Do not come a-gain till late, When each ba-by star has lit her lit-tle can-dle, And the cuc-koo clock strikes  
eight, Sand-man when you were a young-ster, Quite a lit-tle chap, you know;

*dim.*



## THE SANDMAN—continued.

| m : f : s : l | s : f | t : d | r : m | r : d | m : r : m : d | m : r : d | m : r : d | m : r : d |

1ST TIME. LAST TIME.

When 'twas time to start for Land of Hush-a-bye - bye, Did you ev - er want to go? " go? "

### THE SANDMAN.

This is an effective song, suitable for any number of performers. It involves no special dressing-up, but the children may well carry teddy-bears, dolls, and other toys, with which they have been playing when disturbed by the coming of the Sandman. Suitable dramatic actions are suggested by the words of the song, and need no detailed description. At the close of the song an excellent "hit" may be scored by the entrance of a small child in conventional black, with a white cap and apron, who says in a mysterious whisper "Make haste, children, HE'S on the stairs!!" The singers then move off the stage very reluctantly, followed by the nurse.

#### VERSE I.

It's always just the very time  
We're having lots of fun  
That Nurse comes and says to us  
"The Sandman now has come;  
I've heard his Dustcart down the street,  
He's knocking at the door;  
I'll help you now to clear away  
Your playthings from the floor."

*Chorus—*  
Sandman, please to go away, sir,  
Do not come again till late,  
When each baby star has lit her little candle,  
And the cuckoo clock strikes eight!  
Sandman, when you were a youngster,  
Quite a little chap, you know,  
When 'twas time to start for Land of Hush-a-bye-bye  
Did you ever want to go?"

#### VERSE II.

It really seems so very odd  
To come when folks are small,  
When to the really grown-up ones  
He never comes at all:  
And if they sit up half the night  
No Nurse whispers then:  
"I hear a knocking at the door,  
The Sandman's here again!"

1ST CHILD: You can imagine how tiresome it is to be interrupted!

2ND CHILD: Especially as it always happens in the middle of the very best game of all!

3RD CHILD: The only thing that one can do is

to open the window and ask him as politely as possible to go away.

*Chorus (as before)*

#### VERSE III.

Now some day, when I'm big and tall,  
And very wise and bold,  
I'll ask him most politely if  
He's really very old,  
And if he sweeps down every day  
The cobwebs from the skies,  
And why he thinks the grown-up folks  
Have never sleepy eyes.

1ST CHILD: It really seems a great shame to be so hard on us!

2ND CHILD: He never comes for fathers and mothers and aunts and nurses, and people like that.

3RD CHILD: Why, they sometimes stay up at night until (in a dramatic whisper) nearly twelve o'clock!

4TH CHILD: They never have to sing to ask him to go away.

ALL: No, but we must!

*Chorus (as before).*

## IDEAS FOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

### AN AMUSING INTRODUCTORY ITEM: THE SANDWICH-MEN.

The laughter of the audience and their sympathy may be obtained from the start by the following amusing device. Dress seven pupils up to represent sandwich-men, each bearing on his back or in front a sheet of cardboard or a drawing-board, on which has been printed in bold fashion one of the letters of the word WELCOME. The pupils should then march on in the professional manner, slowly and solemnly, preferably to slow music played on the piano. Walking on in file, they should turn when they reach the full width of the stage, and walk abreast across the platform so as to display the word fully to the audience, after which they turn again and go out on the opposite side.

The same idea may with advantage be repeated at the end of the performance, with nine boards each bearing a letter of the word GOODNIGHT, in which case an extra touch is added by making the piano accompaniment the well-known soldiers' song "Here we are again."

### EFFECTIVE FIRST AND LAST ITEMS: THE TOWN CRIER.

Another attractive and original way of opening and closing a school concert is to dress up a scholar as a Town Crier. He comes on to the stage and rings a hand-bell, after which he utters the traditional "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" and then he proceeds to make in a grave and sonorous manner a short speech, which might well begin somehow thus:—

"This is to give notice that we, the scholars of ——— School, intend this night to amuse, entertain, instruct, and otherwise divert you for a few hours. We give you all hearty welcome, and bid you be wholly at ease; we ask of you sympathy and forbearance, seeing that we are but young, and inexperienced, and somewhat prone to forget," etc.

The speech may be developed according to individual conditions and tastes, and can include points (preferably humorous) of local and topical interest.

At the end of the concert the Crier should enter, repeat the ringing of the bell and the thrice-uttered "Oyez!" and make a similar speech of farewell, beginning as before, "This is to give notice. . . ."

### A NOVEL BEGINNING AND ENDING: THE UNSUCCESSFUL ORATOR.

For the following items, which are of an unusual but very successful type, a boy or girl with a fair amount of histrionic ability is needed.

1. INTRODUCTION.—The pupil enters looking shy and embarrassed, and makes the following speech in a halting and expressionless manner, with constant repetitions and promptings audibly given from the wings:

"Er—good-morning—er—I mean good-evening—er—er—good-evening—no, I've said that. Er—it is my teasing plask—I mean my pleasing task—to—er—to tell you all—er—to tell you all—er—that we are very sorry—I mean that we are very glad—to see you here—er—and—er—that we shall

be very glad—I mean very sorry—when you have to go. Er—we are going—er—we are going—er—we are gone—no, I mean we are going—to do our best—to do our best (growing tearful)—I thought I knew this speech quite well, but I don't—we are going—to do our best—er—that is, our very best—to—to—to—(taking out handkerchief and beginning to weep)—I've forgotten all the rest, but it was something about making you enjoy yourselves—and I hope you will!" (Exit hurriedly in great confusion and crying loudly.)

2. FINALE.—The same child should enter looking quite happy and free from nervousness, and glibly (but with due expression) recite the following verses:—

They've sent me on to say good-night,  
Although I made an awful start;  
I really must apologize—  
I thought I knew that speech by heart.

This time I'm really quite all right;  
I've sat the whole long evening through,  
And said these words a million times,  
To have them quite prepared for you.

We hope you've all enjoyed yourselves,  
And not been bored a tiny bit;  
If anything has not gone right,  
We beg that you will pardon it.

With thanks for all your loud applause,  
And all your kindly sympathy,  
We sadly ring the curtain down,  
And bid you now good-night—good-bye!

# BED-TIME.

An Effective Musical Tableau for the conclusion of a Concert. See note on page 21.

Words by T. HOOD.

Key G.

Music by CYRIL E. HODGES, M.A.

1 The eve - ning is com - ing, The sun sinks to rest; The  
2 The flow - ers are clos - ing; The dai - sy's a - sleep; The  
3 The but - ter - fly, drow - sy, Has fold - ed its wing; The  
4 Good night, lit - tle peo - ple, Good - night and good - night; Sweet

*With great expression and well-marked rhythm.*

*mf*

*cres.*

rooks are all fly ing Straight home to the nest. "Caw, caw," says the rook, As he flies o - ver head—  
prim-rose is but - ied In slum - ber so deep. Shut up for the night Is the pim - per - nel red—  
bees are re - turn - ing; No more the birds sing. Their la - bour is o - ver, Their nest - lings are fed— } It's  
dreams to your eye - lids Till dawn - ing of light. The eve - ning has come, There's no more to be said—

*cres.*

*p*

*cres.*

*mf*

time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed! It's time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed!

*cres.*

## SLUMBER MUSIC.

*Molto espressivo.*

*mf*



# A CHRISTMAS SONG.

TO GWYN.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

Music by MARTIN SHAW.

Key D. Not too quick. ♩ = about 72.

G.f.

♩ : : | : : mf | 1 1 : d' t : l s | l : - : - | 1 1 : d' t : l s | 1 m : - : - | - : : |

"Why do the bells of Christmas ring? Whv do lit - tle children sing?"... ..

*8ve higher*.....

mf

*a little slower.*

1 m f : s : m | f m : r : - | m f : s : d | m r : d : - | d t : l : d | f m : r : - | m f : s : d |

Once a love - ly shin - ing star, Seen by shep - herds from a - far, Gent - ly mov'd un - til its light Made a man - ger's

*p* *In time.*

1 m : - : r | d : - : - | : : | m f : s : m | f m : r : - | m f : s : d | m r : d : - |

cradle bright. There a dar - ling ba - by lay, Pil - low'd soft up - on the hay;

1 d t : l : d | f m : r : - | m f : s : d | m : - : r | d f : - : - | : : | 1 1 : d' t : l s |

And its mo - ther sang and smil'd, "This is Christ the Ho - ly Child." There - fore bells for Christmas

*f* *8ve higher*.....

1 l : - : - | 1 : - : l : d' t | l : - : s | l : - : - | - : - : - | - : : | : : | : : |

ring, There - fore lit - tle child - ren sing.....

*f* *quicker.* *slower.*

*Ped.*

Copies of this Song may be obtained separately, price 2d. each net, or 2½d. post free (EVANS BROTHERS, Ltd., Montague House, Russell Square, London, W.C.1).

# A JUVENILE JONAH.

## A Humorous Solo for a Christmas Concert.

Words by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Music by KENNETH GRAY.

Key G.

Key G. : | : | : | : | : | : | : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | d .d : d .d | t<sub>1</sub> s : s s |

I'm the most un-luck-y fel-low that has

| d .t<sub>1</sub> : d .r | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | d .d : d .d | r .r : r .r | m .m : d .m | r : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> l<sub>1</sub> | d .t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> |

ev-er met your gaze; I'm un-luck-y in my work and play, and half-a-hun-dred ways: As long as I re-mem-ber life was

| d .d : de .de | m .r : s .f | m .r : d .t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> : d .r | m .f : s .m | d : d .d | d .d : f .f | m .m : d .d |

al-ways dull De-cem-ber, And my child-ish joys were dark-'ned by a mel-an-cho-ly haze. I had meas-les sev'n times o-ver ere I

| d .d : f .f | m : d .d | d .d : d .d | d .d : m .m | r .m : r .m | r : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> l<sub>1</sub> : d .t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> |

reach'd the age of four; I had colds and coughs and mumps and oth-er ail-ments by the score; My limbs I oft-en shattered, tho' such

CHORUS.

d .d : de .de | m .r : s .f | m .r : d .t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> : d .r | m .f : s .m | d : d .d | r .r : s .s | m .d : d .d |

tri-fles nev-er mat-ter'd, And I fall off lad-ders twice a week, and sometimes rather more. I'm a mis-er-a-ble mor-tal, and I'm



## A JUVENILE JONAH—continued.

| r . r : s . m | d : r . m | f . f : n . m | s . s : d . d | l . l : d . r | r : r . r | s . s : s . s | m : l . l |

| f . f : f . f | r : s | l . r : n . t | s . d : d . m | f . m : r . m | d : s ||

*Boy enters in time to prelude played slowly. He looks very doleful, and has just been crying. Before beginning to sing he rubs his eyes with his knuckles and chokes back a sob or two. Then he braces himself up for his song while the prelude is repeated, and sings sorrowfully:—*

### I.

I'm the most unlucky fellow that has ever met your gaze;  
I'm unlucky in my work and play and half a hundred ways:  
As long as I remember  
Life was always dull December,  
And my childish joys were darkened by a melancholy haze.  
I had measles seven times over ere I reached the age of four;  
I had coughs and colds and mumps and other ailments by the score;  
My limbs I often shatter,  
Though such trifles never matter,  
And I fall off ladders twice a week—and sometimes rather more.

*Chorus:—*

I'm a miserable mortal, and I'm sad as sad can he,  
For I'm always in a pickle and I'm always up a tree;  
And though Jonah in his whale  
Could have told a sorry tale,  
Yet Jonah's luck was nothing to the luck that follows me!

*(He chokes back sobs and knuckles eyes while prelude is being played.)*

### II.

If at school I ever venture to neglect a line or two,  
It is just those very lines that I am called upon to do,  
And when some boyish antic  
Drives a teacher nearly frantic,

It's always me that's dropped on out of all the grinning crew.

Whene'er I've played at football, and to score a goal I've tried,  
I've been very nearly killed or else was sure to be offside;

And when I play at cricket  
I am always in tenth wicket,

And they beat me with a yorker, or I play on from a wide.

*(Spoken.)* It's simply sickening! I seem to get nothing but troubles. Coming here to-night, for instance, I got nearly run over by a motor-car; then I slipped and twisted my ankle; then I found I'd lost sixpence through a hole in my pocket; and my hoot-lace came undone five times. *(Looks down.)* Why, it's undone again now. *(Stoops down to fasten it and stands up again, holding out a long piece of lace.)* There now, the silly thing has gone and broken! *(Sings chorus.)*

### III.

When Christmastide approaches I'm the wretchedest of boys,  
For I never get a chance to share the season's many joys;

I'm laid up in an attic,  
Full of pangs and pains rheumatic,  
And I miss the goose and pudding and the parties and the noise.  
If ever I go sliding I slip down and crack my head;  
If I skate, the ice gives way and I am pulled out nearly dead;

So for me it's simply folly  
E'er to dream of snow and holly,  
For I'm always sure to spend the whole of "holly-days" in bed.

*(Spoken.)* Why the very cats in our neighbourhood make fun of me. There were nine of them in a row on the fence last night, mewing away like

mad with their eyes turned up to my window, *(Loud mewings heard without.)* There they are again! *(Takes catapult from pocket and aims through door leading off stage. Tremendous sound of breaking glass.)* Now just look at that! I've gone and smashed about a hundred panes in the greenhouse. Just my luck! *(Sings chorus and walks slowly and sadly out as he sings the last few lines.)*

*Note.*—The breaking of the greenhouse panes can easily be imitated at the side or back of the stage by placing a sheet of glass on a paper-basket or box and dropping a weight on to it at the moment the catapult is fired.

### MUSICAL TABLEAU: "BED-TIME."

*(See page 18).*

This song makes a very effective finish to a concert. The children—all the performers may be included unless they are too numerous—form a semicircle on the stage and sing the four verses. As the various birds, flowers, etc., are named, children dressed to represent them should come from among others, and sink to rest in the centre. Before the fourth verse the children in the semicircle should sit or recline in graceful attitudes as if about to fall asleep, and the last verse is sung more slowly than the previous ones. At the end the children all sleep, and several fairies enter and dance, or run gracefully among the recumbent forms while the slumber music is played twice. Then they take up positions in various parts of the stage and hum the air while the last verse is played pianissimo, waving their wands gently as they hum. The curtain should fall gradually on the rallentando of the last few bars.

# CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In a Stable Mean and Lowly.

Words by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Music by SHEILA MOORE.

Key Bb. *mf* Quite simply, and with expression.

*s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :- :s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> |*

1. In a sta - ble mean and low - ly, With the ox - en - all a - round, Bless - ed maid and

*mf*

*d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | f :m :r | d :- :s :- :s | f :m :r | d :- :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> |*

In - fant ho - ly For their heads a shel - ter found ; While the stars to one an - o - ther

*cres.*

*s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :- :s :- :s | d :- :d | m :- :r | s :- :d | f :- :f | m :- :d | d :m :r | d :- :s :- :s |*

Spread the tid - ings hushed and awed, For the maid was Ma - ry mo - ther, And the Babe was Christ the Lord.

*mf*

Not with regal pomp surrounded  
Lay the Saviour of the race,  
But His earthly rule was bounded  
By the manger's narrow space.  
Void of panoply and splendour,  
Bare of sceptre, crown, and ring ;  
Just a mother fond and tender  
Kept the court of Christ the King.

Shepherds bent on adoration,  
By angelic guidance led,  
Sought His bumble habitation,  
Where the star stood overhead.  
Sages o'er His cradle leaning  
Hailed the Lord of Paradise,  
Bringing gifts of mystic meaning,  
Symbols of His sacrifice.

Thus that far-off Christmas morning  
He the pure and undefiled,  
Rank and state and glory scorning,  
Made Himself a little child.  
Therefore let our thankful voices  
Tell again His wondrous birth,  
While each grateful heart rejoices,  
Over all the gladsome earth.

## THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

(A Recitation for a Little Child.)

On Christmas Eve, when safe in bed  
The little ones lie still,  
When frost is on the window-pane  
And snow is on the sill,  
In coat of fur, from "Reindeer Land,"  
The Christmas Fairy comes ;  
Upon his back a lovely sack  
Of dolls and balls and drums.  
He does not need an open door,  
But leaves his Reindeer car,  
And softly down the chimney drops,  
Where sleeping children are.  
So no one wakes to see him fill  
The stockings top to toe !  
A doll for Jane, a train for Jack,  
A rocking-horse for Joe.  
At naughty Tom, who teased the cat  
And pulled his sister's hair,  
The Christmas Fairy shakes his head ;  
Tom finds no present there.  
So, boys and girls, be good and kind,  
And you will find it true,  
Dear Santa Claus this Christmas Eve  
Will fill *your* stockings, too.

## CHRISTMAS WISHES.

(A Simple and Pleasing Item for Ten Children).

ALL TOGETHER :

Christmas is coming, it's almost here,  
The happiest time of all the year !

Let's have a game,  
And tell in a rhyme  
What we'd like to be  
This Christmas-time.

FIRST CHILD :

I'd like to be a robin gay,  
Singing a carol on Christmas Day.

SECOND CHILD :

I'd like to be the reindeer fleet,  
Bringing the toys for the children's treat.

THIRD CHILD :

I'd like to be a Christmas star,  
Looking down from the sky so far.

FOURTH CHILD :

I'd like to be Santa Claus for fun,  
Such a lot of toys I'd give each one.

FIFTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a Christmas-tree,  
Laden with toys for you and me.

SIXTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a Christmas bell,  
Ringing so clear o'er hill and dell.

SEVENTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a Christmas sledge,  
Filled with toys right up to the edge !

EIGHTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a cracker bright,  
Going off bang on Christmas night.

NINTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a candle fine,  
On the Christmas tree I'd proudly shine.

TENTH CHILD :

I'd like to be a holly tree,  
Covered with berries—a joy to see !

ALL TOGETHER :

For the last wish of all  
We join hands and say  
We hope you will have  
A glad Christmas Day.

*They dance off shouting :—*

Christmas is coming, it's almost here,  
The happiest time of all the year,



## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(A humorous prose recitation for a serious boy, dressed in the costume of an elderly man. He should be perfectly solemn throughout and convey the impression of being as disagreeable and cantankerous as possible.)

Nobody wishes to be troublesome less than I do, but if anybody can give a satisfactory reason for what anybody else does, perhaps somebody will be so good as to tell me why the epithet "Merry" is exclusively applied to Christmas. Is it merry when you put your feet out of bed in the morning to feel as if you were putting them into a pail of cold water? Is it merry to have your backbone iced, and raw chaps on your hands? Is it merry to have rent and taxes to pay? Is it merry, when you put your nose out of doors, to encounter a north-east wind which you could vow was made in Sheffield? Is it merry to meet with cold friends? Is half-melted snow merry? Is a fog merry? Is sleet merry? Assuredly, to my thinking, none of these things is in itself merry—however *meritorious* in us it may be to bear them patiently. But I anticipate; you shall hear my adventures of last Christmas Day, and then judge for yourselves whether my complaints are reasonable.

All sorts of people wish me a merry Christmas, though most of them do something to me at the same time which prevents the possibility of its being so. I took possession of a new house last year, but the rain found its way through the ceiling in the night, and I awoke on Christmas morning with an excruciating rheumatism. The water in my wash-handstand was frozen, and the water sent me to shave with scarcely warm. My toothbrush was a lump of ice, and I cut my chin with my razor just as my daughter tapped at my room door and called out "Merry Christmas, father!" At length, my dressing being completed, I resolved to give the *servant* one for sending me the lukewarm water. So I ran downstairs and fell over the cook with the boiling kettle in her hand. "You'll find this hotter, sir," said she, as she spilled some over me and wished me a merry Christmas.

Half an hour after my time I sat down to a hasty breakfast. "A merry Christmas to you, my dear," said my wife, "and let me have some money, please, before you go out." Snatching up my hat I rushed out of the house. This brought me in contact with the baker's man, who half-covered me with flour, and wished me a merry Christmas, just as I put my foot on a slide and tumbled on my back.

Several friends whom I met wished me a merry Christmas, but I had bitten the dust and swallowed the fog, and I could not answer them for coughing.

While at my office nobody called on me *with* money, but twenty people called on me *for* some, in the shape of Christmas-boxes, the only change I got in each case being a "Merry Christmas to you, sir."

As I went home, on leaving the office, I was met at the door by an urchin, who wished me a merry Christmas, and asked me for a Christmas-box. Out of all patience, I gave him a Christmas-box on the ear, promising to give him another next year if he cared to come for it.

For the last fifteen years such has been my merry Christmas. What wonder, then, if I hate the sound of that which is to me but a sound, and nothing more? I begin to doubt, indeed, whether there is in reality any such thing as a merry Christmas, and the one solitary pleasure I got of last Boxing Day was in giving sixpence to a melancholy beggar, in return for his reminder that it only came once a year.

## "LONG AGO A LOVING MOTHER."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Words by LUCY M. SIDNELL.

Key E $\flat$ .

Music by ANNE M. GIBBONS.

*mp* Long a - go, a lov-ing Mo-ther On a ti - ny Ba-by smil'd; To a

sta - ble, poor and hum - ble, Came this wondrous lit - tle . . Child.

No grand palace wall enclosed Him.  
No soft pillow held His head,  
Just a manger was His cradle,  
By a loving Mother spread.

No rich silken robe to dress Him,  
But a Mother's careful hands  
In a spotless robe had wrapped Him,  
Pure and white, in swaddling hands.

How she loved this fair sweet Bahy  
Only God, His Father, knew,

How the Christ-Child learned to love her  
As heneath her care He grew.

Grew and gave His true obedience  
To that gentle Mother's word,  
Grew to be the Friend of children,  
Patient, kind, and loving Lord.

Jesu, Who that first glad Christmas  
Came to earth a Child to he,  
Make Thy little ones more loving,  
Kind, obedient, like to Thee.

## I DON'T LIKE SNOW.

A WINTER PIECE.

Although I'm hut a puppy small,  
I don't like winter time at all;  
And when it's rolled into a hall,  
I don't like snow!

My little master thinks it's fun  
To snowhall me—I've just had one,  
But though I harked and didn't run,  
I don't like snow!

It makes my feet all cold and wet,  
And though excited I may get—  
Like every dog you've ever met—  
I don't like snow!

I like a hasket warm and snug—  
Like that of my friend Jip, the pug;  
Beside the fire—upon the rug,  
I don't like snow!

But still, my master loves me so,  
I let him tease me, as you know,  
And hark as if I meant it, though  
I don't like snow!

And so we're all three happy quite,  
I hark, they laugh, and all is right:  
But still, I'll whisper you to-night—  
I don't like snow!

## SCENE FROM PICKWICK PAPERS.

(Continued from page 24.)

MR. N.: Yes. Therefore, I call upon you both (as I was about to say when I was interrupted by my clerk) to find bail.

JINKS: (whispering) Good bail.

MR. N.: I shall require good bail.

JINKS: (whispering) Townspeople.

MR. N.: They must be townspeople.

JINKS: (whispering) Fifty pounds each, and householders of course.

MR. N.: I shall require two sureties of fifty pounds each, and they must be householders of course.

MR. P.: But, bless my heart, we are perfect strangers

in this town. I have as little knowledge of any householders here as I have intention of fighting a duel with anybody.

MR. N.: I dare say, I dare say—don't you, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

MR. N.: Have you anything more to say? (Mr. P. is about to speak when he is pulled back by Sam, with whom he engages in conversation aside. Mr. N. coughs again and rises to deliver his decision.) I shall fine Weller two pounds, and Winkle two pounds, and Snodgrass one pound, and they will be bound over to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects.

MR. P.: (smiling) I beg the magistrate's pardon, but may I request a few minutes' private conversation with him on a matter of deep importance to himself?

MR. N.: (surprised) It is a most extraordinary request. (He turns to Jinks) What do you think of it, Mr. Jinks? (Jinks, not knowing what to say, grins sheepishly.) Mr. Jinks, you are an ass! Move out of the way. (To Mr. P.) Now, sir (he points to Mr. Jinks' chair; Mr. P. sits down and they talk in an undertone. As they do so, Mr. N.'s manner becomes gradually more affable. He nods and says "Really!" several times, and at last he shakes hands warmly and continues) My dear sir, why did you not tell me? (He suddenly recollects the question a issue, and turns severely to Grummer.) (Grummer!

GRUMMER: Yes, your washup. (He smiles in privileged fashion.)

MR. N.: Come, come, sir, don't let us see any of this levity here. It is very unbecoming, and I can assure you that you have very little to smile at. Was the account you gave me just now strictly true? Now, be careful, sir!

GRUMMER: Your washup, I—er—I—er—

MR. N.: Oh, you are confused, are you? Mr. Jinks, you observe this confusion? (To G.) Now repeat your statement Grummer; and again I warn you to be very careful.

GRUMMER: (losing his head) Your washup, I—er—I—er—I—er—er—

MR. N.: Exactly! Just as I thought! I tell you plainly I don't believe you, sir, and I think you and your fellows had better go away and be more careful of yourselves in future. (G. and special constables go sheepishly out.) And now, Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, if you and your friends will kindly follow me I shall have great pleasure in presenting you to my wife. You will, of course, stay to dinner, and we will do our best to wipe out the memory of the unhappy mistake of which you have been the victims.

CURTAIN.



# SCENE FROM PICKWICK PAPERS.

(For other "Little Plays from Dickens" see page 32 of this volume.)

Adapted by C. E. HODGES, M.A.

Time—20 Minutes.

SCENE: Mr. Nupkins' Room. ("The scene was an impressive one, well calculated to strike terror to the heart of culprits, and to impress them with an adequate idea of the stern majesty of the Law. In front of a big book-case, in a big chair, behind a big table, and before a big volume, sat Mr. Nupkins, looking a full size larger than any of them, big as they were. The table was adorned with piles of papers, and above the further end of it appeared the head and shoulders of Mr. Jinks, who was busily engaged in looking as busy as possible.")

## CHARACTERS—SEVERAL BOYS.

MR. NUPKINS—Mayor of Ipswich.

MR. JINKS—His Clerk.

MUZZLE—His Footman.

MR. PICKWICK—A Visitor at Ipswich.

MR. TUPMAN—His Friend.

MR. WINKLE—His Friend.

MR. SNODGRASS—His Friend.

MISS WITHERFIELD—A Lady staying at Ipswich.

GRUMMER—The Ipswich Constable.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

## ANALYSIS OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Nupkins: a man with a great opinion of himself, and of pompous manner. In magisterial matters he depends entirely on the advice of Jinks, his half-starved clerk.

Mr. Pickwick: a simple, benevolent, elderly gentleman, chairman of a scientific club, of which his three friends are members. He always wears gaiters and large round spectacles.

Grummer: an elderly man in top-boots, chiefly remarkable for a bottle-nose, a hoarse voice, a wandering eye and a confused mind. He has an inflated idea of his own importance.

## STAGE.



## MR. PICKWICK IN TROUBLE.

SCENE: Mr. Nupkins' office. On the left is a table, behind which sits Mr. N. In front of him is a big legal book open; scattered about are official papers, inkpot, pens, etc. Mr. N. is obviously in a state of excitement and anger as the curtain rises.)

MR. N.: It shall not be! Something must be done! Something shall be done! That a pack of boys, school-boys in this ancient and honoured borough, should dare to break the windows of a respectable greengrocer, hoot the beadle, and pelt the constable. How dare they! How— (Enter Muzzle.)

MUZZLE: A lady wishes to see you, sir, on pressing, private, and particular business.

MR. N.: Oh! Very well, Muzzle, show her in. (Exit M. and enter immediately, followed by Miss W.)

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship?

MR. N.: Place a chair, and go away.

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship. (Places chair and exits.)

MR. N.: Now, ma'am, will you state your business?

MISS W.: It is of a painful kind, sir.

MR. N.: Very likely, ma'am. Compose your feelings, ma'am. And then tell me what legal business brings you here, ma'am.

MISS W.: It is very distressing to me to give this information, sir, but I fear a duel is going to be fought here.

MR. N.: Here, ma'am? Where, ma'am?

MISS W.: In Ipswich.

MR. N.: In Ipswich, ma'am! A duel in Ipswich! Impossible, ma'am; nothing of the kind can be contemplated in this town, I am persuaded. Bless my soul, ma'am, are you aware of the activity of our local magistracy? Do you happen to have heard that I rushed into a prize ring on the fourth of May last, attended by only sixty special constables; and, at the hazard of falling a sacrifice to the angry passions of an infuriated multitude, prohibited a pugilistic contest between the Middlesex Dumping and the Suffolk Bantam? A duel in Ipswich, ma'am? I do not think that any two men can have had the hardihood to plait such a breach of the peace in Ipswich.

MISS W.: My information is, unfortunately, but too correct; I was present at the quarrel.

MR. N.: It is a most extraordinary thing. Muzzle!

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship.

MR. N.: Send Mr. Jinks here, directly! Instantly!

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship. (Exit. Enter Jinks.)

MR. N.: Mr. Jinks, this lady has come to give information of an intended duel in this town. (J. smiles ingratiatingly.) What are you laughing at, Mr. Jinks? (J. looks very solemn.) You may see something very comical in this information, sir, but I can tell you this, Mr. Jinks, that you have very little to laugh at. Take down the lady's statement. (Jinks sits down at the end of the table and writes.)

MISS W.: The gentleman to whom I am er—er—betrothed had the misfortune to differ slightly with another gentleman, a Mr. Pickwick, staying at the Great White Horse Hotel, and they both got exceedingly angry, and this Mr. Pickwick has vowed to send a challenge at once. He told his second to see about it.

MR. N.: Very well. These two men are obviously cut-throats who have come down here to destroy his Majesty's population: thinking that at this distance from the capital the arm of the law is weak and paralysed. They shall be made an example of. Draw up the warrants, Mr. Jinks. Muzzle! (Enter M.)

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship?

MR. N.: Is Grummer downstairs?

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship.

MR. N.: Send him up. (Exit M. Heavy footsteps heard. Enter G.)

GRUMMER: Yes, your washup?

MR. N.: Is the town quiet now?

GRUMMER: Pretty well, your washup. Pop'lar feeling has in a measure subsided, consekens o' the boys having dispersed to cricket.

MR. N.: Very good. (Signs warrants.) Grummer, bring these persons before me at once. You will find them at the Great White Horse Hotel. You recollect the case of the Middlesex Dumping and the Suffolk Bantam, Grummer?

GRUMMER: I shall never forget it, your washup.

MR. N.: This case is even more unconstitutional, and a grosser infringement of his Majesty's prerogatives. I believe duelling is one of his Majesty's most undoubted prerogatives, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Expressly stipulated in Magna Charta, sir.

MR. N.: One of the brightest jewels in the British Crown, wrung from his Majesty by the barons, I believe, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Just so, sir.

MR. N.: Very well. It shall not be violated in this portion of his dominions. Grummer, procure assistance and execute these warrants at once. (Exit G.)

MUZZLE: Yes, your worship?

MR. N.: Show the lady out. (He rises, bows Miss W. out, walks round the room once or twice, and then sits down again and writes. After a few moments a noise of shouting and tumult is heard in the distance, gradually getting nearer until it culminates in a terrific din outside Mr. N.'s window. Mr. N. rises in his seat just as the door opens and Grummer enters leading Mr. P., followed by three special constables holding Mr. T., Mr. S., and Mr. W., and lastly two constables holding Sam Weller. They line up in a semicircle. Mr. N. inspects them and continues.) Now, Grummer, who is this person? (pointing.)

GRUMMER: This here's Pickwick, your washup.

SAM W.: (breaking loose and coming forward) Come, none of that, old Strike-a-light. Beg your pardon, sir, but this here officer o' yourn 'ull never earn a decent living as a master o' the ceremonies anywere. This here, sir, this here is S. Pickwick, Esquire; this here's Mr. Tupman; this here's Mr. Snodgrass; and funder on, next him on the other side, Mr. Winkle—all wery nice gen'l'men, sir, as you'll be wery bappy to have the acquaintance on; so the sooner you commits these here officers o' yourn to the treadmill for a month or two, the sooner we shall begin to be on a pleasant understanding. Business first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard the Third said wene he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babies.

MR. N.: Who is this man, Grummer?

GRUMMER: Wery desperate character, your washup. He attempted to rescue the prisoners, and assaulted the officers, so we took him into custody and brought him here.

MR. N.: You did quite right. He is evidently a desperate ruffian.

MR. P.: He is my servant, sir.

MR. N.: Oh! he is your servant, is he? A conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, and murder its officers. Pickwick's servant. Put that down, Mr. Jinks. What's your name, fellow?

SAM W.: Veller.

MR. N.: A very good name for the Newgate Calendar. (Constables laugh.) Put down his name, Mr. Jinks.

SAM W.: Two l's, old feller. (One constable laughs.)

MR. N.: (to constable) How dare you laugh, sir! I will commit you instantly if you dare to laugh again. (To Sam) Where do you live?

SAM W.: Vaveever I can.

MR. N.: (getting angry) Put that down, Mr. Jinks.

SAM W.: And underline it!

MR. N.: He is a vagabond, Mr. Jinks. He is a vagabond on his own statement; is he not, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

MR. N.: Then I'll commit him. I'll commit him as such!

SAM W.: This is a wery impartial country for justice. There ain't a magistrate goin' as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people. (Same constable laughs again.)

MR. N.: (furious) Grummer, how dare you select such an inefficient and disreputable person for a special constable as that man? How dare you do it, sir?

GRUMMER: I'm very sorry, your washup.

MR. N.: Very sorry! You shall repent of this neglect of duty, Mr. Grummer; you shall be made an example of. Take that fellow's staff away. He's drunk. You're drunk, fellow?

CONSTABLE: I am not drunk, your worship.

MR. N.: You are drunk? How dare you say you are not drunk, sir, when I say you are? I saw he was drunk when he first came into the room, by his excited eye. Did you observe his excited eye, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

CONSTABLE: I haven't touched a drop of anything this morning, sir.

MR. N.: How dare you tell me a falsehood? Isn't he drunk at this moment, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

MR. N.: Mr. Jinks, I shall commit that man for contempt. Make out his committal, Mr. Jinks. (Jinks hesitates, then leans over and engages in whispered conversation with Mr. N., who continues aloud) Can't do it! Why not? I will do it! (Whispering continued.) Oh, very well then, if you're sure it can't be done. (To constable) Now, my man, after talking it over, we have decided that in consideration of your wife and family we will not commit you this time; you will be discharged with a reprimand, but if anything of the kind ever occurs again I'll commit you as sure as I'm a living man and a magistrate of this ancient borough. Take him away, Grummer. (G. escorts constable to the door and sends him away.) Now, Mr. Jinks, take down Grummer's evidence. Stand over there, Grummer, and tell your story.

GRUMMER: If you please, your worship, me and the special constables went over to the Great White Horse, and was shown into the room where the accused was at lunch. After a bit of talk we persuaded 'em to come along with us, but on the way we met this 'ere young man, who obstructed us in the execution of our dooty. In partic'lar 'e knocked me down. These two friends of the accused, Pickwick, likewise took an 'and, an' wrought considerable damage. They all assaulted several of the people in the crowd who tried to arrest 'em, and to pervert a riot I brought 'em all along to your worship.

MR. N.: Very good, Grummer. Now you say this fellow (pointing to Sam) knocked you down. Did he use violence to any one else?

1ST CONSTABLE: Yes, your honour, he struck me wery ard on the nose.

MR. N.: He did, did he, the bloodthirsty rascal! And what did this person do? (points to Mr. W.)

2ND CONSTABLE: He knocked down a ninnercent lad who stood near him; I saw him do it.

MR. N.: Ah! very good. And this one? (points to Mr. S.)

3RD CONSTABLE: He took off his coat, and was a-threatening to begin when I took him in charge.

MR. N.: Oh, indeed! (confers with J. for a short time, after which he draws himself up in his chair, and with a prelator rough begins to deliver sentence.) Er—

MR. P.: I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, but before you proceed to express, and act upon, any opinion you may have formed on the statements which have been made here, I must claim my right to be heard, so far as I am personally concerned.

MR. N.: Hold your tongue, sir!

MR. P.: I must submit to you, sir.

MR. N.: Hold your tongue, sir, or I shall order an officer to remove you.

MR. P.: You may order your officers to do whatever you please, sir, and I have no doubt from the specimen I have had of the subordination preserved among them, that whatever you order they will execute, sir, but I shall take the liberty, sir, of claiming my right to be heard, until I am removed by force.

SAM W.: Pickwick and principle!

MR. P.: Sam, be quiet.

SAM W.: Dumb as a drum with a hole in it, sir.

(Mr. P. and the magistrate glare at each other, until Jinks pulls the latter's sleeve and again they confer in low tones. Finally Mr. N. appears to give in, and turns with a bad grace to Mr. P.)

MR. N.: Well, what do you want to say?

MR. P.: First, I wish to know what I and my friend have been arrested for.

MR. N.: (aside to Jinks) Must I tell him?

JINKS: (aside) I think you had better, sir.

MR. N.: An information has been sworn before me, that it is apprehended you are going to fight a duel, and that the other man, Tupman, is your aider and abettor in it. Therefore—eh, Mr. Jinks? (turns to Jinks.)

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

MR. N.: Therefore I call upon you both, to—I think that's the course, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: Certainly, sir.

MR. N.: To—to—to do what, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS: To find him, sir.

(Continued on page 23.)



# ELLIE IN FAIRYLAND.

## A Play for Girls.

### CHARACTERS.

ELLIE. FAIRY FLYAWAY.  
NURSE. FAIRY DOWNYING.  
THE FAIRY QUEEN. FAIRY BRIGHTEYE.  
Other Fairies.

### SCENE I.

#### ELLIE'S NURSERY.

NURSE: Now, Miss Ellie, you must put your book away and come to bed.

ELLIE: Oh, Nurse, not yet! *(Goes on reading.)*

NURSE *(after sewing for a few moments)*: Miss Ellie, your mother left word you were to go to bed at half-past seven, and it's nearly eight now.

ELLIE: Oh, Nurse, you are a hother! I do want to finish this chapter. *(Goes on reading.)*

NURSE *(after a pause)*: Now, Miss Ellie, I can't wait any longer. You know you've got to be washed and have your hair done.

ELLIE: It's not at all necessary: I don't mind a bit going without either.

NURSE: Miss Ellie, you're a naughty little girl, that you are, and it all comes of filling your head with nonsense from those books of yours.

ELLIE *(still reading)*: You're always saying things about my books, Nurse, but you don't know anything about them, because you never read any.

NURSE: No, and I don't want to. I wouldn't say anything about them if they were sensible books that taught little girls how to be good and nice. But all that stuff about fairies and the like, I haven't got any patience with it, that I haven't.

ELLIE: Don't you believe in fairies, Nurse?

NURSE: Of course not, Miss Ellie. I was brought up sensibly, I was.

ELLIE: That's what makes you such a nuisance now, I suppose.

NURSE: Miss Ellie, you're a pert little girl, and you'd get into trouble if your mother heard you talk like that. Now you must come along to bed this minute.

ELLIE: All right, I suppose I must. *(Shuts her book but does not move.)* I should like to pay you out, though.

NURSE: Miss Ellie!

ELLIE: So I should! I'll just tell you how. When I hear the fairies next time, I'll ask them to take me right away to Fairyland, and when you come to dress me next morning I shan't be there, and then you'll be sorry you worried me so.

NURSE: Oh, well, Miss Ellie, I daresay you'll never hear any fairies, so it won't matter.

ELLIE: Oh, yes, I often hear them dancing about among the dead leaves in the garden.

NURSE: I reckon it's cats, Miss Ellie.

ELLIE: Nurse!!

NURSE: When I went to school they taught me all about England, and Ireland, and Holland, and lots of other lands, but I never learnt anything about Fairyland.

ELLIE: Didn't you? Well, I've learnt all about Fairyland from my books. It isn't in the atlases, of course.

NURSE: No, and nowhere else, I'll be bound!

ELLIE: Oh, yes it is: sometimes when you're putting me to bed I peep out of the window, and there's the loveliest rosy cloud up in the sky, all shining with gold behind. Well, that's where the fairies live. Sometimes I think I can see them peeping over. Don't you ever fancy you can see them too?

NURSE: Good gracious, no, Miss Ellie! All I know is that when I see red clouds at night, it's going to be fine next day.

ELLIE: Oh, nurse, you are awful! Well, I suppose I'd better come now, or there'll be a hother. *(Yawns, puts book down, and gets up.)*

NURSE: Yes, indeed, if your mother finds you up at this time you'll catch it.

CURTAIN.

### SCENE II.

#### FAIRYLAND.

*(Ellie's bed stands in the centre of the stage, with the child fast asleep upon it. Four fairies enter to soft music, dance lightly about the stage, and then, bending over the bed, they wave their wands, after which they hasten away. The music stops.)*

ELLIE *(raising her head and looking round in wonder)*: Nurse, is that you? . . . I thought I heard something . . . What a pretty place! It seems as if everywhere was full of golden light . . . And how nice it smells: like roses, and jessamine, and honeysuckle, and lavender, all mixed up together . . . It's just like Fairyland! *(She sinks slowly back and sleeps. Soft music: enter Fairy Queen and attendant fairies.)*

QUEEN *(seating herself on her throne)*: Now, my sweet fairies, Flyaway and Downywing, tell me where you found this little maid, and how it chanced that you brought her hither to our kingdom.

FLYAWAY *(coming forward)*: Dear Queen, thus it was. Last night, as you know, was rough and stormy, and rain fell heavily on the earth. It was the sweet task of Fairy Downywing and myself to speed to earth and spread our wings for shelter over the little birds that shivered with wet and cold in their tree-top nests. For, sweet lady, that cruel spirit which we call the West Wind had played so roughly with the trees that all the leaves had been torn away and lay dying on the damp ground. It was on our way thither that we paused to gaze in through the window of a pleasant house all clad in ivy and draped with crimson creeper.

QUEEN: And what saw you there, good fairies?

DOWNYING: Dear Queen, we saw a little girl sitting with her nurse. A book lay open on her knee. We peeped at the pages and saw that it was a story of our own dear Fairyland, far off in the bright clouds. Then we listened as the little maid spoke. Her words were full of longing to leave the dull earth and fly to this happy place. We craved to make the child happy, and so, calling two of our comrades who were fluttering near, we took her gently up as she lay sleeping, and bore her tenderly to Fairyland and to you, sweet Mistress.

QUEEN: My fairy spirits, you did well. Awaken her gently from her slumber. *(Soft music, while the fairies dance about the bed, waving their wands. Ellie wakes, sits up, and rubs her eyes.)*

ELLIE: Nurse, nurse, where am I?

QUEEN: Have no fear, sweet child, for nothing shall harm you. This beautiful place, all flowers and sunshine and perfume, is the Fairies' Cloudland, where you longed to be. I am the Queen, and these are my helpers who do my bidding. Will you stay with us, and be my little fairy handmaiden?

ELLIE *(rising and approaching throne)*: Please, your Majesty, what should I have to do?

QUEEN: We spend our lives in making the world beautiful and happy. When night falls, we light up the stars, and set the silver moon to shine in the sky. When morning comes, we draw back the dark curtains which hide the sun, and place upon his head his golden crown.

ELLIE: I suppose when it is a dull day and the sun doesn't shine, it is because the Fairies have forgotten to pull back the curtain.

QUEEN: Not so, my child.

ELLIE: Oh, I know now. It is because they've taken his crown away to give it a good clean-up, just as Nurse does the spoons.

QUEEN: No, no: it is because other duties have called them away. Maybe, when my fairies stand ready to draw the veil which hides the sun, a sudden call comes to them to leave the sky and hasten to the mighty ocean, where rages a terrible storm. It is their work to guard the ships tossing on the angry waves. All day they keep watch, saving them from the pitiless rocks. All day they strive to still that wild, unkind spirit we call the Wind. At last the storm passes, and, tired with their toil, the fairies return to the sky, anxious to give the earth its sun again. But alas! the

day has gone and it is time to light up the stars. That is why there is sometimes no sun.

ELLIE: What else do the fairies do?

QUEEN: They paint.

ELLIE: How jolly! I can paint too. I've got a box with twelve colours in, and two little saucers, and I paint flowers in my drawing-hook.

QUEEN: My fairies paint flowers, but not on paper. Did you ever wonder what makes the forget-me-not so blue, and where the rose found its lovely red, and why the lily is so pure and white?

ELLIE: No, I don't think I ever thought about it.

QUEEN: It is because the fairies have painted them. They wash their magic brushes in the snow, and lay the white upon the petals of the daisy. Then when evening comes, and daisies fold themselves in sleep, a fairy comes with a brush dipped in the rosy hue of the sky at sunset, and tips each tiny petal with red. When morning comes again, the daisy opens wide its little blossoms, and the sun lets fall one drop of gold to make the shining centre. Thus are the flowers painted.

ELLIE: And shall I be able to paint the flowers too?

QUEEN: Oh, yes; to-morrow you shall fly down to earth and find the holly-trees. Their berries are green now. You must rub them between your fairy palms until they grow red with warmth and pleasure. Then earth-people will gather them to adorn their houses for Christmas.

ELLIE: Oh, that will be lovely! *(claps hands)*. I knew it was all true about Fairyland: I've said so heaps of times, but Nurse always contradicts me.

QUEEN: It's because you believed in Fairyland that you are here now. But for people who don't believe in it, Fairyland does not exist. I think that is so sad, don't you?

ELLIE: Yes . . . but I haven't got any wings.

QUEEN: You shall have them, my dear. Yonder in my tower sit two tiny elves weaving fairy wings. You, Fairy Brighteye, go and bring me some for our new comrade.

BRIGHTEYE: I go, my Queen *(goes out)*.

QUEEN: And thus shall your dearest wish be fulfilled: you shall be a fairy yourself, and spend your whole life in making mortals happy. *(Enter Fairy Brighteye, carrying wings.)*

QUEEN: I thank you, sweet fairy. Now you shall place them on Ellie's shoulder.

BRIGHTEYE: I will, Madam. *(She fastens wings.)*

QUEEN: Now, Ellie, you are one of us.

ELLIE *(kneeling and kissing Queen's hand)*: Dear Queen, I will serve you for ever!

CURTAIN.

### SCENE III.

#### ELLIE'S BEDROOM.

*(Ellie asleep. Enter Nurse with a can of hot water. During the conversation Ellie sits up in bed, while the Nurse moves about the room, drawing back the blinds, preparing the bath, etc.)*

NURSE: Now, Miss Ellie, it's time to wake up.

ELLIE *(drowsily)*: I haven't rubbed the holly-berries yet.

NURSE: Holly-berries? You're dreaming, child.

ELLIE: No, the holly-berries have to be rubbed, or else there will be no decorations for Christmas.

NURSE: Holly-berries? Decorations for Christmas? What is the child talking about? *(Shakes her.)* Wake up, Miss Ellie, it's nearly breakfast-time.

ELLIE *(waking up)*: Oh, Nurse, is that you? . . . Why, where are all the fairies gone to?

NURSE: Fairies again? Your mind is always running on that nonsense.

ELLIE: It isn't nonsense. I've proved it isn't. It's all true, every word of it.

NURSE: Rubbish, Miss Ellie. How could you prove it?

*(Continued on next page.)*



# RED RIDING-HOOD.

Dramatized in Verse for the Little Ones.

## SCENE I.

### A WOOD

(*Red Riding-Hood and her mother are in the centre of the stage, in the act of parting.*)

MOTHER: You can take the basket now;  
I must leave you here.  
Do not spill the things inside—  
Please be careful, dear.  
Give my love to Grandmamma,  
Mind you do not stay;  
Tell her that you're helping me,  
And it's cleaning-day.

(*Kisses R.R.H. and goes out. R.R.H. stands watching her and waving her hand.*)

R.R.H.: Good-bye, mother dear, good-bye! (*Turns round.*)  
There, at last she's gone!  
If I'm to be home for tea  
I must hurry on. (*Picks up basket, then pauses and looks round.*)  
What a lot of lovely flowers—  
Yellow, white, and blue!  
Granny's ill in bed; I'm sure  
She would like a few. (*Puts down basket and starts to pick flowers. Enter several children.*)

1ST C.: Here's Red Riding-Hood, hurrah!  
Do let's stop and play.

2ND C.: Oh, yes, do! it really is  
Such a lovely day.

R.R.H.: No, I've got to take these things,  
And I mustn't wait:  
Grandmamma's expecting them,  
And I should be late.

3RD C.: What's inside? (*Peeping inside*) Oh, just  
look here!  
Doesn't it look nice?

4TH C.: Can't we have a tiny bit?—  
Just a little slice.

R.R.H.: No, it's all for Grandmamma

2ND C.: I should like that pie!

R.R.H.: Please don't wait for me to-day.

1ST C.: Oh, all right, good-bye! (*The other children dance out.*)

R.R.H.: What a jolly time they'll have! (*Picks up basket.*)  
There, I'll hold it so:  
Now I really must make haste,  
For I've far to go. (*Enter Wolf.*)

WOLF: Ah, Red Riding-Hood!—a friend  
That I'm glad to meet:  
That big basket surely holds  
Lovely things to eat.

R.R.H.: Yes, but not for me or you;  
They're for Grandmamma;  
She is ill in bed, so pray  
Leave them as they are.

WOLF: You are going to her house?

R.R.H.: Yes, just through the wood.

WOLF: And you say the things are nice?

R.R.H.: Oh, they're very good.

WOLF: Well, good-bye! I'll see you soon.

R.R.H.: Yes, another day:  
Mother told me to be quick,  
I must run away. (*She goes out.*)

WOLF: What's she got, I'd like to know,  
Hidden with such care?  
I will run to Granny's house,  
And be waiting there.  
Grandma will be scared to death  
Then, when she has fled,  
I will put her nightcap on,  
And climb in her bed.  
I am sure Red Riding-Hood  
Will be good to eat,  
And the basket, as dessert,  
Will provide a treat.

CURTAIN.

## SCENE II.

### GRANDMAMMA'S BEDROOM.

(*The Wolf is in bed, with his head propped up by pillows. He is wearing a nightcap, and has the bed-clothes drawn tightly up under his chin.*)

WOLF: Now I think I'm all prepared  
For Red Riding-Hood:  
Grandmamma has rushed away  
Right into the wood.  
When she saw me coming in,  
At a lightning pace  
Out she went, and here am I  
Waiting in her place.

(*A tap is heard at the door, and R.R.H. speaks from outside.*)

R.R.H.: Grandmamma, may I come in?

WOLF: Yes, my love, please do. (*R.R.H. enters.*)

R.R.H.: Good-day, Granny dear, I've brought  
Lots of things for you. (*Shows basket.*)  
Mother sends you heaps of love,  
And she bade me say  
That she's busy, so she can't  
Come herself to-day.

WOLF: Bring the basket here, my love; (*Puts it by*)  
Thank you, now you see *his side.*  
It will be as safe as safe  
By the side of me. (*Peeps in.*)

R.R.H.: How's your cold? I hope it's not  
Settled on your chest:  
I'm so glad you stayed in bed,  
That I'm sure was best.

WOLF: Well, my love, I think I feel  
Just about the same,  
But you're sure to do me good—  
I am glad you came . . .  
Yet you don't seem happy, dear,  
You keep staring so;  
Tell me what's the matter, child:  
I should like to know.

R.R.H.: Why are both your eyes so big?  
Never did I see  
Eyes so large and round and bright—  
Oh, they frighten me!

WOLF: Silly child! I have of course  
Opened wide each eye  
So that I can see you well,  
That's the reason why.

R.R.H.: Why are both your ears so long?  
Never have I known  
Ears so pointed and so big—  
Oh, how they have grown!

WOLF: Nonsense! How you fancy things!  
They stand up this way  
So that I can easily  
Hear just what you say.

R.R.H.: Why are all your teeth so sharp?  
Never did I dream  
Teeth could be so white and strong—  
Oh, how fierce they seem!

WOLF: If you really want to know,  
Listen, and I'll tell—  
SO THAT I CAN EAT YOU UP,  
FLESH AND BONES AS WELL!!

(*He jumps out of bed and seizes R.R.H., who screams loudly. The door opens, and Grandmamma enters followed by a gamekeeper with a gun. The other children peep fearfully in through the door.*)

GRAN.: There's the horrid wolf—oh, quick,  
Save my darling, do!  
(*The keeper aims his gun and fires: the wolf falls dead.*)

KEEPER: There, you've nothing more to fear;  
Look! I've shot him through.

1ST C.: What an awful-looking beast!

2ND C.: But he's dead. Hurrah!

3RD C.: Thanks to dear Red Riding-Hood,

4TH C.: And her Grandmamma.

CURTAIN.

## ELLIE IN FAIRYLAND—(Continued.)

ELLIE: Why, I've been to Fairyland in the night, and I've seen the Queen, and talked to her, and she had a lot of other fairies round her, and everything was so beautiful.

NURSE: You've been dreaming, my dear, that's what you've been doing.

ELLIE: It wasn't dreaming, Nurse. It was all real; I saw the fairies as plainly as I see you now.

NURSE: Did you? Well, it's a pity you didn't catch one and bring it back for me to see.

ELLIE: Oh, they were so kind to me, Nurse, and told me all sorts of things that I've always wanted to know—about the flowers and the stars, and the sea, and the birds, and the trees, and how they help them . . . and I'm going to help too!

NURSE: Oh, you're going to help, are you?

ELLIE: Of course; that's why they gave me such lovely wings.

NURSE: Gave you wings! What do you mean, child?

ELLIE: Yes, they gave me a pair of beautiful wings. (*Feels her shoulder.*) Why, they're gone too!

NURSE: Oh, they're gone, right enough. The fairies must have taken them back again. Perhaps they were the wrong size.

ELLIE (*almost crying*): Oh, Nurse, how cruel you are! I tell you it was all quite true. I've really been to Fairyland.

NURSE: You've been to dreamland, that's the top and bottom of the matter, Miss Ellie. Now jump out of bed quickly, and make haste. The water's getting cold. I've told you before, and I tell you once and for all, I don't believe in Fairyland.

ELLIE (*getting out of bed and pausing as she speaks*): Well, Nurse, I've told you before, and I tell you once and for all, I do. I've been there, and I know it's all true, and it's not a bit of good your contradicting me. It was because I've always believed in Fairyland that they let me go there and see it. But for people who don't believe in it, Fairyland does not exist. (*To the audience*) I think that is so sad, don't you?

CURTAIN



# RECITATIONS and how to make them a success.

**I**T is impossible in the limits of a small article to deal very fully with the art of elocution, but the following are some of the chief points to be considered, and should prove a sufficient guide as to what to aim at and what to avoid.

**CHOICE OF PIECE.**—The item chosen should always be suited physically and temperamentally to the performer. A child who is lively in disposition and droll of aspect should not be entrusted with a piece that is serious or tragic, while on the other hand it is courting failure to assign a recitation that is light or humorous to a child of solemn mien. It does not matter whether one chooses first the performer or the piece, so long as the choice of the second element is in accord with the first. The item chosen should be well within the comprehension and capabilities of the reciter, since, if he is not able to understand fully and express adequately what he is saying, unsatisfactory results are inevitable. The piece should be in keeping with the occasion on which it is said, and should not offer too great a contrast to the spirit of the item preceding it. No recitation should receive a moment's consideration if it is not of sound quality from the standards of both poetry and good taste. If the piece is humorous, see that it is "funny without being vulgar"; if pathetic, let it be emotional without being maudlin. The passage chosen should be dramatic in character and of suitable length: if too short, it fails to arouse interest and is not worth the trouble of preparation; if too long, it becomes tedious and hinders its own success. It must be interesting in theme, easy to follow, and ought to lead up to a climax at the finish. The vast majority of poems are not really suitable for recitation at school concerts, however satisfactory they may be as verse, inasmuch as they are lacking in some of the dramatic essentials indicated above. Prose extracts (particularly those of a humorous nature) are often very effective, but they are difficult to learn, and demand considerable histrionic talent on the part of the performer.

**PREPARATION.**—The selected piece should be carefully studied with the pupil and thoroughly understood by him before any attempt is made to commit it to memory. The learning of the words is only a preparatory step towards the artistic delivery of the passage. Recitation on the stage implies not the mere saying of the words, but the full expression of the meaning and spirit of the piece. If this aim is to be fulfilled, no amount of thought can be too much to devote to the study and preparation of the matter to be said. One may say that the performer begins to learn the *recitation* when the *words* are already known. The passage should be rehearsed several times under conditions approximating as nearly as possible to those of the actual concert.

**ATTITUDE AND Demeanour.**—The favourable impression made upon the audience by the manner and presence of the performer is a great factor towards success. His entry should be unhurried, and as unembarrassed as possible, but he should be business-like and strive from the first to create the feeling that his item is important and worth hearing. He should take up his position in the middle of the stage, near the front, and wait for the attention of the audience. If silence does not follow immediately upon his arrival, he should wait, indicating clearly by quiet persistence that silence is expected. The interest of the hearers should, if possible, be captured at the start, and for this reason a good title and an impressive beginning are essential. At the end of the item the performer should make a slight pause, bow and go out with the same dignity and calm confidence that marked his entrance. It is exceedingly difficult to get children to strike the right note in the matter of stage behaviour, but efforts should be made to eliminate any suggestion of grinning assurance and swagger on the one hand and self-consciousness and nervous haste on the other.

**BREATHING AND BREATH-CONTROL.**—This is a point worthy of greater attention than is usually given to it. The breath should be taken in quickly but inaudibly, the lungs being filled each time. The supply should be carefully husbanded and controlled, and the lungs should never be allowed to become empty. Breath should be taken at every opportunity which the sense of the text allows, and in this the child needs the fullest guidance of the teacher. Suitable places for inhalation should be marked

throughout the passage to be recited, and the child should be trained from the first to breathe at those places and those only.

**VOICE.**—The correct use of the voice is another matter over which no pains should be spared. So far as is possible the reciter should have a clear, pleasant and sonorous tone, pitched low rather than high. The best pitch for conversational and descriptive recitation is that of the ordinary speaking voice; for solemn passages the pitch should be slightly lowered. It should rarely, if ever, be raised in the case of amateurs, for great skill and much practice are necessary to avoid shrillness and a tendency to the ridiculous. Every word must be easily audible to every member of the audience, and with this aim in view it is desirable that when the piece is being rehearsed in the concert-room the auditor should place himself at the further end. The performer should be taught to recite to the back rows rather than to those in front. To secure perfect audibility it will be found necessary to emphasize initial and final consonants and to broaden certain of the vowels, but any suggestion of laboured exaggeration must be carefully avoided. For the correct method of articulation and pronunciation in a large room, some good book on elocution should be consulted. Under no circumstances must the child be allowed to shout: a clear, low-pitched voice, properly used, will carry far better than one that is loud and forced—the result in the latter case being rather a confused noise than a series of audibly articulated sounds.

**PACE.**—This should be slow enough to allow the ear to follow without any difficulty, but not so slow as to produce monotony: it is, however, better to recite too slowly rather than too quickly. The amateur is inclined to increase the rate of utterance as the piece proceeds, a fault which should be carefully watched for and corrected. Narrative should be delivered for the most part at a uniform pace. For passionate passages, those descriptive of rapid incident, and clauses of a parenthetical or explanatory nature, the pace may be slightly quickened. It may on the other hand be slackened with advantage in the case of tragic and impressive passages.

**ACTIONS.**—Training the child to express himself by appropriate gestures is the hardest task in teaching him to recite. All movements must be simple and natural, though in this connection it should be remembered that on the stage what appears to be the triumph of nature is in reality the perfection of art. The child should first be encouraged to express himself by spontaneous gestures, these being carefully observed with a view to modification and addition where necessary. This method is preferable to that of supplying him with a series of ready-made movements possibly foreign to his nature and to which he has himself contributed nothing. Exaggerated movements of every kind should be avoided, as they merely create a ridiculous effect and spoil the performance, no matter how good it may be otherwise. Actions should not imply the movement of the limbs only, but be the complete bodily expression of the mind and the soul. They should be graceful and thorough, and never jerky or half-hearted. They should accompany the words exactly and carry right home into the hearts of the audience the effect created by the words and the voice. The normal attitude of the performer is one of repose, an attitude that should be changed only of definite purpose. There should be no meaningless actions of any sort, but every movement should be studied and possess definite significance.

**DRAMATIC TRICKS.**—It is not proposed to deal with these in detail here, because they demand, for the most part, more skill than can be looked for in children and more practice than can be given in schools. One of the simplest and most effective, however, is the pause, which, properly used, is of the utmost value, though its entire omission and misuse are among the most common faults of amateurs. Emphasis, both in word and gesture, is also highly useful for producing dramatic effects. Change of voice is a trick that contains great possibilities, but for the reason given above it is not recommended for children.

In conclusion, it should be remembered that in recitation—as on all other occasions when one is desirous of creating a favourable impression—*personality* tells more than anything else, and that without it no amount of guidance or observance of rules and principles will be found sufficient to ensure success.

C. E. HODGES, M.A.



# EFFECTIVE RECITATIONS.

## MISS HOOPER.

(A humorous poem for a girl.)

Miss Hooper was a little girl  
Whose head was always in a whirl;  
For she had hoop upon the head—  
"My precious, precious hoop!" she said.

Trundling a hoop was her delight,  
From breakfast time to nearly night,  
She loved it so! and, truth to tell,  
At last she drove her hoop too well.

That hoop began to go one day  
As if it never meant to stay;  
Of course, the girl would not give in,  
But followed it through thick and thin.

The King and Queen came out to see  
What sort of hoop this hoop might be;  
My Lady said: "I think, my Lord,  
That hoop goes of its own accord."

This vexed the little girl, and so  
She gave the hoop another blow,  
And off it went—oh, just like mad—  
She ran with all the strength she had.

Her hat-strings slipped, her hat hung back,  
And soon she felt her waistband crack,  
Her dear long hair flew out behind her,—  
Her parents sent forth scouts to find her.

The King leapt on his swiftest horse,  
And followed her with all his force;  
Her father cried: "A thousand pound  
To get my girl back safe and sound!"

Some people came and made a dash,  
To pull her backward by the sash,  
But all in vain—she did not stop—  
At last she fainted with a flop.

When she came to, she sighed with pain,  
"I'll never touch a hoop again!"  
Is it not sad, when girls and boys  
Go to excess like this with toys?

As for the hoop, the people say  
It kept on going night and day,  
Turning the corners quite correct—  
A thing which you would not expect.

And so it lived, a hoop at large,  
Which no one dared to take in charge;  
Of course, it thinned, but kept its shape,  
A sort of hoop of wooden tape.

It thinned till people took a glass  
To see the ghostly circle pass,  
And only stopped—the facts are so—  
When there was nothing left to go!

## PICKING APPLES.

(An amusing piece for infants.)

"The apples are ripe, they are starting to fall,"  
Said mother to Harry one day;  
And Harry replied, "I can gather them all;  
Oh, mother, please say that I may!"

So mother said "Yes," and he climbed up the tree;  
Then out in the orchard came Prue.

"I've brought Gracie's cart, and I'll help you,"  
said she.

And little Grace cried, "Me too!"

"You shall," answered Harry. "Now, stand  
down below,

And hold up your 'pinny'—that's right;  
Be ready to catch every apple I throw."

"Yes, yes," Gracie laughed in delight.

She managed to catch three or four very well,  
But then looked away, I suppose,  
For just at that moment a monster one fell,  
Right down on her poor little nose!

It hurt very much, Harry feared she would cry,  
But, smiling quite bravely, she said,  
"My 'pinny' had got such a lot, that is why  
My nose tried to catch one instead!"

## FROM "THE DREAM OF LITTLE CHRISTEL."

Slowly forth from the village church—  
The voice of the choristers hushed overhead—  
Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,  
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"'Even the youngest, humblest child  
Something may do to please the Lord';"  
Now, what," thought she, and half sadly smiled,  
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?"

"'Never, never a day should pass,  
Without some kindness kindly shown,'" "  
The preacher said. Then down to the grass  
A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged stone.

"Well, a day is before me now;  
Yet what," thought she, "can I do, if I try?"  
If an angel of God would show me how!  
But silly am I, and the hours they fly."

Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,  
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the blue,  
"He says He will carry my prayer to God:  
But who would have thought the little lark  
knew!"

Now she entered the village street,  
With book in hand and face demure,  
And soon she came, with sober feet,  
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

It wept at a windmill that would not move,  
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,  
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,  
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

So baby beat the sail and cried,  
While no one came from the cottage door;  
But little Christel knelt down by its side,  
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl  
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;  
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,  
To please the pretty young creature so!"

No thought of herself was in her head,  
As she passed out at the end of the street,  
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,  
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,  
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,  
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,  
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O, happy brook!" thought little Christel,  
"You have done some good this summer's day,  
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"  
Then she rose and went on her way.

## THE OLD UMBRELLA.

(To be recited by three little children who come on  
to the stage huddled together under a large umbrella.)

Our old umbrella is large and green,  
The ugliest one that ever was seen;  
But just at present we're rather small,  
So it does very well to cover us all.

When the sun's too hot, then it keeps us cool;  
It keeps us dry on the way to school;  
I really can't think what we should do  
Without our old umbrella—can you?

But all the time we are growing bigger  
We are learning to read and write and figure.  
I fear that soon the umbrella somehow  
Won't seem so big as it does just now.

When we're grown-up, and are proud and tall,  
And the old umbrella won't cover us all—  
When each of us has to carry one—  
It won't be half such splendid fun.

## THE THREE LITTLE PUGS.

(An amusing recitation for a child of any age.  
The moral given in the last verse should be delivered  
with great emphasis.)

Three little pugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two,  
And one was yellow and one was black,  
And one like me, or you;  
The space was small, no doubt, for all,  
But what should three pugs do?

Three little pugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two,  
And all were greedy in their hearts,  
The same as I or you;  
So the strong ones said, "We'll eat the bread,  
And that's what we will do."

Three little pugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two would hold,  
So they all three fell to quarrelling—  
The white, the black, and the gold;  
And two of the pugs got under the rugs,  
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,  
Or a thread to wrap himself withal  
When the winds across him blew,  
Pulled one of the rugs from off the pugs,  
And so the quarrel grew.

Now, when pugs live in a basket,  
Though more than it can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree—  
The white, the black, and the gold,  
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,  
And leave no pug in the cold.

## THE SHIPS THAT PUT TO SEA.

(A piece suitable to a boy, particularly one of  
rather dreamy and wistful appearance.)

I wonder where the ships all go  
That sail away to sea?  
They pass and pass the whole day long,  
But never wait for me.  
And sometimes when I wake at nights,  
Beneath the starlit skies  
I see them passing still, with lights  
That look like great big eyes.

I lie upon the grassy cliff,  
And watch them sailing past,  
Until there's nothing left but smoke—  
And that goes too at last.  
And when I'm safely tucked in bed,  
As warm as warm can be,  
I'm sorry for them, 'cause it seems  
So lonely out at sea.

Yet some go south for weeks and weeks  
Where coral islands grow;  
And some go north, where day is night,  
And where there's always snow;  
And some go east, and some go west,  
And bring back wondrous things—  
Fine silks, and shawls, and sandalwood,  
And ivory tusks and rings.

Perhaps some day, when I get rich,  
And when I'm strong and tall,  
I'll board a ship, and sail away,  
And not come back at all.  
But now I'm just a child, and so  
The ships won't wait for me,  
As I lie wondering where they go,  
And why they put to sea.



# EFFECTIVE RECITATIONS.

## THE SACRIFICE.

*(A recitative item for a senior boy or girl.)*

The heaving billows are flecked with foam;  
The raging storm in its anger roars;  
The fisher-folk bide safe at home,  
With shuttered windows and fast-closed doors.  
And mothers and wives are glad that they  
Have none who out in the darkness fight,  
And in their grateful hearts they pray  
For all who sail the sea to-night.  
But hark! the sullen sound of a gun!  
Did you hear it? Listen!—there, again!  
O draw the bolts, and haste and run,  
There are lives in peril, and souls in pain.  
Down to the shore they swiftly grope,  
Women and men, with straining sight,  
Though never a one e'en dares to hope  
That aught can live in the sea this night.  
Out where the crested breakers leap,  
A ship drives fast in the shrieking gale;  
Blindly it goes, like a hounded sheep,  
With broken rigging and tattered sail.  
It strikes! It reels! And a cry of fear  
Goes up to the swirling storm-rent sky—  
O you who watch, who stand so near,  
Can nought be done, and must they die?  
But strong men clench their hands on shore  
And turn their heads, and catch their breath;  
For well they know what lies in store—  
Who goes to sea goes straight to his death.  
Yet look! there's one whom anxious hands  
Are holding back, till, jerking free,  
He flings his coat upon the sands,  
And views unmoved the hungry sea.  
He's just a lad, a widow's son,  
A drunkard, poacher, shameless youth,  
Well-known to all the place as one  
Who scoffs at honour and mocks at truth.  
Yet, by some nobler impulse taught,  
To face the storm he now prepares,  
Nor heeds his mother, who, distraught,  
Clings to his neck with frantic prayers.  
Two sons she had in days of yore,  
Till one sailed forth, the world to roam;  
Sailed forth, but came back never more  
To her who waited sad at home.  
And must she now give up the lad  
Who still remains, her only boy,  
And who, though graceless, wild, and bad,  
Is yet her life, her pride, her joy?  
He pulls her clinging hands away,  
He gently stoops to kiss her brow,  
And, crouching in the blinding spray,  
He waits awhile, and then with "Now!"  
He flings himself into a breach  
That flaws a steep and glistening slope,  
While those he leaves upon the beach  
Pay out the flimsy coils of rope.  
He's gone! And well-nigh sick with dread,  
They watch and wait and scarcely doubt  
That now he tosses limp and dead  
Upon the waves—when, lo! a shout  
Brings hope, and all those willing hands  
Strain to the task, and from the deep  
They haul the heavy soddened strands  
That fall and fall in tangled beap,  
Until, on a monstrous foaming wave,  
The sea flings back a human form,  
Snatched from a yawning ocean grave,  
Unconscious, yet alive and warm.  
The mother sinks upon her knees,  
Gazes, and shrinks and shrieks in dread:  
Her elder boy had braved the seas,  
The younger comes back in his stead.

With startled looks they press around,  
And wonder how this thing may be:  
They gaze at him upon the ground,  
Then anxiously they scan the sea.  
But when they looked the ship was gone,  
And no man lived to make things plain,  
And when the sun next morning shone  
They sought their dead, but sought in vain.  
So bit by bit they pieced the tale,  
How he had reached the ship, and there  
Had found his brother, senseless, pale,  
Awaiting death, and how with care  
He bound the rope's encircling coil  
Around that brother's helpless side:  
Then, spent and weak from all his toil,  
He yielded up his life . . . and died.

## MR. SNAIL.

*(An effective Costume Recitation for boy or girl.)*

I'm grey Mr. Snail with a house on my back  
That's twisted in structure to show  
What's going to happen to me in a twink  
I never with certainty know.  
The cabbages, turnips, and parsley in turn,  
Provide me an ample repast,  
And when the peas grow in a regular row,  
One never need travel too fast.  
'Tis take a taste here, eat little bits there,  
A garden is such a delight;  
And if you would feed on whatever you need—  
Well, there it is—take a good bite.

I'm grey Mr. Snail with a house on my back  
That's handy, as all must agree;  
It hasn't a window above or below,  
So nobody in it can see.  
There isn't much room for a party inside,  
And nowhere to store up a seed;  
Then as for the door, it is made in the floor,  
Exactly the size that I need.

'Tis pick up the house and encamp over there—  
The blackbirds are hunting around;  
But if you will crawl to a neighbouring wall,  
A cleft which is safe can be found.

I'm grey Mr. Snail with a house on my back—  
I must not stop talking to-day—  
For now it is raining, and that is a help  
To us who are slow on life's way.  
Oh! if I can get to a strawberry plant  
Without meeting any one's toe,  
I'm sure of the heartiest dinner, and tea,  
And supper that snails ever know.

'Tis red and 'tis juicy, delicious—ah, me!  
A diet that's ev'rything right;  
The blackbirds are roosting as soon as 'tis dark:  
I mean to keep eating all night.

## A TRAGIC STORY.

*(To be recited in a mock-serious style.)*

There lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore,  
But wondered much and sorrowed more  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,  
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,  
And have it hanging at his face,  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—  
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round;  
But still it hung behind him.

Then, round and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin;  
In vain—it mattered not a pin—  
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,  
And up, and down, and in, and out  
He turned, but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas! still faithful to his back  
The pigtail hangs behind him.

## THE TALE OF A TUB.

*(A most laughable item for a junior boy or girl.)*

The Bruins who lived at the top of the hill went out  
for a walk one day,  
They came to a dear little country house—and  
there in the garden lay  
A tub—and the bears looked puzzled though  
pleased; they couldn't make out, you see,  
What in the world this strange, round thing could  
ever be meant to be.

"Whatever it is," said the father bear, "we'll  
carry it home, my dear;  
It will make a splendid bed for the twins when we  
get it safely there.  
I'll push this side and you pull that"—but he  
didn't have time for more,  
For the dog who lived in the tub rushed out and  
flew to the cottage door.

He was frightened, you see, of these queer big  
guests, but the bears didn't care—not they;  
They picked themselves up from the ground at once  
and rolled the barrel away.  
They pushed and pulled, and pulled and pushed, and  
worked away with a will,  
Till at last they got that great big tub right up to  
the top of the hill.

Then the two little baby bears came out. "Oh,  
mother," they cried, "what fun!  
May we play with it now?" and they crept inside—  
their father lay down in the sun  
For a roll and a rest, and the mother bear went  
home as fast as she could  
To finish her shopping and tidy the house, as  
mother bears always should.

Meanwhile, in the tub, the two little bears were  
having a lovely game,  
"We'll live in it always," said one of the twins,  
and the other one said the same,  
When all of a sudden the barrel began to roll a  
little, until  
It was rolling fast, with the babies inside, right  
down to the foot of the hill!

They screamed and screamed and screamed and  
screamed, but the barrel went rolling on.  
Their father jumped up in a terrible fright—oh,  
where had the children gone?  
And the barrel went rolling, rolling down, and the  
poor little bears inside  
Were shaken and bumped and banged and bruised—  
and oh, how the darlings cried!

They thought that the end of the world had come—  
but the barrel stopped still at last—  
And father Bruin came rushing along, he never  
had run so fast!  
He ran and he ran and he ran and he ran—as quick  
as a railway train!  
And when he found that his babes were safe he  
kissed them again and again!

He lifted them out and he carried them back to  
their home at the top of the hill;  
And there they all lived for a year and a day—  
perhaps they are living there still,  
But never again in search of a bed did the father  
and mother bears roam,  
"Our dear little babies," they solemnly said, "are  
safer in beds made at home."

# EFFECTIVE RECITATIONS.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED BOY.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION IN TWO PARTS.

### I.

I know an absent-minded boy,  
To meditate is all his joy ;  
He seldom does the thing he ought  
Because he is so wrapt in thought.

At marbles he can never win ;  
He wears his waistcoat outside in ;  
He cannot add a sum up right ;  
And often he is not polite.

His mother cries, " My poor heart breaks,  
Because the child makes such mistakes ;  
He never knows," she says with sighs,  
" Which side his bread the butter lies ! "

One day, absorbed in meditation,  
He roamed into a railway station,  
And in a corner of the train  
Sat down with inattentive brain.

They rang the bell, the whistle blew,  
They shook the flags, the engine flew ;  
But all the noise did not induce  
This boy to quit his mood abstruse.

And when three hours were past and gone,  
He found himself at Something—*ton* ;  
" What is this place ? " he sighed in vain,  
For railway men cannot speak plain.

When he got home his parents had  
To pay his fare, which was too bad ;  
More than two hundred miles, alas !  
The Absent Boy had gone, first class

### II.

Wanting a trip, Ingenious Jim  
One morning imitated him,  
And while Jim's parents paid the fare  
Absence of mind the blame must bear !

The Absent Boy went past a shop  
Where a machine the meat did chop ;  
The man, who thought the joke was neat,  
Said, " Will you be made sausage-meat

In my machine ? " And, as you guess,  
Our meditative friend said, " Yes."  
Of course, the notion was absurd,  
But if the man had meant the word,

And just that very day had been  
In want of meat for his machine,  
The boy might have incurred a fate  
Too horrible for me to relate !

For fear he should, in absentness,  
Forget his own name and address  
Whilst he pursues his meditations,  
And so be lost to his relations—

Would it be best that he should wear  
A collar like our " Tray " ? Or bear  
His name and home in indigo  
Pricked on his shoulder, or below ?

The chief objection to this plan  
Is, that his father is a man  
Who often moves. If we begin  
To prick the Boy's home on his skin,

Before long he will be tattooed,  
With indigo from head to foot ;  
Perhaps a label on his chest  
Would meet the difficulty best

## I.—AT THE OPENING OF A CONCERT.

I'm asked to make a little speech  
To welcome all who've come to-night.  
I can't think why they've chosen *me*,  
But still, I'll try to do it right.

These boys and girls are going to show  
How they can dance, recite, and play.  
They all will try their very best  
To cheer you up and make you gay.

They've practised hard to learn their parts,  
And hope to do them all right well,  
The best thing on the programme is—  
But there, I promised not to tell.

Perhaps I'd better say no more,  
My friends are all prepared, I see,  
And if I kept them waiting long,  
They'd do some awful things to me !

*(The last line should be uttered in a dramatic whisper, after the child has paused and looked round as if to make sure that none of his comrades are listening. Then he rushes hastily off.)*

## II.—AT THE CLOSING OF A CONCERT.

'Twas I who bade you welcome here  
When first our programme was begun ;  
And now I bid you all farewell—  
The evening's o'er, the concert's done.

We've all looked forward to this day,  
And striven hard, and laboured long,  
In hope that we should then succeed,  
Resolved that nothing should go wrong.

It's not for us to say how far  
We've done what we set out to do ;  
We did the very best we could—  
The verdict we must leave to you.

But there, I see you're yawning now ;  
It's surely time I took to flight !  
Yet, going, I would fain express  
Our hearty thanks, and so—Good-night !

## THE LITTLE FISH.

" Dear mother," said a little fish,  
" Pray, is not that a fly ?  
" I'm very hungry, and I wish  
You'd let me go and try."  
" Sweet innocent," the mother cried,  
And started from her nook,  
" That horrid fly is put to hide  
The sharpness of the hook."

Now, as I've heard, this little trout,  
Was young and foolish too,  
And so he thought he'd venture  
To see if it were true.  
And round about the hook he played  
With many a longing look,  
And, " Dear me," to himself he said,  
" I'm sure that's not a *hook*."

" I can but give one little pluck :  
Let's see, yes, so I will !"  
So on he went, and lo ! it stuck  
Quite through his little gill !  
And as he faint and fainter grew,  
With bellow voice he cried,  
" Dear mother, had I minded you,  
I need not now have died."

## AN INTRODUCTION TO A DRILL ITEM FOR BOYS.

This is a feature of a novel and most effective character, intended to form a prelude to a short display of boys' drill. The performers stroll casually on to the stage, stare doubtfully at the audience, and then gather in a group to converse. Care must be taken throughout the dialogue that every speaker faces the audience.

1ST BOY : O what on earth are we to do ?  
We are a most unhappy crew !  
To try to entertain these folks  
Is really not the best of jokes.

2ND BOY : It's no good growling at our lot ;  
Let's start, or we shall catch it hot :  
They've sent us on to do our bit,  
Though I for one don't relish it.

3RD BOY : We don't know how to dance or sing—  
We simply can't do anything !  
Does no one know some parlour tricks,  
To help us in this awful fix ?

4TH BOY : It's just because we're only boys  
They treat us just like dolls or toys,  
And dictate how, and why, and when—  
They'd not do so if we were men.

5TH BOY : If we were men, we'd not be here ;  
We'd all be soldiers, that's quite clear.  
Let's practise being soldiers now—  
Our teacher's there, he'll show us how.

6TH BOY : Yes, play the game as he suggests ;  
'Twould give us joy, and please our  
guests ; (*pointing to audience*).  
Let's show our keenness and our skill,  
And see what we can do at drill.

*If the boys are to wear anything in the way of special costume, they should run eagerly away to don it in the wings or the corner of the stage, where it should have been put in readiness. When they are prepared, the piano or a bugle should sound the call for " Fall in," whereupon they assume their appointed places for the drill. The piano then strikes up a suitable march, and the item commences.*

## AN AMBITIOUS OPENING: THE PERFORMING DONKEY.

For those who have the resources and the skill, a more ambitious but very effective opening is that of the Performing Donkey. A pupil enters leading a " donkey " constructed on the time-honoured pantomime lines of two other pupils in an artificial donkey-skin (it need not be too lifelike: better results are secured if it is not). The showman makes a short speech, announcing that he has great pleasure in bringing to the notice of the audience his famous performing donkey, which will give a short display of his powers for their benefit. He then throws on to the stage the letters of the word WELCOME, and addressing his animal as " Carrots," asks him, with a crack of the whip, to " get along." The donkey fumbles among the letters and picks up the W, which he gives with his forefoot to the showman. The latter fits it into a frame or hangs it on a nail on a long board in full view of the audience, and proceeds similarly with the other letters one at a time. Stage business with the donkey can easily be worked up to obtain generous applause for the item. Exactly similar procedure can be adopted for the final word GOODNIGHT at the end of the evening, and if the preliminary performance of the " donkey " has been carried out properly, the young people may rely upon it that their entrance will be the signal for a great ovation.



# SCHOOL CONCERT DANCES.

## THE RED ROSE OF ENGLAND.

AN ORIGINAL DANCE

*Dress.*—Girls should be dressed in white, trimmed with roses (or rose-petal dresses made of crinkled paper), with rose garlands made of wire wreathed with roses.

*Tune.*—Any suitable waltz tune.

*Step.*—Polka.

*Arrangement.*—The girls stand in pairs facing the back of the couple in front, each holding her garland to form an arch over her own head.

*Graceful movement* must be insisted on throughout. The first step in *every* bar will need the foot pointed prettily.

### FIRST MOVEMENT.

Commencing with right foot (pointing the right toe for first step), 1, 2, 3 polka steps forward, at same time swaying body gracefully over from the waist to the right, taking care to keep the head on a line with the body, and the arch just over the head. (One bar.)

2. Commence with left foot, pointing left toe on first step, 1, 2, 3 steps forward, swaying body over to left, with arch overhead. (One bar.)

3. Point and place right foot to front towards right, bending body over to right, arch overhead still. (One bar.)

4. Retain that position through the fourth bar. (One bar.)

5. Commence with left foot, pointing left toe on first step. Take three polka steps forward, swaying and bending over to left. (One bar.)

6. With right foot pointed, three polka steps forward to right, body swayed over to right, arch overhead. (One bar.)

7. Point and place left foot, swaying well over to left. (One bar.)

8. Retain that position through the eighth bar. (One bar.)

9. Swing the arch downwards from left up to the right in a semicircle. Raise the heel of the left foot as it swings, to prevent stiff attitude, and look upwards at the arch as it moves. (One bar.)

10. Swing the arch downwards from right and up to the left, again *slightly* turning the body to left, raising the right heel, and looking upwards as the arch is lifted up. (One bar.)

11. Repeat 9 and 10. (Two bars in all.)

12. Repeat 9 and 10. (Two bars in all.)

13. Repeat No. 9. (One bar.)

14. Bring body to upright position, arch overhead, and elbows in to the sides. (One bar. Sixteen bars in whole movement.)

### SECOND MOVEMENT.

15. The inside girl sinks down on left knee, planting the right foot firmly, with arch overhead, while the outside girl trips round her, with polka steps, commencing with right foot, and swaying body slightly to right, with arch overhead, pointing right toe on the first step. (Right and left should be alternately pointed and swayed three steps each.) (Six bars.)

16. The girl who tripped round sinks on left knee, with arch overhead. The girl who was kneeling rises, with arch overhead; pauses, ready to start. (Two bars.)

17. No. 15 repeated. The girl commencing with right foot as before trips round the kneeling girl. (Six bars.)

18. Second girl rises. Both resume position at the beginning of the movement. (Two bars. Sixteen bars in whole movement.)

### THIRD MOVEMENT.

Every second couple separates, and runs forward, one girl on either side of the first couple, forming lines of four.

19. Commencing with right foot, all four advance with three polka steps, swaying body and arch slightly to right. (One bar.)

20. With left foot pointed, advance three steps, swaying body to the left. (One bar.)

21. Repeat Nos. 19 and 20 three times (making eight bars in all.)

22. Point and place right foot, bending body over to the right. (One bar.)

23. Pause in that position. (One bar.)

24. Advance one step with left foot, pointing it forward to left, and bend body over to left. (One bar.)

25. Pause in that position. (One bar.)

26. Repeat last four bars. (Sixteen bars in whole movement.)

### FOURTH MOVEMENT.

27. The two outside girls move quickly forward and face the other two girls; joining little fingers of right hands across, with arches overhead. All four circle round (commencing with right foot), and polka step, and sway pointing feet alternatively right and left. (Fourteen bars.)

28. On fifteenth bar all couples unlink fingers and face outwards in one large circle. (One bar.)

29. All sink on left knee. (One bar. Sixteen bars in whole movement.)

## A RIBBON DANCE.

*Tune:* The dance tune given at the end of the "Lullaby Song" in a "Fairy Comedy" (9d. net, 10d. post free, Evans Bros., Ltd.).

Twelve children—six boys and six girls—form a "set."

Arrange the children in two rows, partners opposite each other.

Each couple holds a ribbon, the girl holding one end in her *left* hand, the boy holding the other end in his *right*. The first, third, and fifth couples have red ribbon; the second, fourth, and sixth couples have blue ribbon. The ribbons should be about one and a quarter yards long.

*Fig. I.*—All skip eight steps towards the top of the room. All skip back eight steps.

Children with red ribbons hold them up high while the blues dance four steps under the arches thus made and four steps back. The blues again dance four steps forward and four steps back, but instead of returning to own places they should now stand above the reds, i.e., in the first, third, and fifth places. Repeat the whole figure, allowing the blues to make the arches, the reds going under. Then it will be found that the reds have regained their places.

*Fig. II.*—All face the top of the room.

All skip off, the reds going to the right, the blues to the left. At the bottom of the room they form a double line again, reds and blues skipping up the centre in their own order.

(With older children the barn dance step may be substituted for skipping.)

*Fig. III.*—On a chord being played the blue ribbon girls step under the red ribbons, thus forming three crosses.

All dance round 16 steps to the right, turn, and dance 16 steps round to the left.

All change the hand, holding the ribbon to suit. At a chord given as signal, the blue ribbon girls slip under red ribbons and return to their places.

*Fig. IV.*—All face partners. The red ribbon boys step one pace in to the centre. Their partners dance round them eight steps, holding ribbons

high, and back eight steps. The boys return to their places. Repeat with blue ribbon boys kneeling and their partners dancing round.

*Fig. V.*—All face partners.

Dance in four steps to meet, curtsy.

Dance back four steps to places.

Dance in four steps, curtsy.

Dance back four steps and pirouette.

The end—all hop or do barn dance step round the stage twice.

## AN INTRODUCTION TO A DANCE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

This is an original adaptation of "Old King Cole" as a prelude to a dance. The curtain goes up on the King seated on his throne and surrounded by his court dressed in the costumes for the dance.

**ALL SING:** Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe and he called  
for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

**KING SPEAKS:** Ay, fetch me out my bowl, friend,  
And bring my pipe to me,  
And, while thou art about it,  
Send in my fiddlers three.  
(*A courtier bows and goes out.*)

**ALL SING:** Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe and he called  
for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

(*Re-enter courtier, followed by two servants, one bearing a long pipe on a tray, and the other bearing the bowl. Enter also the fiddlers, who approach the throne and bow to the King. The latter pretends to fill his pipe, while the fiddlers recite:*)

**FIDDLERS:** Now tell us what's your will, sire;  
Command, and it shall be:  
No music is too hard, sir,  
For us, your fiddlers three.  
There's melody that's gay, sire,  
There's some goes solemnly,  
But none we cannot play, sire—  
Command your servants three.

**KING SPEAKS:** Then give us first a carol,  
An old-time carol sweet;  
And play us next a dance-tune  
To suit these itching feet.  
Though winter reigns around us,  
Let us not gloomy be:  
With music make us merry—  
Lead off, my fiddlers three!

(*The piano here strikes up a carol very softly, the fiddlers pretending to play their instruments, while the whole court hums the air with closed mouths, and the king beats time with the stem of his pipe. When the carol is finished the three fiddlers bow and the court applauds.*)

**KING SPEAKS:** Bravo, bravo, my fiddlers three,  
How excellent your skill!  
Now take you partners, one and all,  
And foot it with a will.

(*The King comes down from his throne. The children assume the proper formation for the dance, the piano strikes up and the item begins.*)

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# Song from ALICE IN WONDERLAND:

## "YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM."

Key E $\flat$ . Moderately quick.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

Music by MARTIN SHAW.

$\text{mf}$   $\text{♩} = 72$ .

*ritard.*

*mf*

1. "You are old, Fa-ther Wil-liam," the
2. "You are old," said the youth, "as I
3. "You are old," said the youth, "and your
4. "You are old," said the youth, "one would

(small notes for

verses 2, 3 & 4.) (small note for verse 3.)

(small notes for verses 2, 3 & 4.)

(small note for verses 2, 3 & 4.)

| s : - : m | d : r : m | f : f : f | m : f : m | r : - : - : | : r | m : f : s | s : f : m | f : s : l | l : l : t : |

young man said, "And your hair has be-come ver-y white;  
men-tion'd be-fore, And have grown most un-com-mon-ly fat;  
jaws are too weak, For an-y-thing tough-er than suet;  
hard-ly sup-pose, Your eye was as stead-y as ever;

And yet you in-ces-sant-ly stand on your head—Do you  
Yet you turn'd a back som-er-sault in at the door, Pray  
Yet you fin-ish'd the goose, with the bones and the beak, Pray  
Yet you hal-anc'd an eel on the end of your nose—What

*quicker.*  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

(small notes for verse 4.)

| d' : t : l | m : ra : se | l : - : - : | l : - : s | f : d : d | d : l : s | f : d : d | d : - : d | l : l : l | ta : d' : ta |

think, at your age, it is right?" "In my youth," Fa-ther Wil-liam re-plied to his son, "I fear'd it might in-jure the  
what is the rea-son of that?" "In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks, "I kept all my limbs ve-ry  
how did you man-age to do it?" "In my youth," said his fa-ther, "I took to the law, And ar-gued each case with my  
made you so aw-ful-ly clever?" "I have an-swer'd three questions, and that is e-nough," Said his fa-ther; "Don't give your-self

(small notes for verse 2.)

(rest and small note for verses 2, 3 & 4.)

(small notes for verses 2 & 3.)

VERSES 1, 2 & 3.

LAST TIME.

| l : - : - : l : l | s : l : s | s : t : l | s : l : t | d' : m : f | s : l : s | f : m : r | d : - : - : l : : : || d : - : - : l : : : ||

brain;..... But now that I'm per-fect-ly sure I have none, Why I do it a-gain and a-gain.  
sup-ple,..... By the use of this ointment—one shil-ling the box, Al-low me to sell you a cou-ple?"  
wife,..... And the mus-cu-lar strength that it gave to my jaw, Has last-ed the rest of my life.  
airs!..... Do you think I can lis-ten all day to such stuff? Be off—or I'll kick you down stairs!"

( 3 )

# Two Scenes from ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

With Songs by MARTIN SHAW and Dance by JOAN COBBOLD.

## SCENE I.

### ALICE AND THE CATERPILLAR.

(The Caterpillar is seated on a mushroom smoking a hookah or long pipe. Alice, whose face comes just on a level with the top of the mushroom, is gazing at the Caterpillar who is solemnly and sleepily staring at her.)

CATERPILLAR (in a languid voice): Who are you? ALICE (shyly): I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least, I knew who I was when I got up this morning, but I think that I must have been changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR (sternly): What do you mean by that? Explain yourself!

ALICE: I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir, because—I'm not myself, you see.

CATERPILLAR: I don't see.

ALICE (politely): I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It isn't.

ALICE: Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet, but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'd feel it a little queer, won't you?

CATERPILLAR: Not a bit!

ALICE: Well, perhaps your feelings may be different; all I know is, it would feel very queer to me.

CATERPILLAR (contemptuously): You! Who are you?

ALICE (somewhat annoyed, and drawing herself up with dignity): I think you ought to tell me who you are, first.

CATERPILLAR (puffing at hookah): Why? (Alice tries to think of a good answer to the question, and not finding one, turns away in disgust.)

CATERPILLAR (calling after her): Come back! I've something important to say! (Alice looks round, hesitates, and finally turns back again.)

CATERPILLAR: Keep your temper.

ALICE (annoyed): Is that all?

CATERPILLAR: No (puffs away at hookah with folded arms for some minutes. Then unfolds arms and takes hookah out of its mouth). So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE: I'm afraid I am, sir; I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together.

CATERPILLAR: Can't remember what things?

ALICE (sadly): Well, I've tried to say, *How doth the little busy bee*, but it all came out differently.

CATERPILLAR: Try a song, then: sing *You are old, Father William*.

ALICE (sings): "You are old, Father William," the young man said (for words and music see previous page).

CATERPILLAR: That is not said right.

ALICE (timidly): Not quite right, I'm afraid: some of the words have got altered.

CATERPILLAR (decidedly): It is wrong from beginning to end.

(A pause, during which Alice fidgets and the Caterpillar puffs at his hookah.)

CATERPILLAR (taking hookah from his mouth): What size do you want to be?

ALICE (hastily): Oh, I'm not particular as to size, only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.

CATERPILLAR (coldly): I don't know. (Alice is silent, much offended.)

CATERPILLAR (resumes): Are you content now?

ALICE (trying to be patient): Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind. Three inches is such a wretched height to be.

CATERPILLAR (angrily rearing itself to that exact height): It is a very good height indeed!

ALICE (piteously): But I'm not used to it! (Aside) I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!

CATERPILLAR: You'll get used to it in time. (Resumes smoking. Silence for a few minutes. At last Caterpillar takes hookah from mouth and begins to crawl off mushroom.)

CATERPILLAR (over his shoulder, crawling away to the back): One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE (looking about her as Caterpillar crawls off stage): One side of what? The other side of what?

CATERPILLAR (the end of whose tail is the only portion of him remaining on the stage): Of the mushroom.

ALICE (looks at the mushroom and goes up to it. Walks round and finds it absolutely round.) How can a round have sides, I wonder? Supposing I put my arms right round the mushroom, as far as ever they will go, and then break off a piece with each hand. So (suits the action to the word. Breaks off a piece with each hand and turns facing front.)

ALICE (holding up a piece in each hand): And now, which is which? (Holds one to her lips in the act of nibbling.)

CURTAIN. END OF SCENE I.

## SCENE II.

### THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY AND THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE.

(As the curtain rises Mock Turtle is discovered perched on a rock, sobbing and sighing and dangling its flapping hands in a disconsolate manner. Enter Gryphon and Alice from the back. As they approach they hear Mock Turtle's lamentations.)

GRYPHON (nodding at him): That's the Mock Turtle, that is.

ALICE (pityingly): What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON: It's all his fancy, that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. (Advances while Alice lags behind rather timidly. Gryphon turns his head and calls impatiently): Come on! (Alice comes forward and the two go up to the Mock Turtle.)

GRYPHON (in a breezy manner): This here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do. Mock Turtle (in a hollow tone): I'll tell it her. Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished.

(A long pause follows. Nobody says a word.)

ALICE (aside): I don't see how he can ever finish if he doesn't begin.

(Another silence.)

Mock Turtle (with a deep sigh, after an interval of sad meditation.) Once, I was a real Turtle.

(Again a long silence broken only by the Gryphon occasionally clearing his throat, by the Turtle's constant heavy sobbing, and by Alice fidgeting.)

Mock Turtle (resuming more calmly though still sobbing at intervals): When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise.

ALICE (interested): Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?

Mock Turtle (angrily): We called him Tortoise because he taught us; really you are very dull!

GRYPHON (bluntly): You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question!

(Both look at Alice, who feels much snubbed.)

GRYPHON (to Mock Turtle): Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!

Mock Turtle (getting out a clean pocket handkerchief): Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you may not believe it.

ALICE (interrupting): I never said I didn't.

Mock Turtle: You did.

GRYPHON (to Alice): Hold your tongue!

Mock Turtle: We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day.

ALICE: I've been to a day-school too; you needn't be so proud as that.

Mock Turtle (anxiously): With extras?

ALICE: Yes, we learned French and music.

Mock Turtle: And washing?

ALICE: Certainly not!

Mock Turtle (in a tone of relief): Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school. Now at ours they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, and washing—extra."

ALICE (practically): You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

Mock Turtle (with a sigh): I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

ALICE: What was that?

Mock Turtle: Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with; and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision.

ALICE: I never heard of Uglification. What is it?

GRYPHON (lifting both paws in surprise): Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose?

ALICE (doubtfully): Yes; it means—to make anything—prettier.

GRYPHON: Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton.

ALICE (turning her back on Gryphon and addressing Mock Turtle): What else had you to learn?

Mock Turtle: Well, there was mystery (counting off the subjects on his flappers): Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawing—the Drawing-master was an old Conger-eel, that used to come once a week; he taught us Drawing, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

ALICE: What was that like?

Mock Turtle: Well, I can't show you myself, I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.

GRYPHON: Hadn't time; I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old Crab, he was.

Mock Turtle (with a sigh): I never went to him. He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.

GRYPHON (sadly): So he did, so he did. (Heaves a sigh, and both he and Mock Turtle hide faces in their paws.)

ALICE (trying to change the subject): And how many times a day did you do lessons?

Mock Turtle: Ten hours the first day; nine the next, and so on.

ALICE: What a curious plan!

GRYPHON: That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

ALICE (after a careful calculation): Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?

Mock Turtle: Of course it was!

ALICE (eagerly): And how did you manage on the twelfth?

GRYPHON (decidedly): That's enough about lessons; tell her something about the games now.

Mock Turtle (with renewed sobs, waving a flapper at Alice): You may not have lived much under the sea—

ALICE (shaking her head): I haven't.

Mock Turtle:—And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—

ALICE: I once tasted—No, never!

Mock Turtle:—So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

ALICE: No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?

GRYPHON: Why, you just form into a line along the sea-shore.

Mock Turtle (excitedly): Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—

GRYPHON (interrupting): That generally takes some time.

Mock Turtle:—You advance twice (getting off his rock and waddling round Alice).

GRYPHON: Each with a lobster as a partner! (leaping about).

Mock Turtle: Of course; advance twice, set to partners—

GRYPHON: Change lobsters and retire in same order.

Mock Turtle: Then, you know, you throw the—

GRYPHON (excitedly bounding into the air): The lobsters!

Mock Turtle:—As far out to sea as you can—

GRYPHON (screaming): Swim after them!

Mock Turtle (capering wildly about): Turn a somersault into the sea!

GRYPHON (yelling at the top of his voice): Change lobsters again!

Mock Turtle: Back to land again (drops voice and sits down sadly and quietly, the Gryphon doing the same opposite him), and that's all the first figure.

ALICE (timidly): It must be a very pretty dance.

Mock Turtle: Would you like to see a little of it?

ALICE: Very much indeed.

Mock Turtle: Come, then, let's call in the lobsters and whittings—

GRYPHON (eagerly): And the porpoise!

Mock Turtle: Yes, the porpoise and the turtle. They must come too.

GRYPHON: And the snail! Don't forget the snail whatever you do.



## Two Scenes from ALICE IN WONDERLAND—continued.

MOCK TURTLE: Ah! the snail. The whittings will bring him.

GRYPHON: Look, here they come!  
(*Alice stands back in some alarm as a procession of turtles, lobsters, a whiting and a snail far behind the rest advances from L. back cornerwise to R. front.*)

MOCK TURTLE: That's right. Now, who shall sing?

GRYPHON: Oh, we'll both sing—and the lobsters and all the lot of them can join in too if they remember it. They may have forgotten the words. (*They sing and dance.*)

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a Whiting to a Snail (*for words and music see next page.*)

(*The Gryphon and Mock Turtle watch with great excitement, capering about in the background from time to time. Alice squeezes into a corner trying to dodge the dancers and not get in their way. The dance finished, the lobster, whiting and turtles return (R. back), the snail slowly crawling after them. Mock Turtle and Gryphon approach Alice panting, and the Mock Turtle fanning himself with his flappers.*)

GRYPHON: There! What do you think of that?

ALICE: Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch, and I do so like that curious song about the whiting! I never knew so much about a whiting before.

GRYPHON: I can tell you more than that, if you like. Do you know why it's called a whiting?

ALICE: I never thought about it. Why?

GRYPHON (*solemnly*): It does the boots and shoes!

ALICE (*puzzled*): Does the hoots and shoes?

GRYPHON: Why, what are your hoots and shoes done with? I mean, what makes them so shiny?

ALICE (*considering and looking down at her shoes*): They're done with hacking, I believe.

GRYPHON (*impressively*): Boots and shoes under the sea are done with whiting. Now you know.

ALICE (*with interest*): And what are they made of?

GRYPHON (*impatiently*): Soles and eels of course! Any shrimp could have told you that.

ALICE: If I'd been that whiting in the song, I'd have said to the porpoise, "Keep back, please, we don't want you with us!"

MOCK TURTLE (*who has been panting all this time and has only just recovered his breath*): They were obliged to have him with them. No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

ALICE: Wouldn't it really?

MOCK TURTLE: Of course not. Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, "With what porpoise?"

ALICE: Don't you mean "purpose"?

MOCK TURTLE (*in an offended tone*): I mean what I say.

GRYPHON: Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures.

ALICE (*diffidently*): I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning, but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.

MOCK TURTLE: Explain all that.

GRYPHON (*impatiently*): No, no! The adventures first. Explanations take such a dreadful time.

ALICE: I'm afraid I can't even tell you about my adventures without explaining.

GRYPHON (*interrupting*): Then don't tell them! (*To Mock Turtle*): Look here, shall we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille? (*to Alice*) or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?

ALICE (*eagerly*): Oh, a song please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind.

GRYPHON: H'm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her *Turtle Soup*, will you, old fellow?

MOCK TURTLE (*sighing deeply and with a sob*): I can't sing it, my voice is quite gone after my exertion. But I'll recite it if you like.

ALICE: Yes, please do.

MOCK TURTLE (*recites in a voice often stifled and broken with sobs*):

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,  
Waiting in a hot tureen!  
Who for such dainties would not stoop?  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!

Beau-ootiful Sou-ooop.

Beau-ootiful Sou-ooop.

Sou-ooop of the e-e-evening,

Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?

Who would not give all else for two-p

Ennyworth only of beautiful Soup.

Beau-ootiful Sou-ooop,

Beau-ootiful Sou-ooop.

Sou-ooop of the e-e-evening,

Beautiful, beautiful Soup.

GRYPHON (*who has been showing signs of impatience through the Mock Turtle's rather deliberate and melancholy recitation*): Yes, very nice, but I'm sure she (*nodding at Alice*) would rather finish up with something brighter. Let's get the lobsters back and give her the same figure of the Quadrille. We'll do it better still this time (*sings*)

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, will you, won't you join the dance?

(*As he sings the animals steal out from L. back and, coming forward as before, line up for dance.*)

(*Song and dance are repeated. Then animals exit, leaving Alice squeezed into a corner to be out of the way.*)

CURTAIN.

### DIRECTIONS FOR THE DANCE.

*The Dance is for any number. The "Creatures" might be seals, porpoises, turtles and fish.*

Throughout the dance "the creatures" should endeavour to move in as lifelike a way as possible; e.g., Seals should move gracefully, lobsters stiffly, turtles should waddle, etc.

The various movements of the figures should follow each other naturally and without any break or shuffling into places. Always dance from one position to the next. The whiting does not dance.

ABBREVIATIONS: L=Left, R=Right, C=Centre.

PIANO INTRODUCTION of 8 bars, during which the whiting and the snail enter. The snail crawls in on its face and drags itself along until it is slightly forward (C); the whiting stands quite forward (L).

The whiting sings verse 1 of the song, and the chorus begin to enter one behind the other at the words "See how eagerly." The lobsters enter (R) and line that side of the stage; "the creatures" enter (L) and line the left side of the stage. All sing the chorus facing the centre, swaying their heads and paws in a characteristic manner. At the words "join the dance" for the last time, they move into a wide circle round the snail (C).

Note.—"The creatures" should stand, each with a lobster (his partner) on his right hand. This is always the position unless directions are given to the contrary.

### DANCE.

#### Music.

- A. Bars 1-2. All advance 3 steps towards the centre, raising knees high and marking time with paws.  
" 3-4. All retire 3 steps in same manner still facing centre.  
" 5. Facing partners, all take a step to the right.  
" 6. A step to the left.  
" 7-8. Partners take both hands and turn each other 3 steps and change places.  
" 9-10. All face away from centre; take 3 steps out.  
" 11-12. With backs to centre, all step backwards 3 steps, facing partners on 2nd beat of bar 12.  
" 13. All a step to the right.  
" 14. A step to the left.  
" 15-16. Turn partners, holding both hands, so that all are back in original places (3 steps).

- B. Bar 1. One large step forward to right and first position.  
" 2. Bow.  
" 3. One large step forward to left and first position.  
" 4. Bow.  
" 5-8. Four steps (one to each bar), retiring from centre pointing scornfully at snail and turning heads towards partners.

During the second verse all stand in places, marking the time with paws. The snail starts creeping slowly forward throughout the verse and is quite in front and outside the circle by the beginning of the chorus "Would not, could not,"

when all advance towards him in two lines facing audience in a stalking manner and pointing (one crouching step to each bar) for the first line. In the second line all turn their backs and walk back to places (7 steps), and form two lines of couples on the last beat.

The front couple stand facing the audience and the others are ranged up in turn behind.

### DANCE (AFTER 2ND VERSE).

#### FIGURE II.

- A. Bar 1-2. All facing audience strut forward 3 steps holding right hands.  
" 3-4. Still facing audience all retreat in same manner.  
" 5-8. Partners take hands and turn each other (8 steps).  
" 9-10. Partners cross into each other's places (3 steps), passing left shoulders, and turn on the last beat facing each other.  
" 11-12. Back to places in similar manner.  
" 13. All a step to the right.  
" 14. A step to the left.  
" 15-16. All turn themselves round (not their partners) where they stand (4 steps).

- B. Bars 1-8. The top couple move outside second couple and, holding hands, make an arch over them, and pass in that way right down the line to the bottom. They are followed in the same way by the second couple, then the third, etc.

(The couples who are awaiting their turns move forward while the others are passing their arms over them.)

When the first couple get to the bottom they stoop and pass under the arms up the line to their places—again followed by all the other couples.

Note.—If the line is very short Part B may be danced twice.

During verse 3, all marking time move out into circle as at first. The snail listens until the word "France" and then steadily sets off round stage (R) to the back, and then off for rest of song.

At beginning of chorus all face towards snail and stretch imploring hands out to him, for first line. For second line gradually lower hands and, turning, face the centre, still in a circle.

### FIGURE III.

- A. Bars 1-6. "The creatures" move from their places (1 step a bar) round in a circle clockwise. The lobsters move in similar manner counter-clockwise, making their circle within that of "the creatures."  
" 7-8. The lobsters stand in the middle, back to back; "the creatures" move into places.  
" 9-10. "The creatures" advance (1 step a bar) towards lobsters, hands raised over heads, as if to pound on them.  
" 11-12. "The creatures" advance 2 more steps, and at the last moment the lobsters scuttle out under the raised arms and form the outside ring. "The creatures" turn back to back.  
" 13-16. "The creatures" move from the centre and advance as before on lobsters standing outside, who at last moment scuttle each BEHIND his partner.  
B. Bars 1-4. Each "creature" revolves in a circle round himself and tries to catch his partner, who dances behind him.  
" 5. One lobster dances into the middle.  
" 6-8. ALL close in on middle lobster and all seize hold of it and lift it right up in centre as high as possible.

If desired, all may proceed off stage in couples to a repetition of the dance music.

COSTUMES. These might be limited to the head of the required creature, cut out in brown paper or white paper painted (as in the case of the lobster). or, if desired, an imitative dress of the entire creature could be made.

# Song from ALICE IN WONDERLAND:

## "WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?"

Music by MARTIN SHAW.

*Moderately quick.* ♩. = 126.

*f*

Key A. SOLO (WHITING). *Sf* *mf*

1. "Will you walk a lit-tle fas-ter?" said a whit-ing to a snail, "There's a  
 2. "You can real-ly have no no-tion how de-light-ful it will be, When they  
 3. "What mat-ters it how far we go?" his sca-ly friend re-plied, "There

por-poise close be-hind us, and he's tread-ing on my tail. See how ea-ger-ly the  
 take us up and throw us, with the lob-sters out to sea!" But the snail re-plied, "Too  
 is an-oth-er shore, you know, up-on the oth-er side. The fur-ther off from

lob-sters and the tur-tles all ad-vance! They are wait-ing on the shin-gle-will you  
 far, too far!" and gave a look as-kance— Said he thank'd the whit-ing kind-ly, but he  
 En-gland, the near-er is to France, Then turn not pale, be-lov-ed snail, but



# "WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?"—continued.

## CHORUS.

come and join the dance?..... Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the  
would not join the dance..... Would not, could not, could not, would not join the  
come and join the dance?..... Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the

dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?.....  
dance. Would not, could not, would not, could not join the dance?.....  
dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?.....

(DANCE.)

## A

1 2 3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12

## B

13 14 15 16 *f* 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8

LAST TIME ONLY.

*D.C. dal §*

\* \* \* The following Unison Songs by Martin Shaw ought to find a place in every Christmas or New Year Concert: *The Christmas Song*, a most charming song, 2d. net, 3d. post free; *Ships of Yale*, for all ages, 3d. net, 4d. post free.

# "DAME GET UP AND BAKE YOUR PIES."

A Singing Game.

Music by TOM PIERCE COWLING.

Key G. *Twice.*

Dame, get up.....<sup>1</sup> and bake your pies, Bake your pies,<sup>2</sup>

bake your pies,<sup>3</sup> Dame, get up.....<sup>4</sup> and bake your pies,<sup>5</sup> It's Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.<sup>6</sup>

*tempo.*

A capital Christmas or concert game may be made of this, as follows:—Dress the Dame in short petticoats, red kerchief, cap and spectacles. She leans on a stick; children surround her. She may be sleeping as scene opens.

*Actions.*—1. Point to Dame. 2. Sing more emphatically. 3. Louder still; strike clenched fist of right hand upon open palm of left. 4. Hands together as if entreating. 5. Sing the last few words in a short, detached manner. 6. Sing this last line

merrily, keeping time to the rhythm by nodding head. The Dame may run from one to the other during the actions 2, 3, 4, etc., raising hands with a gesture of despair. At last she hobbles off grumbling.

## HORSE AND CART.

A Singing Game for Concert or School use.

Key D.

We'll buy a h rse and steal a gig, And all the world shall have a jig, And

we'll do all the best we can to push the bus'ness on, To push the bus'ness on, To

push the bus'ness on, And we'll do all the best we can to push the bus'ness on.

The players choose partners. Then all join hands to form a ring, the "gentlemen" standing on the "ladies'" left. The players dance round, singing:

"We'll buy a horse and steal a gig,  
And all the world shall have a jig,  
And we'll do all the best we can  
To push the business on."

Then follows the chorus:

"To push the business on."

(Partners turn towards each other and clasp hands.)

"To push the business on."  
(Partners stand back to back, and clasp hands with players next to them.)

"And we'll do all the best we can  
To push the business on."

(Partners clasp their right hands, and turn round about so that their positions are reversed, the gentleman being on the right of the lady. The gentlemen then take the ladies on their left as partners, and the game begins again, and continues until the players find themselves in their original position.)

## THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

(A recitation for junior boy or girl.)

In a dark little crack, half a yard from the ground,  
An honest old spider resided;  
So pleasant and snug and convenient 'twas found,  
That his friends came to see it from many miles round;

It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares and fatigues and distresses of life,  
This spider was thoroughly tired;  
So, leaving those scenes of distraction and strife  
(His children all settled), he came with his wife  
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,  
'Twould be easy for him to provide her,  
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,  
Where came, every morning, a maid and a broom,  
Those pitiless foes to a spider!

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall)  
The moment his web was completed,  
Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,  
And, perhaps, carried with it, web, spider and all,  
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,  
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-Leg Spinner)  
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try  
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,  
Just a bit of a relish for dinner!"

Directly he went, his long search to resume  
(For nothing he ever denied her),  
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom;  
Just then came the gentleman into the room,  
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor insect, in search of his pelf,  
In the cobweb continued to linger,  
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf,  
(For certain good reasons, best known to himself,  
Preferring his stick to his finger:)

Then presently poking him down to the floor,  
Nor stopping at all to consider,  
With one horrid crash the whole business was o'er,  
The poor little spider was heard of no more,  
To the lasting distress of his widow!

JANE TAYLOR.



# THE YULE LOGS.

An attractive Singing Game.

Two players are chosen as trees, and several to be woodmen. The rest join hands to form a circle, and march round singing the first verse. The trees stand in the centre of the ring, the woodmen outside :

" Yule logs are waiting, boys,  
In the forest old and grey;  
Come, come and fetch them home,  
Tra-la-la-la-lay."

The circle stops, and with actions continues the game as follows :—

" Snow, snow is falling fast ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(The players forming the ring imitate with raised hands.)

" Wind, wind is blowing strong ; Tra-la-, etc."

(Bodies swaying and hands waving.)

" Woodmen are coming now ; Tra-la-, etc." (Woodmen dance up.)

" Make, make a way for them ; Tra-la-, etc." (An opening is made in the ring.)

" Turn up your sleeves, my lads ; Tra-la-, etc." (Woodmen imitate the action.)

" Chop, chop away, my lads ; Tra-la-, etc." (Woodmen imitate the action.)

Key G.

Yule logs are wait - ing boys, In the for - est, old and grey,

Come, come and fetch them home, Tra - la - la - la lay.

" Yule trees are steady yet ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(The trees stand firm.)

" Trees, trees are shaking now ; Tra-la-, etc."

(The "trees" begin to sway.)

" Down fall the trees at last ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(The "trees" fall down.)

" Carry them off, my lads ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(The woodmen carry the trees off on their shoulders.)

" Make up the fire, my lads ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(They throw "fuel" on the trees, and the ring gathers round.)

" Blow, blow the fire up ;  
Tra-la-, etc."

(All pretend to blow the fire.)

" Warm, warm your hands, my lads ; Tra-la-, etc." (All warm their hands.)

" Dance round the blazing logs ; Tra-la-, etc."

(The ring re-forms, and dances round the logs.)

All rush to the centre, and shout " Hurrah ! " with hands waving in the air.

## GLEE: NOW WE ARE MET.

A Good Opening Item for a Programme.

Anon.

Arranged for Children's Voices.

Now we are met, let's mer - ry, mer - ry be, For one half - hour with mirth and glee,  
Now we are met, let's mer - ry, mer - ry be, For one half - hour... with mirth and glee,  
Now we are met, let's mer - ry, mer - ry be, For one half - hour with mirth and glee,  
To re - cre - ate our spi - rits now, Let's ban - ish dull care from ev - 'ry brow.  
To re - cre - ate our spi - rits now, Let's ban - ish dull care from ev - 'ry brow.  
To re - cre - ate our spi - rits now, Let's ban - ish dull care from ev - 'ry brow.

# OH! SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

Music by MARTIN SHAW.

Key A♭. In quick march time.

GIRL. BOY.

1. "Oh, sol - dier, sol - dier, won't you mar - ry me? With your mus - ket, fife and drum." "Ah,

FINE. CHORUS.

no, sweet, maid, I can - not mar - ry thee, For I have no shirt to put on." Then

up she went to her grand - fa - ther's chest, And brought him a shirt of the ve - ry, ve - ry best; She

brought him a shirt of the ve - ry, ve - ry best, And the sol - dier put it..... on. Now,

Dal  $\S$

Girl advances, quick march, during first four bars. Boy retires, quick march, during next four bars. Chorus, dancing while singing, during remaining eight bars. "Then Up She Went," etc. Chorus is placed behind boy, advancing and retiring with him.

2nd verse—"Stockings" ..... "pair"  
 3rd verse—"Boots" ..... "pair"  
 4th verse—"Breeches" ..... "pair"  
 5th verse—"Vest" ..... "vest"

6th verse—"Coat" ..... "coat"  
 7th verse—"Hat" ..... "hat"  
 Last verse—"For I've got a wife of my own." (Screams).  
 Last Chorus—And that's why the soldier cannot marry me,  
 With his musket, fife and drum.  
 Yes, that's why the soldier cannot marry me  
 For he's got a wife of his own.

From "Songtime," by Percy Dearmer and Martin Shaw, by kind permission of Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.



# THE FOX.

Words Traditional.

Tune Traditional :  
Arranged by E. M. G. REED

Key G.

4. He | seized the black duck | by the neck,  
And | swung him right a- | cross his back,  
The | black duck cried out | "Quack, quack, quack!"  
With his | legs hanging down-oh, | etc.

5. | Old Mother Slipper Slopper | jumped out of bed,  
And | out of the window she | poked her head, |  
"John, John! | The grey goose is gone,  
And the | fox has run off to his | den oh, etc.

6. So | John got up and he | went to the hill,  
And he | blew a blast both | loud and shrill,  
Said the | Fox, "Tis very pretty | music—still  
I'd | rather be in my | den-oh, etc.

7. At | last the Fox ar- | rived at his den,  
Where were | all the little foxes | —eight, nine, ten,  
Said | he, "You're in luck, here's a | fine, fat duck,  
With it's | legs hanging down-oh, | down-oh, etc.

8. So | he sat down with bis | hungry wife,  
And they | did very well without | fork or knife,  
They | never ate a better meal in | all their life,  
And the | little ones picked the | bones-oh ! etc.

The small notes in the second and third lines of the music, can, if desired, be sung in addition to the upper notes, but this second part is quite optional.

## HINTS ON ORGANISING AN ENTERTAINMENT.

Boys and girls can organize an entertainment from this book with very little, if any, help from their elders. At the end of the book are given a number of specimen programmes, among which is one which can be carried out entirely by children. A few hints, however, may be useful.

1. Consider who your audience is going to be, and what things they will specially like.
2. Make your programme varied.
3. Let your programme err on the short side rather than the long. Have a number of short items rather than three or four long ones. Let your audience go away saying how quickly the evening has passed and that they wish the programme had been longer. Then they will want to come again.

4. Arrange your programme with consideration for the needs of your performers—for instance, let an item for which several people have to dress up be preceded by one using other performers, so as to give the former time to change without hurry.

5. Avoid long pauses in the programme. Each item should follow quickly after the next.

6. If possible, make one central feature in the programme, and have an effective item to end with.

# AS I RODE OUT THIS ENDERES' NIGHT.

Carol for Christmas.

Words, Traditional.

Music by PERCY A. WHITEHEAD.

Key F. *Cheerfully, but not too fast.*

1. As I rode out this en - deres' night, Of three jol - ly shep - herds I  
2. Down from heav'n, from heav'n so high, Of an - gels there came a great

saw a... sight, And all a-bout their fold a star shone bright;..... } They sang ter - ly ter - low, ter -  
com - pan - y, With mirth and joy and great sol - em - ni - ty,..... }

ly ter - low; So mer - ri - ly the Shepherds their pipes do blow, their pipes do blow.

## ROUND : THE COOKS OF COLEBROOK.

An Amusing Item for Children or Adults.

There were three cooks in Colebrook, And they fell out with our cook, And all was for a pudding he took, And from the cook of Colebrook.

It was "Here, Cook!" and "There, Cook," "A blow fair and square, Cook," And all was for... a pudding he took, And from the cook of Colebrook.

They all set up on our cook, And mumbled him so that he did look as black as the pudding which that he took, And from the cook of Colebrook.



# MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN.

Music by THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

*Slowly and reverently.* Doh is F.

VOICE. *p* : m | f : m | r : m | d : — | r : r | m : d | s : f | m | r : — |

Mat-thew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on;

PIANO. *p*

m : | f : m | l : s | f : — | r : — | m : r | s : f | m : — | d : — d | r : r | m : r | d : d |

Four cor-ners to my bed, Four an-gels round my head; One to watch, and one to pray, And

*poco rit.* l : — l | s : d | r : — m | r : — *a tempo.* m : m | f : m | r : m | s : — | ta : l | s : f | r : — d | d : — ||

two to bear my soul a-way. Mat-thew, Mark Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on!

*poco rit.* *pp a tempo.*

## A French Song for Unaccompanied Singing.

### ROUND : LE COUCOU.

Key A $\flat$ .

1<sup>st</sup> | d . d : d : m | d : d : m | r . r : r : m | d : — s : | d . d : d : m | d . d : d : m | r . r : r : m | d : — \* ||

Là bas dans la fou-gè-re Le cou-cou a chan-té, Re-veillez toi ber-gè-re Le cou-cou a chan-té,  
Down yon-der in the wood-land The cuck-oo sings to-day, A-waken thou fair shepherdess The cuck-oo sings al-way.

| s | m : — s | m : — s | f . f : f : s | m : — s | m : — s | m : — s | f . f : f : s | m : — ||

Cou-cou, cou-cou, Le cou-cou a chan-té, Cou-cou, cou-cou, Le cou-cou a chan-té.  
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, The cuck-oo he doth sing, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, He be-ralds in the Spring.

\* The second voice entire when the first voice has reached the point marked with an asterisk.

# ROBIN IN THE WINTER.

## A Two-part Song.

Words TRADITIONAL.

Music by GEOFFREY SHAW.

Key C. *Gently, and not too fast.*

1ST TREBLE.

*mp*

When the snow is on..... the ground, Lit-tle Rob - in

When the snow is on the ground, Lit-tle Rob - in

*mp*

Red - breast grieves; For no ber - ries can.... be found, And on the trees,..... on the trees.....

Red - breast grieves; For no ber - ries can be found, And on the trees,..... on the

..... there are no leaves,..... The air is cold, the worms are hid, For

trees there are no leaves,..... The air..... is cold, the worms are hid, For

*mp*



## ROBIN IN THE WINTER—Continued.

this poor bird what can be done? We'll strew him here some crumbs... of bread, And  
 this.... poor bird.... what can.... be done? We'll strew... him here.... some crumbs of bread,  
 then... he'll live..... till the snow..... till the snow is gone.....  
 And then... he'll live..... till the snow, he'll live till the snow is gone.....

This song is published separately, price 4d. net. Another tuneful song by GEOFFREY SHAW is "Merry are the Bells," also published separately, price 4d. net. (EVANS BROTHERS, LTD.)

## SHORT RECITATIONS FOR SENIORS.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
 But at Christmas it always is young.  
 The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
 And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
 When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old Earth, it is coming to-night!  
 On the snowflakes that covered thy sod  
 The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,  
 And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out  
 That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
 The voice of the Christ-Child shall fall;  
 And to every blind wanderer open the door  
 Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
 With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
 Where the feet of the holiest have trod.  
 This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
 When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed  
 That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(In "The National Instructor and Primary Plans.")

### ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel, writing in a book of gold  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" asked About. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the Angel. About spoke more low,  
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray you, then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."  
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
 It came again with a great awakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

### THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

The man who knows, and knows that he knows,  
 Will do very well in the world,  
 For he'll spread his sail when a fair wind blows,  
 And furl when it should be furled.  
 There's work and gold, and a time of repose,  
 For the man who knows, and knows that he knows.

And again, the man who does not know,  
 But knows that he does not know,  
 Will do very fairly, steady and straight,  
 In the road where the plodders go.  
 Life isn't too hard a row to hoe  
 For the man who knows that he does not know.

But alack! and alas! for the ignorant wight  
 Who is bound to stumble and fall,  
 Who does not know that he does not know:  
 He will never get on at all.  
 For him there's a crust, and the oldest clo'  
 'Cause he does not know that he does not know.

# CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

13TH CENTURY CAROL.

Arranged by E. M. G. REED.

1st SOPRANO. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day, Weave the hol - ly, twine the bay, Christ - us na - tus

2nd SOPRANO. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day, Weave the hol - ly, twine the bay, Christ - us na - tus

ALTO. Christ was born..... on Christ - mas Day,..... Christ - us na - tus

ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, The Ho - ly One of Ma - ry, He is born to

ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, The Ho - ly One of Ma - ry, He is born to

ho - di - e, The Babe,..... The Ho - ly One of Ma - ry, He is born to

set us free,..... He is born our King to be. Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for

set us free, He is born our King to be. Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for

set us free, He is born our King to be..... Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for

ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for ev - er.

ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for ev - er.

ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord, by all a - dored for ev - er.

\*2. God hath taken man's estate,  
[Banished is all fear and hate.]  
Christus natus hodie.  
The Babe, [the Son], the Holy One of Mary.  
Opened is the gate of life,  
Fled are sorrow, pain and strife,  
Christ the Lord, by all adored for ever.  
Hallelujah! Christ the Lord by all adored for ever.

3. Let the hright red herries glow,  
[Everywhere in goodly show.]  
Christus natus hodie,  
The Babe, [the Son], the Holy One of Mary.  
Christian men, rejoice and sing,  
'Tis the Birthday of a King.  
Christ the Lord, by all adored for ever,  
Hallelujah! Christ the Lord by all adored for ever.

\* NOTE.—The words placed in square brackets are omitted by the Altos.

## THE OLD COUPLE.—ACTIONS.

For entertainment purposes this song can be performed very effectively with action.

Two of the children, dressed as the old man and old woman, stand at the front of the platform, the chorus in a semicircle a little way behind them.

VERSE 1. At the words "Without a door," both man and woman shiver, and woman looks round to see if there is any place where she can get out of the draught.

VERSE 2. The old man goes out (off the stage), the old woman trying to detain him, as she is afraid to be left. There should be a short pause between verse 2 and verse 3 to give the man time to go and return.

VERSE 3. This is sung by the woman, very reproachfully, till the last line, which is sung by the man (the chorus singing the last two words, "said he.")

VERSE 4. The woman also sings this verse, pointing back corner of stage at the words "yonder tree."

VERSE 5. This is sung by the chorus again. The man hurries off in the direction she indicates, to do as she wishes, and fetch "the apple from yonder tree." She waits a moment, then stealthily follows. A crash is heard, and a groan at the words, "She pulled down the ladder and down came he!"

She puts her head round corner of screen to remark in a self-satisfied manner, "That's very well done!" twice over, nodding her head. The chorus, as before, put in the words, "said she," perhaps pointing at her in a scandalised manner, shaking their heads solemnly over her revengeful behaviour.



# THE OLD COUPLE.

1. There was an old cou-ple and they were poor, Oh, oh, oh, oh!..... There was an old cou-ple and they were poor, They  
 2. The old.... man he..... went out one day, Oh, oh, oh, oh!..... The old.... man he..... went out one day, The  
 3. Oh, I've.... heen ill.....since you've heen gone, Oh, oh, oh, oh!..... Oh, I've.... been ill.....since you've heen gone, If you'd

liv'd in a house with-out a door, For a ve-ry poor cou-ple were they, For a ve-ry poor cou-ple were they. ....  
 poor old woman was a - fraid to stay, For a ve-ry weak woman was she, For a ve-ry weak woman was she.....  
 heen in the house you'd have heard me groan, "I'm.... sor-ry for that," said he, "I'm.... sor-ry for that," said he.....

4. "There's | one thing I re- | quest of thee, |  
 Oh, oh, oh, | oh!  
 There's | one thing I re- | quest of thee  
 To | bring me an apple from | yonder tree. |  
 For a | very fine apple is | he,  
 For a | very fine apple is | he.

5. The | old man he climb'd | up the tree, |  
 Oh, oh, oh, | oh!  
 The | old man he climb'd | up the tree,  
 She | pulled down the ladder and | down came he, |  
 "That's | very well done!" said | she,  
 "That's | very well done!" said | she.

## MOLLY'S WISH.

### ACT I.—SCENE I.

MOLLY (*washing dishes*): I bate washing-up. I'm sure no other little girls bave to work so bard as I bave. Why, every morning after breakfast mother says: "Now, Molly, be a good girlie, wasb up the disbes for me." And after dinner and tea she says the same thing. I'm sure I don't know what mother would do if she hadn't me. I wonder if mothers ever do any work at all? Fairies don't bave such things to do, I know. They just play all day and wear pretty clothes. I wish I were a fairy. (*Mournfully.*) (*Enter fairies.*)

FIRST FAIRY: We bave beard your words, Molly, and bave come with a message to you from our king and queen.

MOLLY (*eagerly*): Oh, tell me quickly! What is the message?

SECOND FAIRY: Our king and queen bave said that we need some more fairies to join our ranks, as some of our old companions bave deserted us and gone back to their bomes. We should be very pleased to welcome you amongst us if you would like to come and lead our life.

THIRD FAIRY: We can quite understand that you do not like working at bome. Nobody likes "washing-up."

MOLLY (*clasping hands delightedly*): I should love to come and be a fairy with you. When can I come?

FOURTH FAIRY: You can come now if you like, for you bave no need to trouble about dresses. Our queen will give you the prettiest frock you ever saw.

MOLLY (*flinging down tea-towel*): Then I will come with you at once. (*Waving hand*) Good-bye all you cups and plates. I shall never see you again. (*Fairies form semicircle round her and trip out. Exit Molly with fairies.*)

### ACT I.—SCENE II.: THE FOREST.

(*Lights low. King and Queen seated on Throne. Any number of fairies gathered round.*)

QUEEN (*turns to door L. and calls*): Bring your new-found friend to our court that we may see her. (*Enter fairy, Molly following.*)

FAIRY (*bows to King and Queen*): She is here, Madam. (*Molly steps forward and bows.*)

QUEEN (*to Molly*): Are you quite sure that you would like to be a fairy, because we do not want any fairies to join us if they intend to leave us after a few weeks?

MOLLY: Quite sure, your Majesty.

QUEEN: Then come nearer to our throne (*Molly kneels and kisses Queen's right hand.*)

KING (*to Queen*): I think we may accept her, for it is plainly to be seen she bates bousework as all true fairies should.

QUEEN (*turning to fairy who introduced Molly*): Give her a wand. (*Rises. King also rises.*)

KING: We welcome you amongst us, and bope you will have a bappy time here.

MOLLY: I thank you with all my heart.

(*Exeunt King, Queen, and fairies, leaving Molly alone.*)

MOLLY: How strange and still it is in the forest. Everything feels so funny, so different from things at bome. I wonder how mother and father and sister Dora are getting on without me. I bave such a queer feeling inside me when I think of home; perhaps it is because I bave eaten some of the fairies' cake. I don't— (*Enter Queen.*)

QUEEN (*severely*): I am afraid you bave a lot to learn before you become a real fairy. Do you not know that you should always bow to your Queen?

MOLLY (*humbly*): I am very sorry, I did not know.

QUEEN: Well, I forgive you this time. Now, listen to me. You bave several duties to perform to-day. You must ask the other fairies to tell you your work, and as soon as you know your tasks you must set about doing them. (*Exit Queen.*)

MOLLY: Dear-a-me! I never had to bow to my mother, but I suppose I must do as the Queen tells me, or they won't bave me for a fairy. I wonder if mother feels very lonely—hut no! I will not think such things, and I do like being a fairy.

### ACT II.—SCENE I.: THE FOREST.

(*Enter King and Queen followed by Molly and fairies. Molly dressed as fairy now.*)

QUEEN (*to Molly*): Still another fairy bas deserted us. What shall we do if this sort of thing goes on? You will have to find us another fairy as you are the latest arrival.

KING: Yes, you cannot begin your new duties too early.

MOLLY: Must the new fairy be old or young?

KING: We want a young fairy, and a pretty one, too, as she will bave to paint the flowers. Now, go at once!

MOLLY: Oh, please, may I wait until to-morrow? I am so tired.

QUEEN (*angrily*): You are a lazy girl, and shall bave extra tasks for your laziness.

(*Queen waves wand. All depart save Molly, King, and Queen.*)

KING (*to Molly*): I am afraid you are not pleasing our Queen. You are very lazy, and unless you alter you cannot be a fairy any longer.

MOLLY (*aside*): I wish I were a little girl again. I am so sleepy.

QUEEN: See, here is a piece of pink ribbon. Take it, and when you bave left the forest wave your wand, and you shall be carried right away from here to a place where there are many bouses. You must peep through the windows of these bouses, and wherever you see a ribbon on the kitchen table which is like this, you will know there lives the new fairy. (*Queen hands ribbon, waves wand. Molly bows and retires.*)

### ACT II.—SCENE I.I: MOLLY'S HOME.

(*Enter Molly. No one else in room. Sees pink ribbon on table. Starts back in dismay.*)

MOLLY: Why, this is the bouse where I bave to choose a fairy, and it is my own home. Oh, dear! Mother will be so lonely if Dora is taken away from her too. How nice everywhere looks. I will just lie down here and rest for a few minutes before any one comes. (*Lies down and goes to sleep. Enter fairies, led by King and Queen.*)

QUEEN: Ah, here she is. I thought we should find her here. She was not fit to be a fairy. Lazy girl. See, we will take off her fairy robes. Come, take away this wand and her jewels; she will not wake yet. (*Fairies advance and softly remove dress.*)

QUEEN (*crossing to Molly*): In one moment awake, and be a girl again.

(*Picks up ribbon, waves wand. Exeunt.*)

MOLLY (*yawns, rises*): Oh, dear, I bave had the strangest dream. I thought I was a fairy, and had such a lot of work to do. I didn't like it at all. How glad I am it was all a dream. I should hate to be a fairy. I would much rather be myself and help father and mother. Washing dishes is great fun, and I wouldn't be a fairy for anything. I'd better hurry and finish those disbes I was washing before I fell asleep.

"Molly's Wish" is published separately (with music for two songs for those who wish to include songs), price 4d. net; 5d. post free (EVANS BROS., LTD.)



# Our Black Brothers

A Farical Sketch,  
with  
"Aboriginal" Music.



By E. M. G. Reed,

Author of  
"The Emergency Band,"  
an intensely humorous  
Play based on home-  
made apparatus.

Price: 9d. net;  
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## CHARACTERS.

MR. JOHNSON. PETER.  
BEN. WILLIAM.  
BERTIE. JOHN.

## SCENE I.

(Curtain rises, disclosing Mr. Johnson attempting to teach an action song to a row of boys, who are ranged up in a straight line in following order from left to right—Bertie, Peter, Ben, William, John. All boys look very solemn and stiff.)

MR. J.: Now, boys, sing, "See the birdies fly away," and remember the actions. At "See," all point upward with the right hand at the trees—

BEN (looking up and round him): Please, sir, where are the trees?

MR. J. (sharply): You've got to imagine them, of course.

BEN: Oh, yes, sir; I see.

MR. J.: Now, ready!

Boys:

### Key G.

{ d : d | m : m }  
{"See the bird - ies— }

(As they sing "See," Bertie and John lunge to L. and R. respectively, pointing upwards with fist. William points stiffly straight ahead. Peter spreads fingers of right hand upwards towards L. corner. Ben turns his back on the rest, and points upwards to back of stage.)

MR. J. (tapping stick and interrupting song): What are you doing? Bertie and John, you look as if you are trying to shoot the birds! William, you're as stiff as a waxwork. Ben, why are you turning your back on the audience and pointing to the back of the stage?

BEN (turning his head, but keeping his pointing hand fixed): The trees are over there, sir.

TEACHER: What nonsense are you talking?

BEN (dropping his hand, turning round, and speaking in an injured voice): Well, you told us just now we'd got to imagine the trees, and now, when I imagine them, you say it's all nonsense!

MR. J.: But you can't have your trees at the back of the stage!

BEN: But you can't have them in the middle of the audience!

MR. J.: Oh, you boys are hopeless! Try the next bit, and see if you can do that any better. (Boys resume their former attitude). "See the birdies fly away." Now make them fly away. First point upwards to the right for the trees, and then spread your arms as a bird would its wings.

Boys:

{ d : d | m : m | s.l : s.f | m : — }  
{"See the bird - ies | fly a - way, }

(At the words "fly away," Peter swings arms vigorously, and knocks Bertie on the head. Bertie claps his hands to his head with a howl. The other

three boys are meanwhile energetically flapping their arms up and down to represent the birds flying away, and getting much entangled with each other in the process.)

MR. J. (storming): Stop, stop! You boys are enough to drive one crazy! You've no idea of acting or of singing either. No English boys have. They are all as dull and stupid as can be! I wish I'd got a party of African boys instead of English to teach. They can sing, if you like—and act, too!

BEN (aside to Peter): Bother his African boys! He's always talking about them!

PETER (nodding): Yes, he's been dotty over them ever since he saw those nigger chaps who sang at the Coliseum.

MR. J.: Peter, why are you talking? And Ben? You English boys are all inattentive. No wonder you can't do anything! If you were Kaffirs, now—

JOHN: Please, sir, what are Kaffirs?

TEACHER: A race that lives in Central and East Africa.

JOHN: Oh, they're blacks, too, then!

MR. J.: They are a most gifted people—dramatically and musically. I wish I could say the same of the boys I have to teach. (Hesitates). Now, try this verse of the song right through once, and see if you can do it any better. If not—Come, now!

{ d : d | m : m | s.l : s.f | m : — }  
{"See the bird - ies | fly a - way, }

{ r : r | m : — | r : r | m : — }  
{"Big and small, | One and all; }

{ l : l | s : s | f.s : f.m | r : — }  
{"Bird-ies, bird - ies, | with us stay, }

{ r : r | m : — | r : r | d : — }  
{"On yon tree, | Sing to me. }

(Boys go through stiff actions. First line as before directed. At words "Big and small," spread arms wide, and then close them in. "One and all," count on fingers for "one." Hold up all ten fingers for "all." "Birdies with us stay," beckon towards trees. "On yon tree," pointing to tree. Actions are awkwardly performed, the boys elbowing each other and getting in each other's way while doing them.)

MR. J. (throwing down stick): It's no good! Very well, your own stupidity has decided the matter. Your item will be omitted from the entertainment. I must find something else to take its place, even though it's at the last moment. (Turns and walks rapidly out of the room. Directly he has gone the boys begin leaping about to relieve their feelings, and then form into a group, Ben and Peter sitting on the floor, and the rest standing.)

BEN: Hooray! Three cheers!

BERTIE: Bah! Fancy our having to sing that stuff about "birdies" at the entertainment! We're jolly well out of it.

JOHN: But are we really stupider than African boys?

WILLIAM: Of course we're not! I should like to show him what we could do when we tried.

BERTIE (disgustedly): Him and his African boys! One gets sick of hearing about them.

BEN (suddenly turning to William): I say, what's to prevent our showing him we can beat his old nigger kids?

WILLIAM: How can we?

BEN (springing up): I'll tell you how. We'll black ourselves.

ALL THE REST: Black ourselves!

PETER: He'd guess at once!

BERTIE: What a joke! But he'd know us when we began to talk.

BEN: Of course he would if you talked English!

WILLIAM: If! What else could we talk?

BEN (solemnly and impressively): We've got to talk African!

ALL THE REST: What!!

BEN: It's all right. He doesn't know African, and he's often told us there are tons of different languages in Africa. We'll be—with a flourish of his arm—we'll be one of the remote aboriginal cannibal tribes!

ALL THE REST (admiringly): Oh!

BEN: Yes, we will; and we'll speak a very remote language that no one else understands.

BERTIE: Oh, rather!

(All begin practising making remote aboriginal sounds.)

BEN: Look here! Stop it! We've got to provide an entertainment, you know.

WILLIAM: How are we going to do that?

PETER (in a melancholy voice): I'm sure I could never entertain anybody.

BEN (encouragingly): You wait till you're black—you'll see!

JOHN: I'd love to be black. Do you do it with ink or coal? (Starts rubbing his inky fingers on his face to blacken it.)

WILLIAM: But who are we going to entertain?

BEN: The same people we were going to sing that idiotic little action song to.

PETER: But it's no use trying to get Mr. Johnson to take us on.

BEN: Don't you be so sure of that! I've got a plan.

THE REST (eagerly): What is it?

BEN: Wouldn't you like to know? Well, it's a dead secret—such a dead secret that I daren't say it out loud. (Whispers busily to the group. All exclaim in delight.)

BERTIE: What a lark!

PETER: But, Ben, he said we could none of us act.

BEN (scornfully): As if we were going to waste our acting on a silly song about birdies! Of course we can act!

JOHN: And he said we couldn't sing either.

BEN: We can, though; and when he believes we're niggers, you bet he'll think it's the most beautiful singing in the world. Only wait till he hears our native melodies with native words—oh, I say! (Sits down on the floor and collapses in a fit of laughter,



## OUR BLACK BROTHERS—continued.

the others joining in, all except Peter and William, who still appear to be considering the situation).

WILLIAM: What's the name of our tribe?

BERTIE: I know. Punky-wunky!

PETER: It isn't grand enough.

BEN: It's very remote and aboriginal.

JOHN (with satisfaction): And cannibal.

PETER: But what about clothes?

BEN: Oh, aborigines dress in doormats and things. It doesn't matter as long as it has a fringe.

WILLIAM: There's an antimacassar on our sofa at home.

BEN: That'll do.

BERTIE: We've got some towels at home with fringes and red borders.

BEN: All right. Bring them along.

JOHN: Mother's got an old skirt, and that's nearly all fringe.

BEN: Well, I'll tell you what. We'd better go along now and see what costumes we can rake up, and then we'll have to see about rehearsing. Coming, all of you? (Exit all, excitedly.)

### SCENE II.

(The concert platform, fifteen minutes before the entertainment is to start. Curtain rising shows Mr. Johnson on stage, arranging two or three chairs and a few plants in pots, except for which stage is empty. Enter Servant.)

SERVANT: Someone to see you, sir.

MR. J.: Who is it?

SERVANT: It's some wretched little nigger-boy, sir. I told him you were very busy, but he said he must see you.

MR. J.: Dear me—a negro! Bring him in, will you, Mary?

(Exit Mary, reappearing to usher in Ben, with blackened face, and dressed in an artistically draped window curtain and sash (or shawl) of bright colours. Exit Mary.)

MR. J.: Who are you, my boy?

BEN: Jah, jah, yah! Me Tchutoopin.

MR. J.: Tchutoopin—a curious name. And where do you come from?

BEN: Jah, jah, yah! Me coom Gartsinoia.

MR. J.: Really? I don't think I ever heard of that place before? Where is it?

BEN (shaking his head and looking blank): Kooti, kooti. No und'stan' moch Englis'.

MR. J.: But you have been in England some time?

BEN (intelligently): Glug, glug tiki

MR. J.: Do you hy any chance belong to the party of boy African singers that is touring the country just now?

BEN (nodding): Jah! Jah! Yah! Me am. Me hear you give consit dis night. Me sing for you' consit. Kooti, kooti glug, jum jum!

MR. J.: Indeed! You will sing for me? I should be delighted. But, tell me, what race do you belong to? How should I announce you?

BEN (having forgotten the name of his tribe, looks blank): Jah, jah, yah! Me no und'stan' moch Englis'.

MR. J.: Well, will it do if I say the boy African singers from Gartsinoia?

BEN: Gluti, gluti. Him do nice.

MR. J.: But where are the rest of the singers? How many are there of them?

BEN: Jum jum. Dey ver' near. I fetches dem.

MR. J.: What form does your entertainment take? Will you sing a song, or what?

BEN (nodding): Jum, jum. Sing bootiful song.

MR. J.: May I announce the song?

BEN: Gluti gluti, jum jum, kuki rori tum tum.

MR. J.: Is that its name?

BEN: She got no name.

MR. J.: What is the language you speak? A most curious dialect!

BEN: Jah, jah, yah. De Englis' say it "aboriginal." No Englis' man know it. Glug glug, kooti.

MR. J.: It seems so strangely limited in its vocabulary, and unlike most native dialects with which I am acquainted it has no clicks.

BEN: Tchahtchngtchooti! Him got plenty click. Tchikitchikitchupchi.

MR. J.: Most interesting! Well, it is almost time for the performance to begin, so if you and your party will sing we shall be greatly indebted to you.

BEN: Jah, jah, yah. Oder boys dey emp'y inside. Had no sup sup. Glug glug, tching.

MR. J.: Oh, tell them I shall be delighted to give them some refreshments. Will they open the programme? and then they can go behind the scenes and have something to eat.

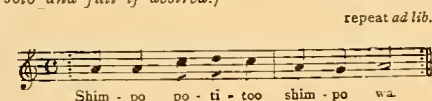
(Ben nods and exits. Mr. Johnson goes with him behind stage. Re-enter Mr. Johnson after short interval, and bows to audience.)

MR. J.: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am glad to see such a large gathering here to-night. I have the pleasure—the unexpected pleasure—of announcing to you a unique feature of this evening's programme. You are to have the pleasure of listening to the celebrated African boy singers from—(refers to paper in his hand)—Gartsinoia. The leader of this party is a boy himself—Tchutoopin. The way this lad speaks and understands English after apparently only a brief stay in this country is quite remarkable. It is a sure indication that, although the African hoy comes, as in this case, from a remote and so-called uncivilized part of that vast country, he is yet, in general intelligence, vastly superior to his white brother in England. I will now vacate the platform in favour of these wonderful boy artists, who, I understand, will sing you one or more of their own native melodies.

(Bows and exit at left side. Enter at left Ben, William, Peter, Bertie, John, etc., and arrange themselves along platform in following order (from right) William, John, Ben, Peter, Bertie. They are all blacked, and are dressed in antimacassars, towels, red workmen's handkerchiefs, dusters, table centres, small table cloths, rugs, window curtains, etc., according to taste. Those with light hair wear tight-fitting caps or possibly tea-cosies on their heads to conceal hair. They carry in their hands rattles and tambourines, which they shake when they sing, and Ben carries a wooden bowl, which he knocks with a piece of hard stick at intervals during the subsequent singing. Boys bow. Mr. J. enters below stage and sits in front among audience.)

BEN (addressing the public): Jah, jah, yah, tchuk tchuk gluti, glug glug glug. (Audience should here applaud. Ben bows in acknowledgment, and continues.) Dis first song, he am a washin' song what de woomans do sing when she washes de clos of de pore nigger.

(They sing. A phrase can be taken alternately solo and full if desired.)



BEN: Jum, jum, tchah, tchuki. De boys now sing de secon' song.

MR. J. (rising): May I ask its name, and the circumstances in which this song is employed? (Half turning to audience.) I am sure it would be of the deepest interest to the audience to know the environment of these delightful songs on their native heath, and the uses to which they are put by one of the most intensely musical peoples in the whole world.

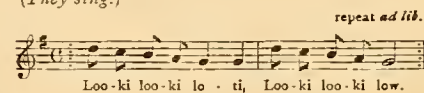
BEN: Klookoti jum jum, tchah, tchah, tchah. Chooketi chooketi glug glug! Me no und'stan' moch Englis'. De hoys now sing de secon' song.

(They sing.)



BEN: Jah, jah, yah! De t'ird song he is song to sen' hahhy sleep, glooti, glooti chum toki.

(They sing.)



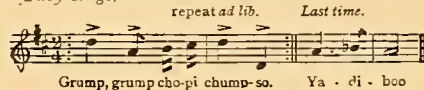
MR. J. (rising): If I may ask our young friends a question, how is it that such a vigorous song is used for a lullaby?

BEN: Jah, jah, yah! Him hahhy, he no sleep. He got be shook. Mudder gets tired shakin' hahhy widout song to help her. So she sing and shake hahhy all de time. Glug, glug.

MR. J.: Extremely interesting these native customs. Thank you very much. (Turns to audience.) As I am on my feet I should like to draw your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to the wonderful purity of tone in the African singing—so unlike the husky, hoarse quality of our English boys—(looks up and sees boys waiting to sing next song). Oh, pardon me, there is another song still to come. I thought the performance was finished. (Resumes seat.)

BEN: Jah, jah, yah! De las' song, he is Cannibal war song—what dey sings when dey runs out to find de next day's dinner. Glug, glug. Always dey sing song. De las' hit of de song what is not like de rest, him dey sings when dey found de dinner. Khuti chow chumpso!

(They sing.)



(After last song boys bow and turn to retire amid applause. In doing so Peter steps on his rug or sheet and falls, pulling it from his shoulders and showing beneath a waistcoat and knickers surmounted by white neck and black face. His shirt-sleeves, which are rolled up, display white arms from wrist upwards. Bertie following closely behind, falls over him, and comes undressed too as he sprawls on top of Peter. William stands helpless and horror-struck. Ben, however, seizes hold of Bertie and lugs him to his feet, Ben's own garments being disordered in the process. Bertie with great presence of mind starts talking gibberish, but Ben faces the audience and shouts.)

BEN: Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have given you a first-rate show, and have shown you that English boys can be as entertaining as blacks. Now we'll sing you the first verse of "Rule Britannia," and perhaps you'll all join us in singing the chorus.

(Hurried exit of Mr. J. Boys sing, all joining in chorus.)

(CURTAIN.)

NOTES.—(1) The "aboriginal" dialect will not be found difficult. The i vowel should always be pronounced short as in the word "pin."

(2) "God Save the King" can be substituted for "Rule Britannia" if desired. Then the words "in singing the chorus" will be omitted.

## A "ZOOLOGICAL" PROGRAMME.

A "Zoological" programme for the Little Ones is a new and attractive item and can be arranged from this Concert Book as follows:

SONG: The Fox

RECITATIONS: The Cow and the Ass

The Little Red Hen

ACTION SONG: Horse and Cart

TWO-PART SONG: Robin in the Winter

RECITATIONS: The Spider and his Wife

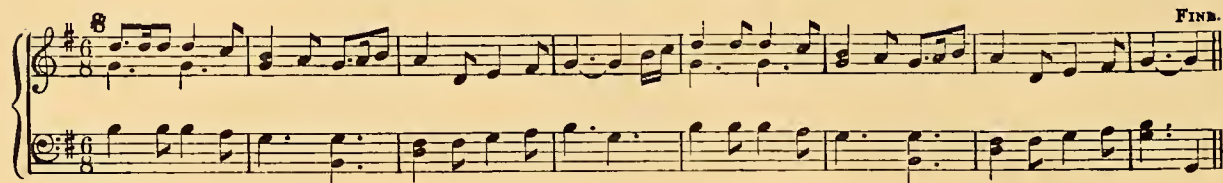
The Mountain and the Squirrel

PLAYLET: Alice and the Caterpillar



# TWO OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY DANCES.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.



## GREEN SLEEVES.



## GREEN SLEEVES OR PUDDING AND PIES.

(Dance adapted and simplified from *The Compleat Country Dancing Master*.)

For 4, 8, or 12, etc., dancers. Dancers stand facing each other as shown. Boys are indicated by a B, Girls by a G.

B	B	B	B
V	V	V	V
^	^	^	^
G	G	G	G

### First Section of Tune.

Top couple change places with 2nd. 1st G and 1st B turning down and going outside 2nd G and 2nd B, the 2nd G and 2nd B turning up and going inside 1st G and 1st B (2 bars).

Each B then takes his partner and turns her round, each returning to place (2 bars).

2nd B takes 4 steps forward to G's line, while 2nd G steps forward to B's line, B and G giving Left shoulders to each other. On 4th step they turn and return to places with 4 more steps (4 bars). End of 1st Section.

### Repeat First Section of Tune.

Each couple changes places as before, so as to bring top couple again to top (2 bars).

1st B turns outwards and does a figure of eight round 2nd B, 1st G meanwhile turning outwards and doing a figure of eight round 2nd G (4 bars).

1st B turns partner before returning to place and 2nd B meanwhile also turns his partner (2 bars).

### Second Section of Tune.

1st B "sets" to 2nd G, that is, takes 1 step to Right with Right foot, drawing Left foot up to it, and then 1 step to Left with Left foot, bringing Right foot up to it (2 bars).

1st B and 2nd G dance round each other back to back (slip step) and return to places (2 bars).

1st B and 2nd G then do the same as 2nd B and 1st G, setting to each other (2 bars), and dancing round each other back to back (2 bars).

### Repeat Second Section of Tune.

All four take hands and go round (slip step), falling back to places (4 bars).

2nd B turns outwards and upwards and passing inside 1st B goes beyond him, thus taking his place as top B. 2nd G meanwhile turns outwards and upwards in same way, taking her place as top G (4 bars).

1st and 2nd couples only have been mentioned, but couples 3 and 4, couples 5 and 6, and as many more couples as there are, proceed in precisely the same way as 1 and 2, the odd-numbered couples acting as top couples and the even-numbered as 2nd couples.

\* If there are more than 4 couples, this portion may have to be omitted and curtailed as the chain figure immediately before may occupy more than 4 bars.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

(Dance adapted and simplified from *The Compleat Country Dancing Master*.)  
1 or 8 or more dancers. Dancers stand facing front as shown by arrows.

←	B	B	B	B
←	G	G	G	G

### First Section of Tune.

Top couple join hands and lead 4 steps forwards (2 bars), then 4 steps back (2 bars), and repeat, facing each other on last beat (8 bars in all).

### Second Section of Tune.

Top couple cross over, with 4 walking steps the G to B's side and B to G's side giving left shoulders and turning on last step (2 bars).

Return to places in same way but giving right shoulders (2 bars).

Facing each other, top couple "set" to each other, that is each takes 1 step to Right with Right foot, bringing Left foot up to it, then 1 step to Left, with Left foot, bringing Right foot up to it (2 bars).

Then each turn round separately to Right with 4 running steps till again facing each other (2 bars).

### First Section of Tune.

Top couple join hands and with slip step turn each other round (4 bars).

Then, without joined hands, dance round each other with same step back to back (4 bars).

### Second Section of Tune.

Each facing front and turning outwards and downwards, thread in and out of other dancers, the Top B passing inside 2nd B, outside 3rd, inside 4th, and so on, till the bottom of the line is reached, the Top G meanwhile doing the same with her line (4 bars). The other couples meanwhile are still.

For last 4 bars\* of this section of tune B joins hands with his partner and they dance round in their places (slip step).

This brings the 2nd couple to Top, and dance proceeds as before till each couple has been Top in turn.

### STEPS USED FOR THE DANCES.

**Walking Step.** } These need no explanation. Either of these is used  
**Running Step.** } when no other step is mentioned.

### Slip Step.

One foot is slid sideways in one direction, the other is brought up to it, the first foot is again slid in the same direction as before, the other foot again brought up to it, and so on.

In triple or 6-8 time the rhythm of this step is etc.  
In duple or common time the rhythm of the step is etc.

### Skipping Step.

Step forward with Right foot, hop on same foot. Step on Left foot, hop on it, and so on. This can be used instead of running step if preferred.



# THE HOOP DANCE.

Hoop Dances are but a form of the many circular dances which have been favourites for all time. Flowers, ribbons, and many other things can be substituted for the hoops if desired. The movements are graceful and pretty, and the dance will be found most useful when preparing either indoor or outdoor festivals.



- |  | Bars |
|--|------|
| I.   |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| INSTRUCTIONS—For thirty-two children (or less), who stand in lines facing front. Eight children in each line, and holding hoop in both hands.                    |      |
| Step to right and curtsy (1 bar), holding hoop to left.  |      |
| Step to left and curtsy (1 bar), holding hoop to right.  |      |
| Twice for each child to turn round in a small circle to right, beginning with right foot (2 bars), hoop raised above head.                                       |      |
| Repeat I. (4 bars).  | 8    |
| II.  |      |
| <i>BALANCING STEP</i>  |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| Forward and back (2 bars), raising and lowering hoop.  |      |
| Twice, to change places with neighbour, beginning with right foot and keeping to the left (2 bars), hoop raised above head.                                      |      |
| Repeat (4 bars).   | 8    |
| III.   |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| Sixteen times to follow each other round, and back to places, the child on the left-hand side leading, and finish facing neighbour.                              | 16   |
| IV.  |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| All turn a quarter turn to right.  |      |
| Four times, to move forward, beginning with right foot (4 bars), lowering hoop, then bringing it over head to form a frame for the face, alternately four times. |      |
| Cross right foot over left, turning a quarter turn to left to repeat to left and finish facing front (4 bars).   | 8    |
| V.   |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| Point right foot (4 position) and bend body forward lowering hoop (1 bar), then raise body and hoop (1 bar).   |      |
| Twice for each child to turn round in a small circle to right, beginning with right foot (2 bars).   |      |
| Repeat (4 bars).   | 8    |
| VI.  |      |
| <i>GAVOTTE STEP</i>  |      |
| Children dance round in four oblong circles.   |      |
| Eight children in a circle.  |      |
| Sixteen times (hoops held towards centre).   |      |
| Lead round in single file to finish.   | 16   |

Mrs. C. W. Kimmins is the founder of the Guild of Play. The above is one of the dances from her choice book, "Peasant Dances of Many Lands" (Evans Brothers, Ltd., Montague House, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Fully illustrated, price 7/6 net, 8/- post free).

# OLD FRENCH MELODY.

Specially Orchestrated for the HOME-MADE BAND.

Flutes  $\text{♩} = 72.$

Pan-Pipes

Oboes

Bell

Drum

Harp

*f*

*ff*



# THE HOME-MADE ORCHESTRA: And HOW TO PLAY IT.

By ERNEST F. JENNER.

It is always enjoyable to play concerted music, that is, music in which several instruments take part. It is even more enjoyable, though, when you make your own instruments, and if you follow out these instructions you should be able to make and play your own orchestra.

## THE FLUTE.

For this you will need :—

- (a) Some good stiff brown paper, or better still, some very thin cardboard.
- (b) Two good corks.

### How to Make the Flute.

From your sheet of strong brown paper (or thin cardboard) cut off a piece that measures about 2 feet in length and 9 inches in breadth. Take a smooth round stick about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter (the rod of a short window curtain will serve well), place it along one of the long sides of the paper. Roll the paper carefully round the stick so as to form a long tube. Now take out the stick. Cardboard rolls best without a stick, but in that case care must be taken to keep the diameter of the tube the same throughout.

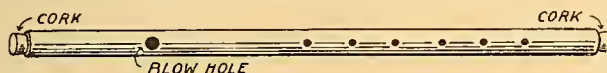
Hold your tube tightly in position with your left hand, while with your right you paste along the free edge. Stick this edge down firmly, by drawing your hands along it, beginning at the middle with both hands and rubbing towards the ends. The addition of a little paste on the outside of the edge to be stuck will help it to stick better.

If there is a difficulty in making the layers of brown paper form one solid whole when rolled, unroll and paste the whole of the upper surface of the sheet except for a margin of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 inches down the side where one intends to begin folding. Paste only the *back* of this strip. A number of pieces of string tied round the tube when rolled will help it to set firmly in position. Allow the paste to dry thoroughly before beginning to bore the holes through.

Now cork up each end of the tube after having put some paste on each cork.

While the paste is drying, take an old poker and make it red hot; one that comes to a rather sharp point is best. When it is red hot, hold the point against the tube at about 4 inches from one end. Do not press, for it will burn its way through. Make the hole in one side only; do not let it go right through. It must be nearly big enough for your little finger to go in.

You have now made a flute that will play. Test it before doing any more, by holding it sideways up to your mouth, with the hole just below your lower lip, and facing upwards towards the bottom of your nose. Now blow downwards into the hole, and after a few tries you will learn how to get a note.



FLUTE.

You can now make your flute play other notes by burning more holes in the side. Make these smaller than the first hole. If you make them just big enough for a penholder to go through, that will do nicely (Fig. 1). I should make one at a time, and try it before making any more. You get the different notes by blowing first when the hole is covered by your finger, and then when it is uncovered. See how many notes you can make altogether. If you make one that does not give the note you want, then stick a little brown paper patch over the hole and try it somewhere else.

## PIPES OF PAN.

This instrument is perhaps one of the oldest instruments in the world, being in the first place made of the reeds that grew by the river side.

To make a set of these pipes you will need :—

- (a) Some good stiff brown paper.
- (b) Five small corks.
- (c) A small piece of fairly thick cardboard.

### How to Make the Pipes.

From your sheet of brown paper cut off five pieces, each measuring 6 inches in length and 4 inches in breadth. Roll these into tubes, each 6 inches long and rather larger round than a good thick pencil. (Test them by seeing if you can just get your little finger in.)

Now stick down the free edge of each quite tightly. Fix a cork firmly in one end of each tube, and your pipes are now ready for tuning.

Choose one, hold it upright against your chin with the open end just touching your lower lip, and blow down into it; you will make it play a note. Call this note "doh," and write a "d" on the outside.

You want your next to sound like "ray." Test it first as I have mentioned above, and if the note is not high enough cut a small piece off the top of the tube. Keep on cutting off pieces until it sounds a note that is one whole tone above that of the other pipe. When you have got this, write a letter "r" (to stand for "ray") on the outside.

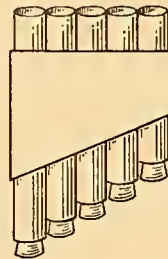
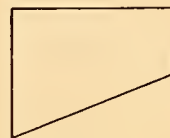
Your next pipe is to sound like "me." You can get this by cutting pieces off the top. The note of this pipe is to be one whole tone higher than that of the "ray" pipe. When you get it right, label the pipe "m" to stand for "me."

To make your next pipe sound like "fah," cut it a little shorter than the "me" pipe. Be very careful this time, for the interval between "me" and "fah" is only a semitone. When you have finished tuning it, label it "f." Your last pipe is to give the note "soh," which is a whole tone above "fah." This pipe will be the shortest of all. Begin by making it as short as the "fah" pipe, but then be careful only to cut off small pieces at a time, or you may spoil it and have to make a new one. When it sounds the note "soh," label it "s."

(2)

(3)

(4)



### PAN PIPES.

Now arrange your five pipes in order of size (as in Figure 2), so that the open ends of all the pipes are in a straight line.

To keep these together a cardboard support is needed on each side. These must stretch right across the pipes, and be shaped like the set of pipes themselves (see Fig. 3). Paste these pieces of cardboard and stick them on the pipes, one at the back and one at the front.

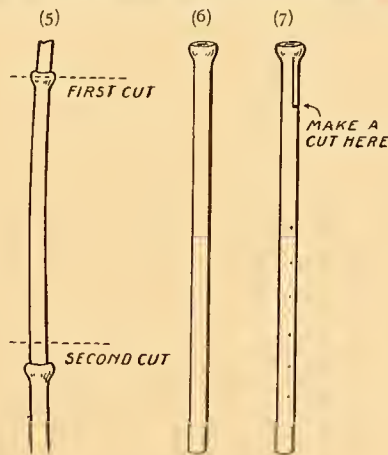
Your instrument is now finished, and should look like Figure 4.

### How to Play the Pipes.

Hold the pipes to your mouth as described before, placing the long pipe against the middle of your lower lip. Begin blowing, and while doing so draw the pipes along, so that you blow into each in turn. You thus get a tune that resembles your five-finger exercise.

## THE OBOE.

When passing through a field, choose a long-stemmed piece of grass which has the knots showing very plainly. (See Fig. 5.) Choose one of the best of these knots, and with a sharp penknife cut it right through. Cut also lower down the stem, but not through a knot this time. You now have a tube of grass that is quite open at the bottom, and which has half a knot at the top. (See Fig. 6.) Before this will play you must make a reed.



OBOE.

### How to Make the Reed.

About an inch from the knot make a very small cut in the side. Now turn the blade of your knife flat against the side of the tube and make a slit that reaches from the cut up to the bottom of the knot. (See Fig. 7.)

### How to Play the Oboe.

Put the knot end right into your mouth, so that your lips come beyond the reed. (They must not touch the reed, for this has to vibrate rapidly to make the note.) Now blow, and you will get a biting kind of tone. You can get different notes by piercing holes in the tube—sometimes blowing when these are covered or stopped by the fingers, and at other times when they are uncovered.



# THE HOME-MADE ORCHESTRA: And HOW TO PLAY IT—*continued.*

## THE DRUM.

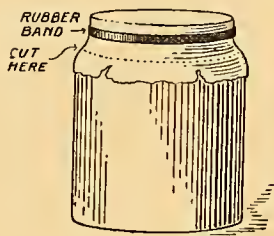
Next we come to the instruments that are struck or beaten, and the commonest of these is the drum.

A very satisfactory drum can be made with the following materials:—

- A large round tin, *without lid*. (A 4lb. Lyle's Golden Syrup tin is as good as any.)
- A sheet of grease-proof paper.
- An elastic band, of a size that can be stretched to fit fairly tightly round the tin.

### How to Make the Drum.

Stretch the grease-proof paper firmly over the mouth of the tin, and hold in position while someone else stretches open the rubber band and passes it over, to grip the paper at the sides. To tighten the paper still more, pull the edges downwards when finished and paste down; trim off the paper at the sides with a pair of scissors, taking care not to clip too near the band (Fig. 8).



(8)

DRUM.

### How to Play the Drum.

Thin tapering penholders form the best drum sticks. Hold the thicker end loosely in the hand and tap the drum skin (or grease-proof paper) with the thinner end, letting the stick bounce when it hits the drum skin.

## THE BELLS.

The Bells in an orchestra are often not bells at all, but metal tubes hung on a frame. The sound of bells can quite easily be imitated by china cups and saucers and basins.

Test these by tapping the edge *with a pencil*, and pick out those that give the nicest ring. Try to arrange a set of these to form a scale.

You may find some of the cups or saucers are not quite in tune, but there is a simple way of lowering the pitch of any that are sharp. This is simply by pouring in water until you get the notes you want.

With your eight notes you can play quite a lot of tunes, such as carols, hymns and national songs, but you will find that if you put in the semitone between "fa" and "soh" (*i.e.*, "fe"), and the semitone between "lah" and "te" (*i.e.*, "ta"), you can play many more, for ever so many tunes change key half way through.

The "fe" will take you into the key with one more sharp, and the "ta" will take you into the key with one more flat.

## THE HARP.

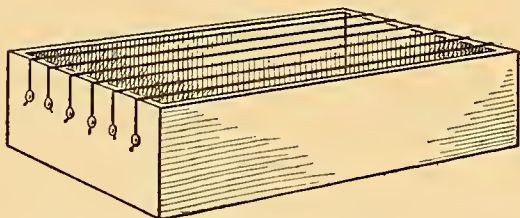
For making the harp the following materials are required:—

- A cigar box.
- Some narrow elastic. (The kind that comes out of golf balls would do.)
- A number of drawing pins.

### How to Make the Harp.

Remove the lid of the box. Fix a number of drawing pins at equal distances apart along both ends of the box. (Use 8 pairs placed opposite each other if you are ambitious and wish to make a whole scale.)

Wind one end of the elastic round the first drawing pin; secure it firmly by knotting it if necessary, and by pressing the pin into the wood as far as it will go.



(9)

HARP.

Now pass the elastic over the open top of the box, pull it and wind it round (only half a turn at present) the first drawing pin on the other end of the box. Now test the note it gives. If it is not the note you want, you can raise the pitch by stretching it more between the pins, or you can lower it by slackening the pull on the elastic. When you have obtained the note you want, wind the end you are holding round its drawing pin several times, then fix by pushing in the pin as far as it will go.

Do the same with the second pair of drawing pins; then with the third, fourth, fifth, and so on. (Fig. 9.)

## PITCH OF THE INSTRUMENTS.

**Flute.**—The instrument made according to the measurements here given is in the key of D (in which key the music for it is written). It is possible to make the flute so that it will play seven different notes (blowing harder to get the octave and using the same fingering as for the bottom notes), but it will probably be found easier to make two instruments, the first of which will give D, E, F#, G, the second supplying the other notes of the scale A, B, C#, D).

**Harp.**—The eight notes of the key of D are required in the music score.

**Pan Pipes.**—The measurements given in the article should produce the sounds D (in treble clef), E, F#, G, A. These are the only notes used in the music score.

**Oboe.**—The oboe can also be made to give a variety of notes according to (1) the length of the tube, (2) the breath pressure, (3) the number and position of the holes pierced in the tube. As will be seen, the one note required in the music score for the oboe is A. If the tube does not give the right note, pierce holes beginning near the bottom of the tube, and gradually approaching the top, making each hole about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the last. As the holes get nearer the top of the tube (that is, nearer the lips of the player), the sound will get higher and higher. When the right pitch is obtained stop there, and make no higher notes, unless you want to be ambitious and try for a complete scale.

**Bells.**—The sounds of these can be tuned as suggested in the article. The notes required are those of the scale of D, and, if possible, one extra note above and below the octave—upper E and lower C#.

## A TOY ORCHESTRA.

It is not necessary that the orchestra which is to perform the accompanying music should be "home-made," and the following toy instruments will provide excellent substitutes for those already described.

1. **Flute.**—An ordinary tin whistle in D. Price 10d. to 1/6. This, however, plays an octave higher than the instrument described in the above article.

2. **Pan Pipes.**—A wooden whistle in D. It will be noticed that all the notes in the orchestral score written for pan pipes are in the higher octave from those written for flute. This is because the pipes are shorter than the flute, and therefore the pitch is higher. The high notes can, however, be obtained either on a wooden or tin whistle, by blowing harder and tightening the pressure of the lip, when the pitch will at once spring up an octave.

3. **Oboe.**—A toy keyed bugle or trumpet. This used to be obtainable at toy shops for about 10d., but probably costs 1/6 now. The instrument is generally made in D. If it is in the wrong key, however, the best substitute can be found in our ever-useful friend, the comb, covered with tissue paper, through which the player hums.

4. **Bells.**—If desired, a toy xylophone (consisting of a series of little metal plates, giving different notes and struck by hammers) can be used. Cost about 1/6 to 2/6.

5. **Drum.**—A toy drum beaten with a drum stick or pencils, as suggested in the article; a tea tray or a large empty biscuit tin or old-fashioned tea-caddy, beaten with a gong stick. A gong stick can be made by sticking a small hard ball on to a skewer and covering the ball with cloth or, better still, wash leather.

6. **Harp.**—A toy zither answers the purpose admirably.

If toy instruments are used instead of flute, pan pipes and oboe, it will be found that the pitch will be an octave higher than written. The tin or brass whistle and the keyed bugle or trumpet will play at their normal pitch, and the wooden whistle will over-blow (as described above) to get the higher octave. It will make no difference in reading the notes, nor will it affect the harp, bells or drum.

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\*•• The above plays are published by Evans Brothers, Limited



# KING WENCESLAS AND THE PAGE.

A Carol Play for Christmas.

By E. M. G. Reed.

CHARACTERS : KING WENCESLAS.  
THE PAGE.

SCENE : The Corner of a Room looking on to a snowy scene outside. [The room is at left of stage, and is open to front of stage, being separated from the outdoor scene by a wall (or screen) which forms the side of the room, and in which is a window (looking towards right of stage). The back wall of room can be formed by another screen, space being left on extreme left for a door.]

KING :

When Christmas-tide again draws near,  
And all the earth looks bleak and drear,  
Then do my subjects, far and near,  
Rejoice full merrily.  
For by my ancient vow renewed,  
I swear that nought unkind or rude,  
Hardship or want, or strife or feud,  
Bright Christmas-time shall mar.  
So each his season's gift receives,  
His lack supplies, his want relieves,  
All anxious thought behind him leaves,  
When Christmas Day dawns fair.

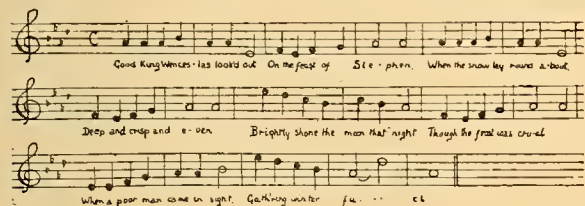
Thus on this day I rest content,  
To mirth and feasting give assent,  
Knowing my wealth is wisely spent,  
In making rich the poor.

(Turns towards window.)

But stay—whom do I see ?

(Walks rapidly to window, and looks out, while Chorus sings.)

CHORUS :



(King turns towards back of stage and beckons.)

KING (sings to first half of tune) :

Hither page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he,  
Where and what his dwelling ?

(Page enters from left back as he is singing first line, and comes up to King standing by window. King points out through window at words, "Yonder peasant.")

PAGE (sings to second half of tune) :

Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,  
By St. Agnes' Fountain.

KING (sings to first half of tune) :

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither.  
Thou and I shall see him dine  
When we bear them thither.

(Exit both at left back.)

CHORUS (sings to second half of tune) :

Page and monarch, forth they went,  
Forth they went together,  
Through the rude wind's wild lament,  
And the bitter weather.

(At close of verse King and Page reappear dressed in cloaks, King carrying a log, Page following with tray on which are eatables and drink. As they step outside Page shivers and shrinks back.)

PAGE :

Master, oh stay ! The bitter, piercing cold,  
My limbs in icy blanket doth enfold.

KING :

Come, be brave, and face the wintry blast,  
For we must see yon peasant break his fast.

(Takes step forward, then pauses.)

Strange it is to me that this poor man

Alone, has been omitted in my plan

To feed and warm each soul of every clan

At this cold Christmas-tide.

(Points forward.)

But if mine eyes deceive me not, yon  
Is Michael, once a woodman—now so wan,  
Feeble and bent, I scarcely knew him, till on  
him shone

The moon's bright rays. (Turns to Page.)

But how can this thing be ?

His gift I surely sent, my Page, by thee !

PAGE (faintly) : Yes, Master.

KING :

Come, hasten now ! Thy laggard steps bestir,  
To bring him aid no longer we'll defer.

(Again steps forward.)

PAGE (shrinking back, sings to first half of tune) :

Sire, the night is darker now,

And the wind blows stronger ;

Fails my heart, I know not how,

I can go no longer.

(As he sings last line he sinks down in the snow.

King turns, and, seeing him about to fall, drops

the log he is holding, and tries to support Page

with one arm, while with other hand he takes

tray from him and sets it down on ground.)

KING (stooping to raise Page) :

What means this weakness ? 'Tis not like thee,

child,

By cold and hardship to be thus beguiled.

PAGE (half rising and falling on one knee before

King) :

Master, I must confess my guilt. 'Twas I

Who took thy gift, meant for yon peasant, nigh,

And for myself, ingrate, I thought to buy

Rich dainties, sweet and rare.

But when I came that silver to

invest

It seemed as though a load were

on my breast,

I could not spend it : yet have

had no rest

Since that unhappy morn.

(Draws bag from beneath his cloak.)

'Tis here, master, take it ! All I

crave

Is that thou should'st pardon

me, thy slave !

KING (taking bag) :

My pardon thou shalt have ; for thou dost rue

In bitterness, the wrong thou thought'st to do.

But thou thyself shalt now this wrong undo

In proof of penitence.

(Offers him back the bag.)

PAGE (refusing it) :

Master, how willingly I would ! But lo

My feet are frozen by the cruel snow.

KING (raising him up gently) :

My Page, when on thy heart a load

Of guilt did rest, love even could not goad,

Nor kindness spur your footsteps. Thus they

slowed

And dragged beneath their burden.

But now, as thou hast shaken off this weight,

So free thyself from doubts, both small and

great,

Step boldly forward and thy fears abate,

Have courage and press on.

(Chorus softly begins humming first four lines

of tune, opening lips gradually so as to make

tone swell gently. No words are to be sung.

The singing is to be timed so as to reach fourth

line [end of first half of tune] just as Page

finishes next speech.)

PAGE :

Full gladly would I go, kind Master,

But deep's the snow ; the wintry plain seems

vaster.

KING (sings to second half of tune) :

Mark my footsteps good, my Page,

Tread thou in them boldly ;

Thou shalt find the winter's rage

Freeze thy blood less coldly.

(Raises log, and steps forward. Page picking

up tray, follows, treading in King's footsteps,

slowly, but with confidence.)

CHORUS (singing while both walk across stage and exit on right, Page still following King) :

In his master's steps he trod,

Where the snow lay dinted,

Heat was in the very sod,

Which the Saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,

Wealth or rank possessing,

Ye who now will bless the poor,

Shall yourselves find blessing.

CURTAIN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES AND SCENERY.

COSTUMES.

KING : Velvet or satin tunic, with belt and handsome buckle. Long stockings, coloured or black. Crown of cardboard covered with silver paper.

PAGE : Simple tunic, with long stockings, or knee-breeches and ordinary stockings.

SCENERY.

The corner of the room where scene opens is made by two screens and a clothes-horse. Screens and top and bottom section of clothes-horse can be draped with any dark material. The centre section of clothes-horse is left uncovered to form window. Curtains may be arranged at side of window.

Chief portion of stage is occupied by outdoor scene. The snow can be represented as follows : Cover floor with pillows, and spread over all a white sheet. This will give appearance of yielding like snow when King and Page tread on it. Back-ground should be dark, so as to show up snow. There should be no light on the stage (except in the room, where scene opens, where two or three candles might be burning on a table) and lights should be turned low off stage.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

A RECITATION FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day

Their old familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men

And thought how, as the day had come,

The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along

The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till ringing, singing on its way,

The world revolved from night to day,

A voice, a chime,

A chant sublime,

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,

And with the sound

The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent

The hearthstone of a continent,

And made forlorn

The households born

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;

" There is no peace on earth," I said :

" For hate is strong,

And mocks the song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! "

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,

" God is not dead ! nor doth He sleep !

The Wrong shall fail,

The Right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men ! "

LONGFELLOW

# SONG OF THE SPINNERS.

Words by E. M. G. REED.

Music by KATHARINE EGGAR.

*Smoothly.* ♩ = about 80.

1. Sing - ing blithe - ly as we spin, As our bus - y wheels go round, Humming with a joy - ous din,  
4. We have spun the world's en - deavour, Theirs it is... to weave it true, Men may bind and men may sev - er,

*cres.* *After 1st verse.*

Hear - en to the cheer - ful sound, We are spin - ning, spin - ning, spinning, On the wheels of Des - ti - ny,  
While we spin the threads a - new. We are spin - ning, spin - ning, spinning, On the wheels of Des - ti - ny,

*After 4th verse.* *FINE. S VERSES 1 & 3.*

2. Sing - ing soft - ly as we lis - ten,  
3. Sing - ing sad - ly as we won - der,

*8va.* *dim. e rall.* *8va. ppp* *FINE.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

To the mer - ry sound grown dim, While the new - spun thread doth glis - ten On the wheels re - volv - ing rim, We are spinning, spinning, spinning,  
Who will grasp our threads of toil? Who will trea - sure them out yon - der? Who their beau - ty fresh will soil? We are spinning, spinning, spinning,

On the wheels of Des - ti - ny.  
On the wheels of Des - ti - ny.

*After 2nd verse.* *D.S. After 3rd verse.* *Return to beginning for 4th verse, omitting the two bars of accompt.*

*rall.*



# THE MAKING OF THE FLAG.

## A Pageant of the Empire.

By E. M. G. REED. Music by KATHARINE E. EGGAR.

### CHARACTERS.

BRITAIN.  
WISDOM, his Counsellor.  
THE SEVEN SPINNERS—Red, Purple, Blue, Yellow,  
Green, Black, and White.  
DANCERS.

[NOTE.—Full directions for the Drill Movements and the making of Spinning Wheels are given at the end of the Play.]

### PROLOGUE.

BRITAIN : Flag of this Empire, thou shalt be  
The noblest flag that ever waved  
O'er river, mountain, plain and sea.  
Symbol of the bond of races—  
Some from thronging crowded places,  
Some from solitary spaces,  
Gathered all in unity.  
(turning to Wisdom) Now I needs must  
choose my pennant,  
Where then shall I seek it ?

WISDOM : Where the pale horizon cleaveth  
Earth from Heav'n and sea from sky ;  
Where the moon her resting leaveth,  
Mounts upon the cloud-banks high ;  
Where the sun his pillows heaveh  
Upwards, towards the waking dawn—  
There the Seven Spinners, seated  
At their wheels from morn to morn,  
Spin the Destiny of nations,  
Toiling at their several stations  
Over colours grave and gay :  
Threads of purple, red and yellow,  
Colours gaudy, hues more mellow,  
Each one chanting soft the lay,  
"We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny."

BRITAIN : Tell me, wisest counsellor,  
Where then shall I seek these Spinners ?  
I would fain inquire more  
What the Fates may hold in store,  
What the threads they spin for me  
On the wheels of Destiny.

WISDOM : What the Fates do hold for thee—  
Thee—and for thine Empire wide,  
Is thy choosing ; only see  
That the Right thy choice shall guide.  
Let my counsels weigh with thee ;  
Yet, I would not thou should'st be  
Cautious, calculating, cold.  
Let thy choice be frank and free,  
Let thy choice be brave and bold.

BRITAIN : I will heed thy counsels, friend,  
If thou to me wilt lend thine aid,  
And give me winged feet, that I  
May gain my wish more speedily.  
Let us make ready—for I long  
To see the Seven, hear their song,  
Touch their spinning, choose the thread  
From which my flag shall rear its head,  
'Neath which my peoples shall be bred.  
O flag of my Empire, I would claim  
thee now !  
Flag of my Empire, I to thee do bow !  
One flag shall float o'er divers  
climes and races.  
One love inspire a thousand hearts  
and faces,  
One Empire and one land !

WISDOM : Then come with me, but I would fain  
One word of caution speak again.  
Choose thy flag not for thy glory,  
Nor for the fame of minstrels' story,  
But for thine Empire's history.

### END OF PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—A bare room backed by screen or curtain.  
Seven spinners seated at their wheels are busy spinning. They sit in semicircle facing front in following order from left to right : Purple, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, Black, White.

SPINNERS (singing) :  
Singing blithely as we spin,  
As our busy wheels go round,

Humming with a joyous din,  
Hearken to the cheerful sound,  
We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny.

Singing softly as we listen  
To the merry sound grown dim,  
While the new-spun thread doth  
glisten  
On the wheel's revolving rim  
We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny.

Spinning sadly as we wonder  
Who will grasp our threads of toil,  
Who will treasure them out yonder,  
Who their beauty fresh will soil.  
We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny.

We have spun the World's Endeavour,  
Theirs it is to weave it true,  
Men can bind, and men can sever,  
While we spin the threads anew.  
We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny.

(During the song, Britain, following his guide, Wisdom, enters at R. front, and both stand waiting at R. side till the song is finished.)

BRITAIN (stepping forward and bowing) :  
Ye are then the Spinners Seven,  
Ladies fair ?—I pray of thee  
Tell me what your wheels have given  
In the service of the Free.

SPINNERS (shaking their heads and smiling mysteriously while they turn their wheels and sing last two lines of song) :  
We are spinning, spinning, spinning  
On the wheels of Destiny.

BRITAIN : Tell me then, oh Spinners fair,  
Though my first request denying,  
What the favours I may dare  
To ask of you, and what the share  
From your bountiful supplying—  
Threads of blue and threads of yellow,  
Colours bright, and hues more mellow,  
Each one tempering its fellow  
Into melting harmony.

PURPLE (rising with skein) :  
This, O Prince, the Royal Purple,  
Symbol of a kingly state,  
Which the world doth ever couple  
With the mighty and the great.  
Pride of race and pride of nation,  
Pride of birth and pride of station,  
Pride of victory and elation  
At the glories of thy lands—  
These, all these, to thee I offer,  
Take the gift I freely proffer.

(Holds one skein to Britain, who stretches out his hands eagerly to grasp it, but Wisdom lays a restraining hand on his arm, turning to Purple Spinner.)

WISDOM (to Purple) :  
Pride of race, and pride of nation ?  
Pride of birth and pride of station ?  
What are these but pride of self—  
Trappings bought with tawdry pelf !

PURPLE (in haughty disdain) :  
Who art thou that speakest so ?  
Art thou Britain's deadliest foe,  
That thou dost so ill advise him ?  
Of thy motive I'll apprise him,  
And thy malice I will show !

BRITAIN : Nay, Spinner of Purple Pride,  
I was wrong to doubt his judgment.  
He has shown me side by side,  
Regal state and self-adornment.

Of what worth is pomp and state ?  
'Tis but the shell—what lies within,  
Whether this be mean or great,  
Precious gem or worthless slate,  
This the knowledge I would win.

(Purple turns away and with swinging gesture walks to back of stage, standing behind her chair with skein in her hand, running it through her fingers now and again.)

RED (rising from her spindle and coming forward to Britain with skein) :  
See how bright my skein doth shine,  
See, like fire's heart it gloweth !  
As each thread of scarlet fine  
O'er my wheel so smoothly floweth  
(pointing to wheel).  
As the strands do intertwine,  
Courage on my spindle groweth,  
Till it streams the whole world through,  
In a flood of scarlet hue.

BRITAIN (impetuously) : Spinner of the scarlet thread,  
Thread of Courage—virtue rare !  
By thy reins I will be led,  
And thy joyful spinning share !

WISDOM : Stay before thou makest choice,  
And thine Empire's fate decide.  
See (reversing skein), I turn the skein  
around,  
On the under side is found  
Deeper tinted Sacrifice !  
Whoso then will Courage choose,  
Grasp it firm within his hand,  
He must be prepared to lose ;  
Grief and failure understand.  
Though this skein so brightly glowing,  
Flashes forth the light of Hope,  
Darker shades beneath it showing,  
Claim a deeper, fuller knowing,  
Ere thou judge its widest scope.

BRITAIN : Nay, I do not fear the issue,  
If by Courage firm I hold.  
Sacrifice is but the tissue  
Which doth a new-born Strength  
enfold.  
Yet, before this step I take,  
From which I never can withdraw,  
For my mighty Empire's sake  
I must press my search still more,  
And examine all the store  
Which the Seven Spinners make.

YELLOW (rising and approaching as Red turns away, and seating herself again at her wheel, continues turning it) :  
Richest gift to thee I bring,  
Power befitting to a King,  
Yellow speaks of boundless wealth,  
That which gives an Empire health ;  
Whoso takes this hand of gold  
Thereby gains a gift untold ;  
He can purchase Victory,  
He can make his Empire free,  
He can keep Prosperity  
In his domains, where'er they be.  
He can crush opposing forces,  
Trace the evil to its sources,  
Stamp it out for good and all.  
Money buys obedient servants,  
Money buys the law's observance,  
Money endless joy procures,  
Money peace of mind secures.  
All these gifts I freely offer  
From my golden-glowing coffer.

BRITAIN : Peace of mind thou off'rest me ;  
Freedom, rest from all my foes ?  
Power, joy—security,  
Which from wealth and riches grows  
Life without a care or woe.  
Strife or battle—is this so ?

YELLOW : This is what I spin for thee  
On my wheel of Destiny.

# THE MAKING OF THE FLAG—continued

BRITAIN: Then, fair, sordid creature—go!  
I scorn the gift that thou dost offer!  
Rather would I live in woe,  
Than I'd share thy golden coffer.  
Thou would'st save me from all  
sadness?—  
Then thou'd'st rob me of all gladness!  
Thou would'st make my Empire free,  
Without a blow for Liberty?—  
Thou would'st rob it of Endeavour,  
Sweetest toil, and striving ever?  
Thou would'st rob it of its glee,  
Of its power of sympathy.  
What is life without a battle?  
What is strife without a foe?  
'Tis but empty clang and rattle,  
Triumphs are but sham and show!  
No! If this thy gift to me,  
Keep thy wheel of Destiny!

(Yellow turns away angrily and returns to wheel.)

BLUE (coming forward with skein):  
But a modest gift is mine,  
Not like yellow gold doth glitter  
Not like Courage red doth shine,  
Out of darkness bleak and bitter,  
Yet blue is type of Loyalty,  
Stedfastness whate'er betide  
Others change, and others flee,  
She will ever thus abide.

BRITAIN: In thee, then, I find a friend,  
If thou never fickle prove,  
Constant always to defend  
Truth and Right with faithful love.

WISDOM (pointing to R.):  
Two more Spinners yet I see,  
Yonder o'er their wheels are bending.  
(Green rises with skein and approaches)  
Now one rising, comes to thee,  
For her thread has reached an ending.

GREEN (rising and approaching, skein in hand):  
Right thou wert, most noble Prince,  
To refuse the gift of Pride,  
Many have chosen it, and since  
Discovered Misery at its side!  
Right thou wert to spurn mere Wealth,  
Riches cannot give thee health,  
Nor unceasing joy unfold;  
All its gifts but transient are,  
Shallow as the sandy pool—  
Mine are richer, fairer far,  
Wide and deep as ocean cool.  
Now behold my mystic thread,  
Bathe thine eyes in its green wonder,  
Pleasures real in it are bred,  
Mysteries and truest splendour.  
Knowledge of deep hidden lore,  
Forgotten science, Learning's store,  
Flame of Genius—these are more  
Than childish Pomp or store of Gold.

BRITAIN (eagerly): Yea, and these I'd surely claim,  
To enhance my Empire's Fame.

WISDOM (warningly, as Britain stretches out his hand for the green skein):  
Once more, Britain, stay thy hand,  
Learning may be linked with guile.  
Knowledge does not guide a land  
When it cloaks a traitor's wile.  
Greater e'en than genius' fire,  
Are the noble mind and soul,  
And the faith that does not tire,  
And the love which asks no toll.

BRITAIN: Yet, 'gainst the craft of hostile races,  
How shall I protected be,  
Save by knowledge's fair graces,  
And the gifts she brings to me?

WISDOM: Knowledge alone shall not defend thee,  
Learning cannot prove a shield,  
Judgment's self cannot direct thee,  
In the power thou would'st wield.  
Thou must seek the motive pure,  
Thou must find a guardian sure.

BRITAIN: Who then may that guardian be?  
Tell me where shall she be found?  
Is it the Blue of Loyalty?  
Is it Valour's trumpet sound?

WISDOM: Most worthy these that thou dost  
name,  
But if thou'd'st guard thy fairest  
fame  
And choose thyself a sure defence,  
Seek it in holy Innocence.

BRITAIN (looking round him in search of the guide of whom Wisdom speaks, while Green returns to wheel, crestfallen.):  
But see—(pointing to L. back corner)  
who over yonder is stooping,  
Darkly mysterious; seemingly  
groping?  
Can it be she too is one of the Seven,  
Spinning deep night as a garment of  
Heaven?

BLACK (coming forward and holding up skein before Britain):  
By this skein  
I have slain  
Toilsome work and grievous pain.  
Win the battle without the strife,  
Take the sweet without the sour,  
Cut thy fetters without the knife,  
Spurn the Summons of Duty dour.

Come, be free!  
Who would be  
Led by a string in Duty's ring!  
(Stepping nearer and holding skein higher as if to wreath it round Britain's head.)  
Greet me now,  
Make thy vow,  
Wreath this chaplet round thy brow.

BRITAIN (recoiling in horror):  
Black thy gift and black the giver,  
Black thy thoughts as fathomless river,  
Black thy garment—embroidered with  
hate,  
And fashioned of envy and malice  
innate;  
Black thy thread and thou as a spider  
Spinning its web ever wider and wider.  
I hate thee, I fear thee; ah, me, I am  
trembling  
At sight of such evil, in mask of  
dissembling.  
Get thee gone, black spinner—out,  
out of my sight!  
Go to those who love darkness  
better than light!

(Black makes mocking curtsy and turns airily back to wheel in R. corner.)

WHITE: (coming forward, skein in hand).  
No colours bright adorn my wheel,  
No triumph rich my efforts seal.  
Just the simple, stainless thread,  
White and pure—all colour fled,  
Yet the garb of Innocence  
Fiercest onset can repel,  
Yet the shield of Purity  
Confidence and peace doth spell.

BRITAIN: Then, fairest Spinner, 'twas of thee  
That Wisdom spake?  
WISDOM: Yes, it was she  
Whose virtues I to thee did tell.  
But come—'tis time thy choice to  
make,  
And from these colours one to take.

BRITAIN: But why must I take one alone?  
Choose I Courage—I shut the gate  
On Innocence—away is flown  
My stedfast blue, a fitting mate  
For Valour or Purity's white bloom.  
Choose I the Blue—then must I lose  
Sweet gifts of Courage and Purity.  
May I not claim the richer hues?  
May I not gain security?

WISDOM: Since thou wilt not separate  
These good gifts before thee lying,

Then step forth and meet thy fate,  
Set thy threefold flag a-flying!  
Wisely has thy choice been made.  
Take the treasures here displayed.  
(Red, White and Blue come forward and each offer him a strand of their colour. Then they wind in and out of each other in a plait, towards back of stage.)

BRITAIN: What are you doing, sisters three,  
With your colours blending in harmony?

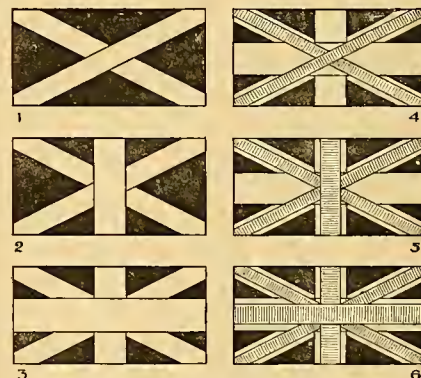
RED, WHITE and BLUE:  
We are weaving, weaving, weaving  
On the loom of Destiny.  
(Other children with red and white streamers enter from left and right back, join in middle, march past, and making of the flag begins as described below.)

## DRILL FOR 14 OR 28 CHILDREN.

March Tune: "British Grenadiers" (or other March of similar length).

(The drill can be performed as described or with pairs instead of single children. In the latter case, the outer child of each pair will carry the streamer.)

Two children (or two pairs), A and A<sup>1</sup>, enter stage from L and R back, and walk across the stage to meet each other at the back of stage. A holds blue background of flag, rolled up like roller blind. This blue sheet should have 1½ inches of protruding roller at each end for holding it, and a light rod at bottom to keep it rigid. A and A<sup>1</sup> meet, face front and advance to front of stage. When they get to 4 feet from front, A<sup>1</sup> takes other end of roller, and holding roller they let blue sheet unroll itself to its full length. If desired A and A<sup>1</sup> can mount on stools, so as to raise bottom of flag farther from ground. If drill is performed to



Size of Flag: 6 ft. by 3 ft. Black represents Blue; Tinted parts denote Red Strips.

**Arrangement of White Strips.**  
1—Diagonal White Strips (8 ins. wide), fastened on.  
2—Upright White Strip (12 ins. wide) fastened on.  
3—Cross White Strip (12 ins. wide) fastened on.

**Arrangement of Red Strips.**  
4—Diagonal Red Strips (4 ins. wide) fastened on.  
5—Upright Red Strip (7½ ins. wide) fastened on.  
6—Cross Red Strip (7½ ins. wide) fastened on.

The lines are drawn to show how the various strips are superimposed in their correct order.

"The British Grenadiers," or other march of same length which has 2 beats in the bar, the steps are as follows:—

Bars 1 & 2. 4 steps to meet in centre of stage at back.  
" 3 & 4. Halt and face front.  
" 5 & 8. March forward to front of stage and unroll flag.  
" 9-16. Mount on stools, or remain standing till end of tune. On first beat of repetition of tune, next pair enter.

Two children (B and B<sup>1</sup>) with broad white streamers enter from L and R back respectively, and march diagonally across stage towards each other. As they pass top corners of flag, they halt in order to fasten their white streamers by means of patent fasteners (or hooks and eyes) to top L and R corners of blue background. They then march across, holding free end of streamers, to opposite bottom corner of flag, halt and fall on



## THE MAKING OF THE FLAG—continued.

one knee in order to fasten free end of white streamers to bottom corners, thus forming St. Andrew's Cross (Fig. 1). The steps are as follows:—

- Bars 1-4. 8 Marching steps to reach flag.  
 „ 5-8. Halt to fasten top end of streamers.  
 „ 9-12. Pass each other in front of flag and cross to opposite bottom corner, sinking on one knee at last 2 beats of bar 6.  
 „ 13-16. Fasten end of streamers to bottom corners of flag.

This completes tune. Every succeeding couple enters at the recommencement of the tune and takes same time over movements. As each fresh couple enters, the couple that has just added its share to the flag retires behind flag, and some may be profitably employed in helping to hold it up.

Two children (B and B<sup>1</sup>) enter in same manner as A and A<sup>1</sup>, B from L back, and B<sup>1</sup> from R back of stage, and advance across stage diagonally towards each other. Passing corners of flag, they turn to meet each other directly in front of flag in centre. B carries white streamer, and as B and B<sup>1</sup> meet, B<sup>1</sup> takes the other corner of the end of streamer and each child fixes one patent fastener into position at top of flag in centre, and sinking gradually on one knee carries down free end to bottom of flag, fixing it there in same way. This makes the vertical section of the St. George's Cross (Fig. 2). The steps are as follows:—

- Bars 1-4. 8 Marching steps to reach flag.  
 „ 5-6. Turn and take two steps towards each other, marching directly in front of the flag towards centre.  
 „ 7-8. Halt, raise hands to top of flag, B<sup>1</sup> taking hold of other corner of streamer, and fasten top end of streamer.  
 „ 9-12. Sink on one knee, carrying free end of streamer downwards.  
 „ 13-16. Fasten bottom end of streamer.

Two children (C and C<sup>1</sup>) enter in same manner as B and B<sup>1</sup>, C carrying white streamer. They reach corners of flag, turn and march directly towards each other in front of flag, pass each other and walk to opposite side of flag, each holding one end of streamer. Then each end is fastened at side in middle. This completes the horizontal section of the St. George's Cross (Fig. 3).

- Bars 1-4. 8 marching steps forward to corner of flag.  
 „ 5-6. 2 steps to meet, 2 steps halt for C<sup>1</sup> to pick up other end of streamer.  
 „ 7-8. 2 steps more to opposite sides of flag and halt.  
 „ 9-12. Sink gradually on one knee. Fasten the edges of each end to the centre of each side of flag.  
 „ 13-16. Gradually rise to standing position each side of flag.

The red streamers are now put on over the white in exactly the same order, and with exactly the same steps. But as the red is narrower than the white, it lies on top leaving a white margin all round.

The first strips applied are those of the diagonal (St. Andrew's) Cross (Fig. 4). The next strip is the vertical one of the St. George's Cross (Fig. 5), the next the horizontal one of the St. George's Cross (Fig. 6). The Union Jack is now complete.

[At the completion of the flag the children move out from behind it and group themselves on each side of it while Wisdom and Britain make their final speeches.]

**WISDOM:** Now behold the colours three:  
 Red courageous, White most pure,  
 Blue, symbol of Loyalty.  
 Mingled, all will long endure  
 In a sisterhood secure.  
 Courage bright more clear will shine,  
 Set in Innocence sublime;  
 Innocence more fair will seem,  
 Side of Courage's red beam.  
 Blue the background of them both,  
 Plighting to the twain her oath,  
 Steadfast, constant to her oath.

**BRITAIN:** Therefore let us now proclaim  
 This, our Empire's flag shall be.  
 All shall share it, and the same  
 Emblem float o'er earth and sea;  
 Where the Land of Britain's name  
 Echoes in a far-off land,  
 Stirs its sleeping heart to flame,  
 Bids it rise and take its stand  
 By the great Dominion's side,  
 And in friendship to abide,  
 Faithful to the Motherland.

CURTAIN.

## DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE SPINNING WHEELS.

A picturesque representation of a hand spinning wheel is easily made. First procure a hobbin—as large as possible—and obtain a thin round rod, such as an old penholder, which will pass through the hole freely. Cut two little discs of stout cardboard (or wood if possible), and glue one firmly to the end of the rod. Slip on the hobbin, bore a hole in the centre of the other disc, pass this over the rod and glue it so that the hobbin has free play to revolve.

Take a sheet of stout card, 10 inches or 12 inches square, and cut it to a circle. Draw in lines to indicate spokes and, with a sharp penknife, cut out the intermediate openings. By colouring the card brown a good representation of a spinning wheel is made. Take a stout pin, or fine wire nail, and very carefully drive it through the wheel into the end of the rod to which the card disc has been glued. See that the centre hole of the wheel is large enough, and, to prevent this hole from wearing with the friction, cut a little cardboard washer and fit this between the wheel and the head of the pin or nail.

The rod is held in the left hand, and it will be seen that the wheel and the hobbin revolve independently of each other. The wheel, for example, may be spun round by a touch of the finger, and the same hand is thus free to manipulate the thread on the hobbin. If the coloured thread is tied to a short piece of fine elastic, and if this elastic is fixed to the drum of the hobbin, the thread may be drawn out to its full length (say, about a yard) and, if then allowed to slip loosely through the fingers, will re-wind itself on the hobbin. In this way the thread may be drawn out repeatedly, whilst the wheel may occasionally be sent spinning.

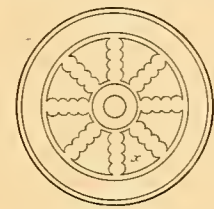


FIG. 1.

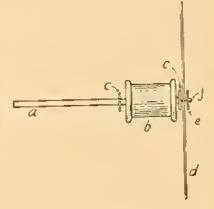


FIG. 2.

FIG. 1.—Sketch of cardboard wheel; the eight spaces x to be cut out.

FIG. 2.—Side view of Rod, Hobbin and Wheel: a, Rod; b, Hobbin; c, Glued Discs; d, Wheel; e, Washer; f, Nail or Pin.

## PROGRAMMES BASED ON THIS VOLUME.

### I. GENERAL PROGRAMME.

OPENING ITEM—GLEE: "Now we are met"  
 JUNIOR ACTION SONG: "The Old Couple"  
 SENIOR RECITATION: "Ave Atque Vale," or "Abou Ben Adhem"  
 and "Valuation."  
 PLAYLET WITH SONGS AND DANCE:  
 "Two Scenes from Alice in Wonderland"  
 1. "Alice and the Caterpillar"  
 2. "The Mock Turtle's Story and the Lobster Quadrille"  
 JUNIOR RECITATIONS: "The Snail's Snails"  
 "A Nonsense Rhyme."  
 TWO-PART SONG: "Robin in the Winter"  
 ORCHESTRAL ITEM: "Old French Melody" (arranged for Home-made Band)

### II. OUT-OF-DOOR PROGRAMME.

OPENING ITEM—ROUNDS: "The Cuckoo"  
 "The Cooks of Colebrook"  
 RECITATIONS: "The Mountain and the Squirrel"  
 "Little John Bottlejohn"  
 COUNTRY DANCE: "Under the Greenwood Tree"  
 (If no piano is available, the tune can be played on a Violin or flute, or sung to the first verse of Shakespeare's song by this title in "As you like it.")  
 SONG: "The Fox"  
 PLAYLET: "Molly's Wish" or  
 "A Scene from 'Alice in Wonderland'"  
 DANCE: "Hoop Dance"  
 CLOSING ITEM—SONG: "Soldier, Soldier"

ACTION SONGS: The Kingsway Book of Action Songs.—Thirty songs full of life, melody, and rhythm, suitable for various ages. Full instructions are given for the use of the songs in ordinary school work and also for Concerts. 3/- net; 3/4 post free.

### III. CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME.

CAROL: "This Enders Night" or "Christ was born"  
 RECITATION: "Christmas Bells"  
 ACTION SONGS: "The Yule Log"  
 "Dame get up and bake your pies"  
 SKETCH: "King Wenceslas": A Carol Play  
 RECITATION: "A Christmas Carol"  
 TWO-PART SONG: "Robin in the Winter"  
 CLOSING ITEM—ORCHESTRAL PIECE: "Old French Melody,"  
 (for Home-made Band)

### IV. PATRIOTIC, OR EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME.

OPENING ITEM: "The Making of the Flag": A Pageant of Empire  
 SONG: "Soldier, Soldier" (with music)  
 RECITATIONS: "The Rally"  
 "Dogger Bank"  
 DANCES: "Green Sleeves"  
 "Under the Greenwood Tree"  
 COMBINED RECITATION: "Men of England."

### V. PROGRAMME FOR BOYS.

OPENING ITEM: "Old French Melody" (for Home-made Band)  
 SONG: "Father William"  
 SKETCH (with Aboriginal Music): "Our Black Brothers"  
 RECITATIONS: "The Cow and the Ass"  
 "The Terrible Tale of a Tank"  
 SONG: "Will you walk a little faster?"  
 CLOSING ITEM—ROUND: "The Cooks of Colebrook"

### VI. PROGRAMME FOR GIRLS.

OPENING ITEM—SONG: "Now we are met"  
 PLAYLET FOR JUNIOR GIRLS: "Molly's Wish"  
 TWO-PART SONG: "Robin in the Winter"  
 RECITATION: "The Spider and his Wife"  
 COUNTRY DANCES: "Under the Greenwood Tree"  
 "Green Sleeves"  
 PLAYLET: "Alice and the Caterpillar"  
 RECITATION: "For the Baby"  
 CLOSING ITEM—SONG: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John"

### VII. SIMPLE PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN'S SELF PREPARATION.

ROUND: "The Cuckoo"  
 RECITATION: "Valuation"  
 SONG: "The Old Couple"  
 COUNTRY DANCE: "Green Sleeves"  
 RECITATION: "The Terrible Tale of a Tank"  
 ACTION SONGS: "Horse and Cart"  
 "The Yule Log"  
 COUNTRY DANCE: "Under the Greenwood Tree"  
 SONG: "The Fox"

### VIII. SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMME

RECITATION: "Ave Atque Vale"  
 TWO-PART SONG: "Robin in the Winter"  
 RECITATION: "Abou Ben Adhem"  
 SONG: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John"  
 RECITATION: "The Cow and the Ass"  
 SONG: "The Fox"  
 PATRIOTIC PAGEANT: "The Making of the Flag"

\* \* For additional items for Young People's Concerts see announcements on pages 7, 15, 17, 21, 24 of this Volume.

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All these items are suitable for performance by Children, as well as Adults, and the last five numbers are specially arranged and edited by PERCY A. WHITEHEAD, A.R.A.M., with a few to Young People's performance.



# RECITATIONS FOR SENIORS.

## THE TERRIBLE TALE OF A TANK.

List to a tale of the Battle of Somme,  
And imagine midst poison gas, bullet and bomb,  
In quantities found only somewhere in France,  
The Middlesex trying in vain to advance.

Behind them quickfired are doing their best  
To give the unfortunate German no rest.  
Down dug-out and shelter the howitzers pump  
Jack Johnson, Big Willie, and crump after crump.

Once more leaping over the battered-down wire,  
They charge in the face of a terrible fire;  
For though the bombardment has done its work  
well,

Machine guns are there quite unhit by our shell.  
But look! Through the smoke and the din of  
the fight,

A mythical monster unknown to the sight  
Crawls onward, relentlessly, steady and bold,  
Just like the huge megalosaurus of old.

Its legs in circles and oblongs as well,  
They just took no notice of holes made by shell;  
A bomb hit it square on the back and exploded,  
It shrugged its great shoulders, no whit discommoded.

A tree stump got into the line of its route,  
But had to give in to the strength of the brute.  
It barged through a battered-down trench and  
passed on,  
But when it had passed, trench and dug-outs had  
gone.

From out of its mouths, which were several, there  
came  
A hailstorm of bullets, each clad with red flame.

Those German machine guns had finished their  
score

Ere monster and Middlesex went on once more.

It led on the infantry cheering and gay,  
Through any and everything clearing a way,  
Till forcing a path through a thick wood of firs,  
It came in full view of the village of Flers.

Some German reserves marching down the main  
street

Were met by the monster, who hastened to greet  
Them with showers of lead, which they didn't think  
fair,

While on went the tank up the high street of Flers.  
(Forgive me for rhyming this word in two ways,  
For Flers pronounced "Flare," you see, sounds  
like Française,

But if I did not follow the old English rule,  
I should not deserve to belong to our School.)

But how fares the tank? Alas, that was ill said,  
That weapon so mighty, so moving, is sped!  
There came an eight-inch from a battery close by,  
And tankie received half a ton in the eye.

A big bit of work and a dangerous one,  
That tank in its very short life-time had done.  
It needed no funeral, not even a grave.  
But its name shall be found on the roll of the brave.

C. SHARPLIN.

## VALUATION.

The old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,  
And his neighbour, the Deacon, went by.

"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,  
You are better off, Deacon, than I.

"We're both growing old, and the end's drawing  
near,

You have less of this world to resign.

But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,  
Will reckon up greater than mine.

"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,  
I wish I could swap with you, even:  
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store  
For the shillings and pence you have given."

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with shrewd  
common sense,

While his eye had a twinkle of fun,

"Let your pounds take the way of my shillings  
and pence,

And the thing can be easily done!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

## DOGGER BANK.

Where the storm-winds shriek eternal,  
And the green waves leap and fall,  
Tottering mountains, foamy-crested,  
Wreckage on their summits tall—  
These are leaping all day over,  
These are falling all day long,  
And the wind in eerie cadence,  
Metronomes their endless song:  
"Trawl, or smack, or fishing trawler,  
They our victims, one and all!"  
Thus the wind upon the Dogger,  
Carries it in whine and fall.

Far above them drive the storm-clouds,  
Chasing grimly o'er the sky,  
And, beneath their sullen onlook,  
They have seen men fight and die!  
They have seen a goodly vessel  
Heave its stern beneath the foam,  
Sixteen hundred English seamen,  
Sunk within their wat'ry home:  
"Come the T.B.D. or cruiser,  
They our victims one and all."  
Hear the wind upon the Dogger,  
With its luring funeral-call!

Far beneath those crested waters,  
Far beneath their foam and spray,  
Seamen of our British vessels,  
There in calm seclusion lay.  
Have they giv'n their lives unduly?  
Is our honour but a name?  
England's word was e'er their guerdon,  
Shall this word be turned to shame?  
"We are lordings of the ocean,  
We are sea-kings, one and all!"  
Listen! Winds upon the Dogger!  
Moaning sadly, rise and fall!

CHARLES ABLETT.

## AVE ATQUE VALE.

I had called you, and you answered, when I  
travailed, dire in need;  
Few there were who spurned the summons, few  
who gave me not their heed;  
But the debt is past repayment, for, in honour  
and in pride,  
There are some who gave the Highest, some who  
sacrificed—and died.

Rest assured, O Best, O Noblest! Sacrifice is  
not for nought!

In your glory shall be rendered all the aims for  
which you fought,

I have said it . . . It shall be so! For the world  
would brand my shame,

If I coldly left forgotten all the honour due your  
name!

In my treasured recollections shall your resting-  
place be made,

Your remembrance ne'er will perish, and your  
mem'ry shall not fade;

While the Valley of the Shadow separates and  
keeps apart,

Yet the story of your courage lies eternal in my  
heart.

And the day will come, when England proud  
emerges from the fight;

By your strong arm has she triumphed; in your  
life-blood found she Might,

So, in dying, live for ever! For in dying found  
you fame!

And in dying carved eternal, golden letters of your  
name!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Now to God, who made her mighty, and who bears,  
within His Hand,

All the forecast of the nation, all the future of the land—  
Be the glory. He who took you, out from pain and  
shot and shell,

May He have you in His keeping!

. . . Bid you thus a long farewell!

CHARLES ABLETT.

## MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England, who inherit  
Rights that cost your sires their blood!  
Men whose undegenerate spirit  
Has been proved on land and flood.

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,  
By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
Trophies captured—breaches mounted—  
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet remember, England gathers  
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame  
If the virtues of your fathers  
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,  
Where no public virtues bloom?  
What avail in lands of slavery  
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants! Let the world revere us  
For our people's rights and laws,  
And the breasts of civic heroes  
Bared in freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory.  
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
Martyrs in heroic story,  
Worth a thousand Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
Harsh and hated tyranny:  
They defied the field and scaffold  
For their birthrights—so will we.

CAMPBELL.

## THE RALLY!

Far and wide the armies muster;  
Hark! the sound of tramping feet!  
Horse and foot and rumbling cannon  
In the shock of battle meet.  
All around her sea-girt island  
Britain's iron squadrons wait,  
Sworn to guard the ocean highway,  
Watch her coasts and keep the gate.

Shades of Raleigh, Drake, and Nelson,  
Ye who made us great and free—  
Ye who won Old England's glory,  
Made her Mistress of the Sea!  
In this hour of direst peril  
May our courage beat as high!  
May our hearts be true and steadfast,  
Strong to conquer or to die!

Not for conquest, not for plunder,  
Not for self we drew the sword;  
Not in hate and not in anger,  
But to keep our promised word.  
Long we strove to stem the torrent,  
Strove that Love should conquer Might;  
Honour bade us shun the conflict,  
Honour drove us to the fight.

Britain's sons and Britain's daughters,  
Here at home and far away,  
Hear their Mother's voice commanding,  
"Rally round the flag to-day!"  
Listen! you can hear their answer  
Everywhere beneath the sun;  
Though their homes be widely scattered,  
Yet their hearts still beat as one.

CYRIL E. HODGES.

The above Poem set to stirring music is published  
as a song. Price 4d. net, 5d. post free; Tonic  
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free. (EVANS BROTHERS, Limited).



# RECITATIONS FOR JUNIORS.

## A NONSENSE RHYME.

There once was a wonderful King,  
Who wore in his nose a gold ring,  
He'd a grand silver crown,  
With long chains hanging down,  
And his clothes were embroidered with string.

He married a beautiful Queen  
Whose hair was a delicate green,  
She would dress in bright hues,  
Purples, yellows and blues—  
(She was really not fit to be seen !)

They lived in a wonderful land  
Where the fruit grew on trees, ready canned,  
Where the raspberry jam  
Was not marrows and sham  
And the sugar was not mixed with sand.

They would frequently sail in a boat,  
Which never could keep long afloat:  
It with water would fill  
And would frequently spill  
The King and the Queen in the moat.

They had forty-nine uncles and aunts,  
Who were always composing new chants,  
They would sit in a row  
And their trumpets would blow,  
Till they blew all the leaves off the plants.

One day when the pepper was ripe,  
And the King was refilling his pipe,  
An albatross flew  
To the tree-tops so blue,  
And began eating treacle and tripe.

At that the poor Queen exclaimed "Cheese !"  
And the King could not keep back a sneeze.  
So the pepper took fire  
And they all did expire  
While the castle blew up by degrees.

NINA ROPES.

## UNCLE JEHOSEPHAT.

My Uncle Jehosephat had a pig,  
A pig of high degree;  
And it always wore a brown scratch wig,  
Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehosephat loved that pig,  
And the piggy-wig he loved him;  
And they both jumped into the lake one day,  
To see which best could swim.

My Uncle Jehosephat he swam up,  
And the piggy-wig he swam down;  
And so they both did win the prize,  
Which the same was a velvet gown.

My Uncle Jehosephat wore one half,  
And the piggy-wig wore the other;  
And they both rode to town on the brindled calf,  
To carry it home to its mother.

## THE SELFISH SNAILS.

It happened that a little snail  
Came crawling, with his slimy tail,  
Upon a cabbage-stalk;  
But two more little snails were there,  
Both feasting on this dainty fare,  
Engaged in friendly talk.

"No, no, you shall not dine with us;  
How dare you interrupt us thus?"  
The greedy snails declare;  
So their poor brother they discard,  
Who really thinks it very hard  
He may not have his share.

But selfish folks are sure to know  
They get no good by being so,  
In earnest or in play;  
Which these two snails confessed, no doubt,  
When soon the gardener spied them out,  
And threw them both away.

JANE TAYLOR.

## THE LITTLE RED HEN.

There was once a little red hen. She was scratching near the barn one day, when she found a grain of wheat. She said, "Who will plant this wheat?" The rat said, "I won't"; the cat said, "I won't"; the dog said, "I won't"; the duck said, "I won't"; and the pig said, "I won't." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she planted the grain of wheat. After the wheat grew up and was ripe, the little red hen said, "Who will reap this wheat?" The rat said, "I won't"; the cat said, "I won't"; the dog said, "I won't"; the duck said, "I won't"; the pig said, "I won't." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she reaped the wheat. Then she said, "Who will take this wheat to mill to be ground into flour?" The rat said, "I won't"; the cat said, "I won't"; the dog said, "I won't"; the duck said, "I won't"; the pig said, "I won't." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she made it into bread. Then she said, "Who will bake this bread?" The rat said, "I won't"; the cat said, "I won't"; the dog said, "I won't"; the duck said, "I won't"; and the pig said, "I won't." The little red hen said, "I will, then." When the bread was baked, the little red hen said, "Who will EAT this bread?" The rat said, "I will"; the cat said, "I will"; the dog said, "I will"; the duck said, "I will"; and the pig said, "I will." The little red hen said, "No, you won't, for I am going to do that myself." And she picked up the bread and ran off with it.

## THE COW AND THE ASS.

Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow,  
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below;  
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,  
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,  
Came here to refresh, as she often had done,  
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,  
Was musing perhaps; or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,  
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,  
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass:  
"How d'ye do?" said the cow; "How d'ye do?" said the ass.

"Take a seat," said the cow, gently waving her hand,  
"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand."  
Then, stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,  
"Ma'am, your health," said the ass—"Thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,  
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;  
And waiting politely (as gentlemen must),  
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,  
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?"

'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind;  
We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

"Pray what is the reason (I see none at all),  
That I always must go when Jane chooses to call?  
Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)  
I'm forced to leave off, to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,  
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;  
Sometimes I endeavour to kick down the pail,  
Or give her a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—  
Oh dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;  
Excuse my mistake," said the complaisant swain,  
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,  
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I'll serve  
But leave them for ever to do as they please,  
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,  
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he began,  
'Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,  
I always saw things in a different light.

"That you afford man an important supply,  
No ass in his senses would ever deny:  
But then, in return, 'tis but fair to allow,  
They are of some service to you, Mistress Cow.

"'Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,  
And they find you shelter from winterly snows.  
For comforts like these, we're indebted to man;  
And for him, in return, should do all that we can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,  
Not pleased to be schooled in this way by an ass:  
"Yet," said she to herself, "though he's not very bright,  
I really believe that the fellow is right."

JANE TAYLOR.

## LITTLE JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

Little John Bottlejohn lived on a hill,  
And a blithe little man was he;  
And he won the heart of a little mermaid  
Who lived in the deep blue sea.  
And every evening she used to sit  
And sing on a rock by the sea,  
"O little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,  
Won't you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her call  
And he opened his little door,  
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped  
and he hopped,  
Until he came down to the shore,  
And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,  
And still she was singing so free,  
"O little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,  
Won't you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,  
And the mermaid she made one too,  
And she said, "I never saw anything half  
So perfectly sweet as you!  
In my father's caves 'neath the ocean waves,  
How happy we both should be!  
O little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,  
Won't you come down with me?"

Little John Bottlejohn said, "Oh, yes,  
I'll willingly come with you,  
And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,  
And perhaps I may grow one too."  
So hand in hand they left the strand  
And plunged in the foaming main,  
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,  
Never was seen again.

## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little prig."

Bun replied:  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.

"And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry!

"I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel-track.  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON.



# RECITATION AND SELF-EXPRESSION.

## How to Recite with Effect on the Concert Platform.

There is nothing in a concert programme more pleasing to the audience than a good recitation item, though this feature is rarely used as effectively or as freely as it might be. The poems chosen are not always of the best quality—and nothing else should be given any consideration; the spirit of the poetry and the appeal which it should make

acting. The former is the art of suggestion, and the latter that of imitation. In acting, the performer does as nearly as possible what would be done under similar circumstances by the person he is representing. In recitation, this method of procedure would lead to exaggeration and results bordering on the ridiculous. The gestures should

foreign to his temperament, and to which he has contributed nothing.

The normal attitude for recitation is one of graceful repose, a position that should not be changed without good reason. When a gesture is made, it should be picturesque, definite, and complete, involving not one part of the body only, but all of it. The most graceful movements are those which take the form of curves; by this means dignity, restraint, and fulness are secured, while abrupt and jerky efforts are avoided.

For purposes of illustration we have taken Kingsley's poem, "Earl Haldan's Daughter," a piece found in most of the better anthologies for young people:—

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
She looked across the sea;  
She looked across the water,  
And long and loud laughed she:  
"The locks of six princesses  
Must be my marriage fee,  
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat  
Who comes a-wooing me!"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
She walked along the sand;  
When she was aware of a knight so fair,  
Come sailing to the land.  
His sails were all of velvet,  
His mast of beaten gold,  
And hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat  
Who saileth here so bold!

"The locks of five princesses  
I won beyond the sea;  
I clipt their golden tresses,  
To fringe a cloak for thee.  
One handful yet is wanting,  
But one of all the tale;  
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!  
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

He leapt into the water,  
That rover young and bold;  
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,  
He clipt her locks of gold;  
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,  
The tale is full to-day,  
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat  
Sail westward ho away!"

### Four Vivid Pictures.

It will be seen that the poem consists of four stanzas, each of which presents a very vivid picture:—

(a) Earl Haldan's daughter, the proud princess, gazing out to sea in the expectation of suitors.

(b) The swift and sudden approach of the boat, and a description of its rich and princely equipment.

(c) The interview between the crafty knight standing on the boat, and the waiting princess expectant of his homage.

(d) The dramatic clipping of the hair, followed by the rover's rapid and defiant retreat from the humiliated maiden.

### Stages of Preparation.

A poem such as this is eminently suitable for recitation. It should first be read aloud, an attempt being made to convey the spirit of the piece. The story should then be analysed into its component incidents, and reconstructed apart from the verse. The imagination of the class (or the prospective public performer) being thus fired, the baldness of their version should be contrasted with the vigour and harmony of the poet's language and the atmosphere he creates. The pupils should now learn the poem, individually, if possible, making whatever movements the words inspire in them. All gestures are unconvincing and ineffective unless they are prompted by the inner emotions of the reciter, and the more vivid are the pictures created on the mind by the story, the more successful and expressive are the gestures.

When the piece is known, volunteers should be asked to recite it in front of the class, and here valuable work may be done in correcting faulty pronunciation and enunciation. In the course of time the children will be eager to offer their own interpretation of the piece under treatment, and friendly and beneficial rivalry will ensue.

In the photographs which accompany this article we show a graceful reciting attitude into which the pupil unconsciously fell, and four gestures illustrating the story. It will be seen that in each case the whole body from head to foot contributes to the grace of the pose.



"It was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
She looked across the sea."

A graceful and natural pose  
for the reciter.

"It was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
She walked along the sand."



"When she was aware of a knight so fair,  
Come sailing to the land."

"He leapt into the water,  
That rover young and bold."

are often spoilt by an over-scrupulous analysis of the meanings of words; the piece is recited by the whole class simultaneously—a process which tends to reduce the recitation to a monotonous sing-song, and little or no attention is paid to gesture, although this is a natural and necessary accompaniment to a spirited rendering of the text.

"Recitation implies an audience," and the child should be taught to stand up and interpret the matter in a fashion pleasing to that audience. The training that he thus gets should, in the course of time, enable him to express himself on all occasions in an interesting and attractive manner.

### Recitation and Acting.

It should be clearly understood that there is a considerable difference between recitation and

be merely sufficient to make more impressive the mental pictures suggested by the words. In some cases the movements are purely symbolical, and represent ideas rather than actions.

In real life we use gesture freely and unconsciously, but the moment we start to present a picture of real life, we tend to become awkward and artificial. It is well, therefore, to graft all the movement necessary to the child's recitation on to those which he makes naturally. Let him first recite the piece as it appeals to him, encouraging him to make spontaneous gestures meanwhile. By watching these, and modifying or adding to them, as is thought desirable, one secures better results than can be obtained if the child is forced to adopt a ready-made set of movements, possibly



































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